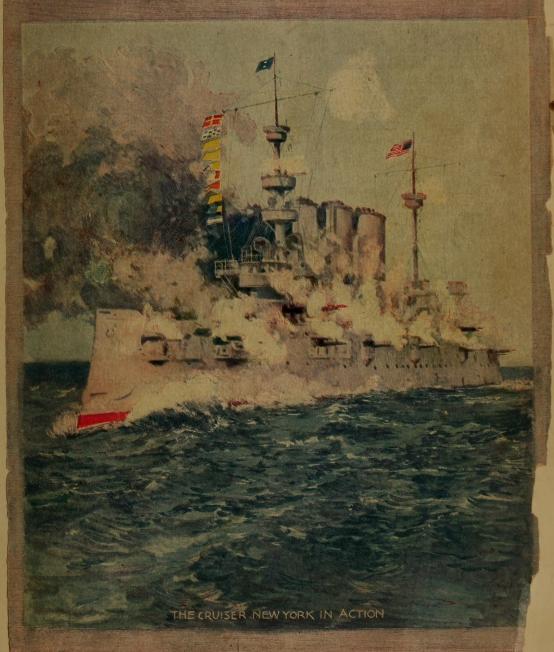


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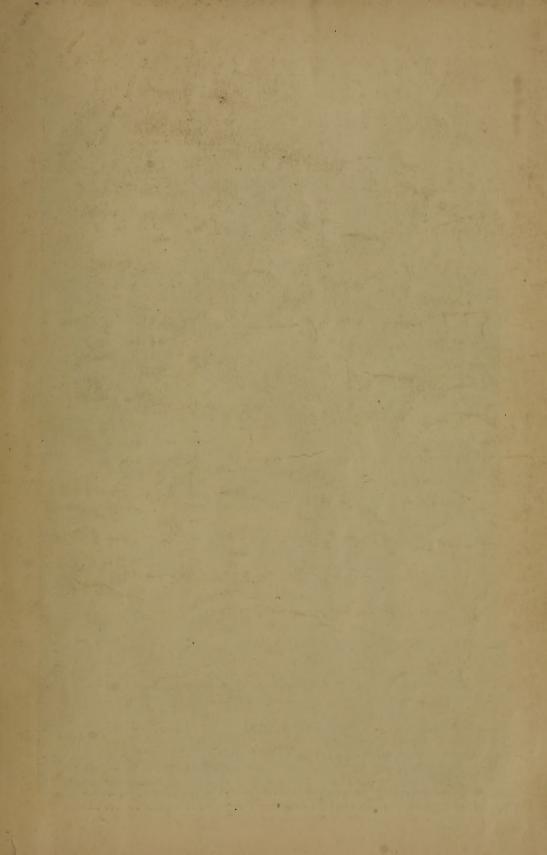


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"SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I BEND TO THEE AND KISS THY PERFUMED PETALS RARE."  $Drawn\ by\ Albert\ E.\ Sterner.$ 

### THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I bend to thee
And kiss thy perfumed petals rare,
And beg that thou wilt tell for me
My heart's fond story to my fair.
When she shall come with dainty tread
To breathe thy sweets—ah, then for me,
When o'er thee bending, lift thy head,
Give her this kiss I give to thee.
And may thy gentle touch convey
Unto her all my heart would tell,
For dare I speak, this would I say,
Sweet Jacqueminot, I love her well.

Meet thou her eyes, and like the flush
Of thine own bloom, then will her cheek
Adorned with sweet confusion, blush
To hear the vows I bid thee speak.
And let thy every gentle art
Of sweet persuasion plead for me
Until thy story move her heart
To love's impassioned sympathy.
And when she takes thee for her own
To lie and die upon her breast,
I would thy fate were mine alone,
For I could know my love is blest.

James King Duffy.





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"GIN A BODY KISS A BODY."

From the painting by Maude Goodman—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1898.

No. 4.

# OUR FIGHTING NAVY.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF OFFICERS WHO HOLD THE POSTS OF HONOR AND OF DANGER IN OUR NAVAL SERVICE—AMERICAN SAILORS WHOSE RECORD SHOWS THAT EVERY MAN OF THEM IS ALWAYS READY TO DO HIS DUTY.

THE American naval officer offers strik- calls at every turn for manliness, cour-

ing confirmation of the law of the age, and hardihood. For four years the survival of the fittest. The path from cadet candidate for a commission must stay at to captain is a long and hard one, and the Naval Academy, and during that



FREDERICK V. MCNAIR, UNITED STATES NAVY, THE OFFICER WHO HEADS THE LIST OF COMMODORES.

From a photograp's by Bell, Washington.



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS ("FIGHTING BOB"), OF THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

time his life is one steady round of drill and study. If at the end of two more years spent afloat he can pass a creditable examination in seamanship and gunnery he is made an ensign, and waits for the promotion that will carry him, in the slow process of years, through the grades of junior lieutenant, lieutenant, lieutenant commander, and commander, finally bringing him, although not until his hair is gray, the "eagle and anchor" which marks the rank of captain. The path, let it be said again, is a long and hard one, but there are few who think of



COMMANDER RICHARD RUSH, OF THE ARMERIA. From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER, OF THE GUNBOAT BANCROFT. From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. WISE, OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER YALE. From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk.

COMMANDER JOSEPH G. EATON, OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER RESOLUTE. From a photograph by Notman, Boston.





CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK, OF THE ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

flinching from the duties and dangers before them.

"Why are you called 'Fighting Bob'?" was the question put not long ago to Captain Robley D. Evans, perhaps the best known officer of his grade in the navy.

"I never courted the distinction," was the reply, "and am no more of a fighter, and no more deserving of that title, than any other officer. Every one of them will fight when it is his duty to do so, and in all our navy individual cowardice is so rare that it is not worth considering. If the captain of a battleship with five hundred men on board goes into action, he does not make a discount of one hundredth part of one per cent for backing or skulking on the part of his crew."



REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM A. KIRKLAND, SENIOR OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDANT OF THE MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD, CALIFORNIA.



CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR, OF THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA. From a photograph by Child, Newport.

the gun holds good also of the commander on the bridge. There was furnished abundant proof of this during the

And what is true of the man behind Civil War. With the exception of the three lowest men on the list of captains, all of the sixty two highest officers in the navy were active participants in that great conflict. Some of them fought under Farragut and Porter at the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the capture of New Orleans, the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, and the battle of Mobile Bay; others served with notable gallantry in Hampton Roads and before Port Royal, Charleston, and Fort Fisher. If there was a laggard among them, history contains no record of the fact.

It was as a young lieutenant in the Gulf that Admiral Dewey mastered the lessons which five and thirty years later made possible the victory of Manila, while Admiral Sampson, as executive officer of the Patapsco in the blockade of Charleston, first gave proof of the coolness and daring he has lately displayed in



CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER, OF THE CRUISER NEWARK.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



CAPTAIN LOUIS N. STODDER, UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

From a photograph by O'Neil; New Bedford.

West Indian waters. On the morning of January 16, 1865, the Patapsco was ordered to enter Charleston harbor, and find and destroy the mines and torpedoes with which it was suspected the place was lined. She steamed in, with Lieutenant Sampson on the bridge, but had hardly passed the harbor's mouth when she became a target for the rifle bullets of theConfederatesharpshooters.

Their fire was withering, and the men on the Patapsco went down like wheat before a wind. Sampson ordered the sailors and marines on deck to go below, and held his place, a lone target for the bullets that flew about him.

Then, without any



CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS, OF THE CRUISER PHILADELPHIA.

From a photograph by Hargrave, New York.



CAPTAIN P. F. HARRINGTON, OF THE MONITOR PURITAN.

From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk, Virginia.

apparent reason, the firing ceased—a sure omen of evil! But it was too late to retreat, if such a thought entered the mind of any man. Foot by foot the little ironclad moved on, until a mighty roar broke the silence, and the boat shot upward, torn into a hundred pieces. Flames leaped from the hull; there was

another explosion and still another, and then she sank slowly in the water. Lieutenant Sampson, blown a hundred feet into the air, fell into the sea yards away from the sinking hull. Twenty five of his crew were with him, alive; the others, to the number of four score, had met their death, as the men of the Maine met



CAPTAIN G. W. SUMNER, COMDT. OF THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD. From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

and Commodore McNair is an astronomer whose opinions are held in respect by students the world over. Commodore Howell is the inventor of the torpedo which bears his name, Commodore Kautz is master of half a dozen languages, and Commodores Watson and Robeson are civil engineers of signal ability.

Captain Philip was chosen from a score of officers as the one best fitted to command the Woodruff scientific expedition in its voyage around the world.

theirs in Havana harbor. Penned inside the ship, there was no escape for them. Lieutenant Sampson was rescued with the other survivors, and was ready next day for an experience as daring as the one he had just gone through.

Moreover, the American naval officer is generally something more than a fighter. Admiral Kirkland has made himself thoroughly familiar with the resources of the several republics of South America,



COMMODORE KAUTZ, COMDT. OF THE NEWPORT NAVAL STATION.

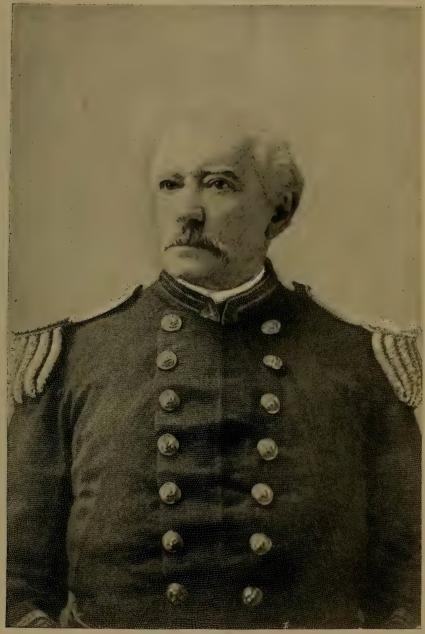
From a photograph by Glines, Boston.



COMMANDER E. C. PENDLETON, COMDT. OF THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

Captains Rodgers, Barker, and Wise are acknowledged authorities on all matters pertaining to the construction of steel vessels; Captains Cooper, Taylor, and Goodrich have long been prominent as students and teachers of the history and practice of naval strategy; Captain Crowninshield has penned the best plea for the building of the Nicaragua Canal that has found its way into print, and Captains Harrington and Ludlow have made themselves valuable to the department by their study of



COMMODORE JOHN A. HOWELL, OF THE PATROL SQUADRON.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

the manufacture and use of torpedoes. Captains Sumner, Terry, Read, and Whiting are hydrographers of exceptional skill; Captain Evans is a designer and builder of bridges, whose services, whenever he is on leave of absence, are bid for in advance by the great steel companies;

Captain Chadwick has made a thorough and exhaustive study of marine and international law, and Captain Jewell knows as much about the capacity of modern ordnance and high explosives as any living man.

The eighty five commanders, hailing



COMMODORE JOHN C. WATSON, OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

from almost every State in the Union, are the backbone of the navy. Upon them falls the brunt of the fighting in the present war, and from their ranks will come the flag officers of the next dozen years. Commander Willard H. Brownson, who stands near the middle of the list, is a typical sample of the material which will be used in the making of our future ad-

mirals and commodores. It was while commanding the Detroit on her maiden cruise that Brownson became famous. He took command of her in July, 1893, and went to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, where lay the fleet of Admiral Da Gama, of the Brazilian navy, in revolt against the government, which retained control on land. An ostensible blockade was



CAPTAIN JOHN J. READ, OF THE RECEIVING SHIP RICHMOND.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



COMMANDER BOWMAN H. MCCALLA, OF THE CRUISER MARBLEHEAD.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



COMMANDER FRANCIS W. DICKINS, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington. -



CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



CAPTAIN W. H. WHITING, OF THE MONITOR MONADNOCK.

From a photograph.

maintained, and American ships were not allowed to discharge their cargoes. Admiral Benham, commanding the American fleet in the harbor, resolved to break up this condition of affairs, and he gave Brownson, who is pluck and poise personified, the task of doing it.

Brownson's orders were to fire back if any of our merchant vessels were molested by the insurgents while seeking to discharge their cargoes. A shot from an insurgent vessel was fired at—but missed —one of the American vessels that was preparing to haul into its wharf. In-

stantly the Detroit answered with a six pounder, sending a shot under the insurgent's bow. The latter then fired one shot to leeward, and another over the merchantman. The Detroit answered with musket volley that tore the stern post of the insurgent craft, after which Brownson steamed alongside the Brazilian, and, hailing her commander, told him that the Detroit would send him to the bottom if he fired again. It was this plucky challenge of the American captain to a Brazilian officer only a few vards from him that ended the rebellion. And Brownson, like his fellows, can do more than fight. He is one of the best hydrographers in the navy, and an accepted authority on deep sea soundings.



COMMANDER WILLIAM H. EMORY, OF THE YOSEMITE.

From a photograph by Pearsall, New York.

Above and below him on the list of commanders are many of the ablest and most resolute of our captains of the fleet, includ-

ing Francis W. Dickins, Charles H. Davis, Bowman H. McCalla, Edwin White, George A. Converse, Eugene W. Watson,

John F. Merry, William C. Gibson, Chapman C. Todd, Joseph N. Hemphill, Clifford H. West, Joseph G. Eaton, Edwin C. Pendleton, Walton Goodwin, Richardson Clover, James M. Miller, Richard Rush, and William H. Emory. Each of these officers is a fighter and a disciplinarian.

Emory in particular is a man to be taken carefully into account in any forecast of the navy's future. Stories of this officer's sturdy character are common in the service. It is related of him that while a young lieutenant on the Asiatic station he had



COMMODORE HENRY B. ROBESON.

From a photograph by Pearsall, New York.



COMMANDER W. H. BROWNSON, OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER YANKEE.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



COMMANDER CLIFFORD H. WEST, OF THE GUNBOAT PRINCETON.

From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.



CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW, OF THE MONITOR TERROR.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



CAPTAIN SILAS W. TERRY, OF THE RECEIVING SHIP FRANKLIN.

From a photograph by Fitz-Patrick, Montevideo.



COMMANDER EDWIN WHITE.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.



COMMANDER E. W. WATSON, OF THE SCINDIA.

From a photograph by Uyeno, Hong Kong.

occasion to reprimand an enlisted man who was physically a powerful fellow, with some notoriety as a bully among the crew. It came to Emory's ears that the man had remarked that "Lieutenant Emory had on his uniform for protection, or he would not have dared to be so severe." Emory went at once to the captain and got a tour of shore leave for the sailor, who gladly availed himself of the favor, but the lieutenant put on his civilian dress, and, overtaking the man, invited him into a back street and told him to defend himself. There was a hot fight for five minutes, and then Emory helped the jack tar aboard ship, and turned him over to the doctor for a week's convalescence.

Commanders Rockwell,



CAPTAIN PHILIP H. COOPER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.



COMMANDER WALTON GOODWIN, OF THE SOUTHERBY.

From a photograph by Tamamama, Yokohama, Japan.



COMMANDER JOSEPH N. HEMPHILL, BUREAU
OF YARDS AND DOCKS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



COMMANDER JAMES M. MILLER, OF THE MERRIMAC.

From a photograph by Parkinson, New York.



COMMANDER WILLIAM C. GIBSON, OF THE PENSACOLA.

From a photograph by Nickerson, Portsmouth, N. H.

Forsyth, and McGowan are veterans of the old volunteer navy. McGowan wears the medal of honor, never given save for conspicuous bravery in battle. The transfer of the revenue cutter service to the control of the Secretary of the Navy has added a number of men with rememberable records to the roster of fighting naval commanders. Captains George E. McConnell and Henry B. Rogers served as volunteer officers during the Civil War. Captain Louis N. Stodder, when a youngster of twenty two, was master of the Monitor in her epoch making encounter with the Merrimac, and a few months later he was one of the last to leave the famous iron-



CAPTAIN THEODORE F. JEWELL, OF THE PROTECTED CRUISER MINNEAPOLIS.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, OF THE DIXIE.

From a photograph by Moreno & Lopez, New York.

clad when she sank in a storm off Cape Hatteras in the winter of 1862.

With such men as these to fight its ships and squadrons there need be no fear for the present and the future of the United States navy. Both are in strong, sure hands—how strong and how sure, we perhaps scarcely realize in the piping days of peace. It is only when there sounds the call to arms that we see the metal of our guns, and of the men behind them, fully tested. Not very many times in our history have we had to face the crisis of war, but whenever the hour has come it has found the men ready. Our sailors always welcome a chance for active service, however full of hard work, responsibility, and danger. There have doubtless been many Farraguts and Deweys in our navy who have failed of high renown only for lack of opportunity-as would Farragut and Dewey, had the wars that gave them their laurels come only a few years later in each case; and there may well be some among the American officers pictured here who will rank, a year hence, among our naval heroes.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.



WILLIAM E. MASON.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

## THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

#### BY WILLIAM E. MASON,

United States Senator from Illinois.

Personal impressions of a well known member of our highest legislative body—The Senate's membership and methods, needed reforms in its rules, and the unnecessary air of mystery that surrounds its secret sessions.

THE most agreeable men I have ever known are the Senators of the United States. No set of gentlemen with whom the writer has been associated seem so considerate of one another's wishes and convenience. In fact, it is a question if this has not been carried too far, at times even to the point of interference with the transaction of public business.

The word "parliament" is derived from parley, or talk; and how they happened to call our august body the Senate, instead of the Parley-ment or Talk-ament, I cannot fathom. There are great Senators who can set their lips moving—that is, begin to parley—and then let them run for days at a time without apparent physical or mental effort.

The first parliament, so far as natural history shows, was organized by our interesting friends, the monkeys. For ages they have met in the forests and, one at a time, expressed their views. At the end of his parley each one is duly applauded, whether it is because of some wise saying, or simply because he has quit, I don't

know and cannot tell, as the learned professor who was to translate the monkey dialect, and possibly publish their Congressional Record, has, I think, not completed his work. Mankind says that the monkey imitates the man; but as they had a parliament or senate before the kings allowed men to have one, I hold that man, and not the monkey, is the imitator.

Under the Senate rules, however, applause is not allowed. There are two kinds of applause, affirmative and negative; we waive the former to bar the latter.

Among civilized human beings every legislative body has rules of procedure except the Senate of the United States. I do not mean to say that we have no rules. We have a book of rules as big as a Bible. I mean that there is no rule by which debate can be confined to the subject under consideration; there is no time, on this side of eternity, when a Senator must stop. He can take weeks if he wishes. There is no rule by which a given piece of business can be reached and disposed of by the majority when the majority is ready to act. Day after day pending legislation is dragged along; no matter how large the majority may be, one man can render it powerless to act. No matter that the people may have voted on the question at issue; no matter that business interests may hang in the balance; no hour can be fixed for a final vote until unanimous consent is obtained.

This is not fair and is not right. I admit that the minority has a right to be heard and to protest; but when the minority has had its rights as a minority, the majority ought to be allowed to carry out its policy. This is a country of majorities; all our officers are elected by majorities of the people. Our courts of last resort may differ as to law and facts, but the opinion of the majority is the opinion of the court. There are men in the Senate of the United States now who will never let the question rest until we have some rule by which the business of the government can be transacted by a constitutional majority.

No better illustration can be had than the difficulties encountered in passing the last Tariff Bill. Millions of dollars in business were suffering under the strain of waiting. Millions of dollars of revenue were lost to the government while waiting for "unanimous consent" to vote, although the people had voted on the question, and a large majority of the Senate was for the measure. The United States Senate will never be an American institution until the majority, and not the minority, controls its every action.

While discussing the rules, executive sessions should not be forgotten. Before I blossomed into a United States Senator I used to be a plain M. C. Sometimes it happened that I was in the Senate Chamber when an executive session was ordered. The first time I heard the motion made I said to myself: "Well, I guess I'll stay and see the fun." The motion to go into executive session was carried, and I was invited to—go out.

"But," I said, kind of swelling up, "I am a member of the House of Representatives of the United States of America!"

"Oh! Yes! Is that so?" said the polite officer. "But—you'll have to go."

And go I did, but I mentally shook my fist at the green baize door and said: "I'll just run for the Senate myself."

Men, as everybody knows, are never curious; but I confess that I was anxious to see what was done in the *sanctum sanctorum* known as the Executive or Secret Session of the United States Senate.

At last, after all my trials and tribulations (this is in confidence) my supreme hour came. A Senator from New England arose and solemnly and earnestly moved that we go into "executive session." I heard the magic words. dream was to be realized. I saw the galleries cleared. I saw new M. C.'s get the gentle hint to go, just as I had. I wanted to walk out by the same door at which I had shaken my fist, and then walk in; but I was afraid that some part of the ceremonies of the supreme moment would escape me. I rushed to my seat, put my desk in order, dusted my coat collar with my fingers, smoothed my hair, and tried to look like my ideal of a Senator in executive session.

The bells all over the Senate end of the Capitol rang and made music to my ears. The chief page clapped his hands three times, and the pages all rushed from our sacred presence. Amidst the ringing of

bells and rushing of feet the people were all moved out, the doors were closed, and we were alone!

Thereupon the Senator who had moved the executive session struck a match in the usual way and lit a cigar, audibly informing his neighbor that it was the only one he had. He then moved that John Smith be confirmed in his \$700 post office in Podunk. The President of the United States Senate, the Vice President of the United States, said: "Without objection it is so ordered." A motion to adjourn was carried. In one moment my dream was broken, and I was left with a taste in my mouth as insipid and unsatisfying as that of circus lemonade.

Seriously—if it is possible to be serious on this subject—the executive session is a farce. It may be well in times of war with other nations to have the government business as to treaties, and things of that sort, done in secret; but in ordinary business, and in times of peace, there is no reason for closed doors between the people and the men employed to represent them.

This leads to the thought of the election of United States Senators. The people pay the Senatorial salaries, and are bound by the Senate laws, but they have mighty little to say, in most cases, as to who shall be United States Senator. A State may go by fifty thousand majority in favor of one platform, and yet its Legislature may elect a United States Senator on the other platform. The Legislature elects the Senator, and it may or may not carry out the wishes of the people. This system removes the Senate too far from Senators are often elected the people. without having their public and political record before the public for an hour. In my humble opinion there is little prospect of the prompt transaction of public affairs until the people elect the United States But the Constitution? Well, Senators. let us amend it. 'That has been done, and each time it has been improved.

If a man holds his seat in the Senate by use of his check book he owes allegiance to no man. If he holds his seat at the dictation of a political boss, he bosses the people and serves the boss. But if he holds his commission from the people, he needs must answer to the people alone. The pay of a United States Senator is \$5,000 a year, with mileage of five cents a mile—which will about pay one's fare if one leaves his family at home and gets a pass for oneself, and also if one is not held up too often by the sleeping car, the dining car, and the boss of the road, commonly called the porter. We all admit that our pay is too small, but we have to admit that we all knew what the pay was when we so reluctantly accepted the office. I have examined the statutes and the Constitution very carefully, and can find nothing in either which prevents our resigning.

The politics of the present Senate is mongrel or non partisan, with no party in a clear majority. Republicans are divided into free silver and sound money Republicans; Democrats the same way. There are Independents, Populists, and What-nots. There is no party responsibility. Some committees are controlled by one party and some by the other, and an appropriation goes through as smoothly as the Ten Commandments

through a Sunday school.

I wish that I had the space in which to describe some of the curious things that befall a United States Senator, and some of the people who write to him or call on him, or to bring before the readers of Munsey's the public buildings we visit daily. Most marvelous of these latter is the Congressional Library. Every American citizen ought to see it. So closely connected is it with the United States Senate and the House of Representatives that we can have brought to us on the underground cable, in two minutes, almost any book ever published in our language.

Here are a few samples of letters that Senators receive:

SENATOR MASON:

Will carp eat gold fish? If not send me some carp.

Yours, etc.

This was referred, and I do not today know what the result was.

Another:

SENATOR MASON:

I wonder if you are my brother that left home in 1850. His name was William Mason too. If so please write, etc. etc. (Here followed a family tree.)

SARA MASON.

I did not leave home in 1850. In fact, that was the interesting year in which I first arrived at home. I hardly knew what to do with this letter. I was in Washington, she in Oklahoma, and I could not tell whether I wanted her to be a sister to me or not.

And here is another, just as written, all but the writer's name. I follow his punctuation and spelling. Let us call him John Brown. He was an honest man who thought the government ran a foundling home.

MR. MASON:

We want a baby. We want you to pick us out a baby, my wife wants a girl and I want a boy but never mind I don't care witch. Tell me what it cost.

Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

This was referred to the Foundlings' Home at Chicago.

One constituent argued his claim to be a United States consul as follows: "I am a Republican and have made sacrifices for my country. My present wife's first husband was a soldier." I cannot tell whether or not he meant that it was a continuing sacrifice.

Here is a letter covering eight pages of paper and nearly all of the subjects discussed in the last campaign. It is right on all questions and more than gratifying, for it approves my every vote. The last page is a solemn and unselfish prayer, and closes:

May God hold up your hands and make you strong to do battle for the people. May God shower his choicest blessings upon you is the prayer of your true and loyal friend,

S. B. B. P. S.—Don't forget that I am a candidate for

P. S.—Don't forget that I am a candidate for postmaster here.

Some time ago, while I was visiting a friend in Illinois, he showed me the pictures of three famous United States Senators, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. In the course of a most interesting conversation he told me that he had heard all three of these illustrious gentlemen take part in a single debate. One Senator had said to him that Calhoun was the lightning, Webster the thunder, and Clay the rainbow, of the Senate. Clay and Webster and Calhoun are dead, but their spirits live and still contend upon the Senate floor. Henry Clay can never die while there is one American citizen con-

tending for the doctrine of protection to American industries. One can still see the spirit of Calhoun, like a lightning flash, pleading for State sovereignty, and still hear the swarthy Webster, like the voice of thunder, saying in reply: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

The contest begun by these two Senators did not end with death. It went on and on until the lightning flash of the South and the thunder of the North broke into the storm, the cyclone of the Civil For four years the trial of that cause lasted. It was tried at the firesides of all the people. It was heard amid the smoke of battles, in the hills, valleys, swamps, and above the clouds. spirit of Calhoun wrote "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The spirit of Webster wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The spirit of Calhoun blockaded the Mississippi The spirit of Webster opened it forever to the Gulf. The spirit of Calhoun began the argument at Sumter, and the spirit of Webster closed the debate at Appomattox.

One of the most important duties of the United States Senate is the settlement of treaties between this and other countries. The last treaty under discussion was that pending between England and ourselves, and during its consideration the impracticability of the executive session was never better demonstrated. The proceedings were reported daily, but the giving of information being against the rules, they were never reported correctly. The writer ventures to say that no more learned and careful dissertations have been made for years than those delivered by the chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Senator Davis of Minnesota, and other thoroughly equipped constitutional lawyers on both sides of the question. The people were much interested as to the terms of the treaty, and general dissatisfaction was expressed when it was defeated. The arguments were neither reported nor printed. Requests for the whole debate still come from every quarter, but cannot be granted, because of the old and absurd practice of closing the doors and refusing to report the proceedings.

Those who voted for the arbitration treaty, as finally amended, gave strong

and patriotic reasons for so doing. Those who voted against it rested their action upon reasons as strong and patriotic, but different. Some said we were not sufficiently protected in the selection of the judges. Others believed that it would be time enough to establish the court when we had a difference to submit to a court. Still others claimed that under the treaty the British government could force us to arbitrate settled American principles, like the Monroe Doctrine or the right to levy import duties, which no citizen of the United States is ready to submit to a court composed of Europeans not in sympathy with the doctrines of a republic.

That the treaty was defeated does not show, even by implication, that the Senate favors war rather than arbitration. Quite the contrary is true—in proof of which see the resolution passed by both houses of Congress during President Harrison's administration, settling the policy of the nation in favor of arbitration, and inviting all the nations of the world to join in arbitrating all inter-

national differences. This does not apply to England alone, but takes in all nations, including such weaker sisters as Greece, Guatemala, and Venezuela.

England is, in diplomacy, the strongest nation in the world. She has improved in every way, as we have, since 1776. Still, we do not imagine that her anxiety to fix a court of arbitration is wholly in the interest of your Uncle Samuel. She has not yet entirely abandoned the doctrine of extending her territory and commerce by the aid of her navy. The sentiment of the people of the United States has always been opposed to this doctrine. We have no disposition to mix in quarrels that do not concern us; but there is a growing hope that when we sit down to the great peace dinner we may welcome the nations of the whole world. In any event, our sister republics of this continent—who, according to our brother, John Bull, do not entirely know the boundaries of their own homesteads—will be invited to partake of the hospitalities of peace and liberty.

William E. Mason.

#### TWO FANCIES.

THIS is the fancy that came last night,

That came when the moon rose over the hill
And we two stood in its silvery light
By the broken wheel of the mill.

This is the fancy—that long ago
When the old dead moon was a thing of life—
A younger world, as the wise men know—
That we were moon man and wife.

For the thought had come, and is with me yet,

That we were not strangers that sweet first time
When eager and shy our young eyes met,

And love rang its silent chime.

And this is the fancy that cheers my heart
When it feels despair—though die we must
That our souls will never be far apart
Though our bodies turn wind blown dust.

And that far away in the realms of space
In worlds that are better by far than this,
Again and again I shall seek your face
And win your first maiden kiss.

# THE JOKE CLUB.

## BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

It has been well said that there is no more serious obstacle to harmony in human relations than a difference of taste in jokes.

I'T was a mystery how any one could have come into our family minus a sense of humor, yet there Rachel was, ten years old, and couldn't see a joke to save her life. She was so much younger than the rest of us that we had rather let her off so far, thinking that her absolute literalness was a childish trait which she would outgrow. But finally it began to dawn on us that if humor did not develop pretty soon it never would.

It was a trifling incident that started the great reform movement. Hugh came in to breakfast one morning, limping. He had stepped on a tack, he explained, and punc-

tured his foot.

"I was like you, Rachel," he added. "I

didn't see the point."

"How could I have seen it when I wasn't in your room at all?" she demanded. Hugh lay back wearily in his chair.

"It's no use," he said to me. "We've got to take that child in hand. She must learn to see a point without having to step on it first. Let's start a joke club."

The idea appealed to me, and we organized that very night. Rachel, dear little soul, was so interested and so thoroughly in earnest that we had to take it very seriously, so as not to hurt her feelings.

"You know, I really want to grow up funny, like Hugh," she said. "Perhaps, if you show me why you laugh at things, I can

learn to say them, too."

It was agreed that the club should meet every night for five minutes after dinner, and that each member should bring a new and original joke. The first night Rachel was merely to laugh in the right place and explain why she laughed, but after that she would have to begin with simple little jokes herself.

"You must be careful what kind of wit you cultivate," Hugh began. "There's the hackneyed, commonplace kind, that finds suggestiveness in a tunnel and humor in a sneeze. You don't want that."

"I don't know what you mean about tunnels," Rachel said, "but a sneeze is real funny, sometimes, when it's loud."

Hugh laughed and gave up any attempt to classify.

"Well, you can hand in a good sneeze for your first joke," he said. "We'll start from there with your education."

"I guess you only mean that for a joke," Rachel said shrewdly, and beamed with pride when we all applauded.

The next night, as soon as dinner was over, Hugh turned gravely to Rachel.

"This afternoon, instead of coming straight home," he began, "I wheeled up to a girl's house to get her to take a ride with me, and as I went in one gate on my tandem, she went out the other on a different tandem. Do you see anything funny in that?"

Rachel considered earnestly, for she was glaringly honest.

"No," she had to confess; "truly, I don't, Hugh."

He held out his hand.

"Shake on it," he said cordially. "I don't, either. But that other fellow is telling it to his joke club as the best one of the season. And I shouldn't wonder if her joke club heard of it, too."

"Did you fall or anything?" Rachel was making a conscientious effort to put sait on

the tail of the jest.

"My pride did," he answered. "Never mind. We won't any of us laugh at that. But I'll tell you something really funny. She's going to ride with me tomorrow afternoon, and I, knowing that other man's habits, am going to take her down a certain street at a certain minute, and he will see us whiz by. Now that's a joke worth telling. Edith, it's your turn."

"I have a better one than that," I said.
"That particular young man is going out of
town tomorrow for the day, and won't be
back till evening." Hugh and I both
laughed, but poor little Rachel looked

puzzled and discouraged.

"I can't keep up," she said so mournfully that Hugh pulled her into his lap and began making bad puns. A particularly strained one on her own last name roused

an appreciative giggle, and as secretary of the club I was obliged to write it down, with the date, in a little blank book.

"When you get five or six pages along, you'll look back at that and wonder why you laughed," said Hugh, showing her the entry. "A sense of humor tells you when not to laugh even more than it does when to laugh."

But that was beyond Rachel.

"How did you know that Lester was going away?" he asked me when the meeting had adjourned.

I had a note from him, saying that he might not get back in time for the Choral

Club tomorrow night."

Hugh did not look especially sorry.

"I think we'll survive it," he said. "Well,

I'm going out to make some calls."

I smiled to myself, knowing how many he would make, and where; then sighed a little, having troubles of my own.

Rachel was very solemn the next morning. "Do I really have to have a joke ready by tonight?" she asked me, before she started for school.

"Well, I'd try to," I advised. "You'll have to begin some time, you know. Keep your eyes wide open for anything that happens. Maybe you will see something that

will make a funny story."

"I'll watch," she said, and went soberly off, herself the best little joke ever played on a fun loving family. At dinner that night she seemed preoccupied, and did not even ask what we were going to have for dessert.

"I'm afraid it isn't funny enough," she said, when the club opened session. "It made me laugh, but then, you know, I was looking right at it. He was so big and fat and scared, and his bicycle wiggled so! And when a horse passed him he chattered all over."

I smiled sympathetically, but Hugh shook his head.

"No, Rachel; we can't laugh at that, I'm afraid," he said seriously. "It is rather commonplace. If you had told how, in trying to dodge a trolley car, he had run over a baby carriage and been flung head first into an ice wagon, and had then sued the driver for giving him the frozen face, it would have had a certain crude, funny paper amusingness about it. One could hardly call it subtle, in any case."

"But none of that happened at all," she

protested. "It wouldn't be true."

"It doesn't have to be true, if it's funny," said Hugh. "You aren't trying to deceive people, you're just trying to give them a good laugh. Oh, you can't contaminate her," he added aside, in answer to my

glance. "She is altogether too honest. She will grow up an unmitigated bore if we don't drill a little playfulness into her."

"I'm glad she won't be quite so playful as some," I was beginning with meaning, when the door opened, and the first soprano of the Choral Club brought Hugh to his feet with a jump. There is only one woman in the world (at a time) that can make a man scramble up in just that way.

Pauline smiled on every one impartially. "Am I very early?" she asked. "Father was coming by here, so I made him leave

me on his way."

"I don't believe there will be many here tonight," I said, while Hugh took her wraps. "Almost everybody is away."

"And it's all ready to rain," Pauline added. "But I just wanted a good time tonight."

"You'll get it," said Hugh boldly, shaking his head at her.

"How?" asked little Rachel, and there

was a general laugh.

Only six or eight members had come when there was a growl of thunder, and the clink of rain on the windows. The Choral Club, in spite of its name, was not seriously musical, being merely an excuse for the informal assembling of a certain little set every few weeks. We generally sang a little for form's sake, then did as we pleased. Tonight a spirit of recklessness possessed Hugh, and as the thunder crept nearer and nearer, the excitement spread to the others, till they were ready for any foolishness.

"Let's play Hide and Go Seek," he proposed suddenly. "All over the house, you know. We're just evenly divided, so we'll hunt in couples, and Rachel can be a rover. Edith, we will give you and Duncan ten minutes to hide—anywhere, from the roof to the cellar. Hurry up! I bet Pauline

and I find you."

I wavered, and for the first time since a certain incident three weeks before Duncan and I looked each other straight in the eyes. Something—the lightning or Pauline or the absence of Lester—had gone to Hugh's head, or he would never have made that suggestion. A long, tumbling peal of thunder set our pulses beating, and we faced the situation with a laugh of restored friendship.

"Come on," we said, and slipped out,

closing the doors on the others.

We ran through the halls, that our footsteps might be misleading if any one were listening, then tiptoed up to the third story, and stowed ourselves in an unfinished part of the attic that was used for a trunk room. The rough beams sloped sharply down over our heads, and the pounding rain on the shingles seemed ready to break through any minute. Now and then a blaze of lightning would cross the dusty little window, showing piled up trunks and boxes on all sides. a dressmaker's wire form looming ghostwise in a white sheet, and a little old crib swung on wooden supports.

We seated ourselves on a box behind a pile of trunks, and waited in throbbing excitement. Had we been hiding for our lives, we could not have felt the tension more than we did in those few moments alone in that mysterious room, with the storm so close to us. When steps sounded outside we cowered down in a tremor of elated fear. The door swung open.
"I don't believe they're in here," said

Hugh's voice.

"We'd better look, though," Pauline answered, leading the way in. "They might have—oh, what's that?" She shrank back and seized Hugh as the lightning showed the sheeted form.

"It's a wire lady to sew dresses on," he said. "I won't let it hurt you, Pauline."

They laughed and crossed over to the window.

"'God makes the thunder for the women-folk to wonder at-

God makes it lighten just to frighten who He can,""

said Hugh. "There's no use wriggling your fingers, Pauline. I've got to hold your hand. If I once lost you in this spooky place, I'd never find you again."

"Perhaps we had better go back, then," suggested Pauline. Duncan was choking down his laughter with an effort that made the box shake, though we both felt a little mean. I should have spoken then if I had dreamed what was coming. The next moment it was too late.

"Oh, we don't really want to find them, do we?" Hugh said. "I'm sure they don't want us to. Things have been wrong there for several weeks, and I thought I'd give old Duncan a chance to straighten them out. I suspect that she turned him down just to see how it felt."

Well, I was paid now. If ever I was thankful for darkness, it was that minute. I could feel Duncan's eyes fixed on me, waiting for the next flash, but the storm seemed to have passed over.

"They do sometimes," admitted Pauline. "Do you really think Edith cares for him,

Hugh?"

"I guess yes," was the confident answer, and I felt as though my face must be lighting up the room like a red lantern. I don't believe either of us breathed. "Oh, they'll come out all right!" he went on. "Let's talk about us. Do you suppose we'll .come out all right, Pauline?"

"I shall," she said confidently. "I can't answer for you."

"But you can't do it all alone. It takes

two to make a-anything.'

"What's a-anything?" she asked in that wicked little half voice she kept for critical moments. "Oh, there's some one coming!" she added hastily. "Let's hide."

Some one really was coming. They had barely time to rustle into a corner behind an old bureau when the door swung open, letting in a faint light from the hall.

"I thought maybe they came in here," said Rachel's voice, a trifle plaintively. "It's a very queer game, any way. There are two of them down in the furnace room, and two in the butler's pantry, and two on the back stairs landing, and nobody seems to be looking at all. They just tell me to run and hunt."

"Well, perhaps you and I can get them going again," said another voice, and I caught my breath as I recognized it as Mr. Lester's. What Pauline did I don't know.

"Let's look out of the window," said Rachel, piloting him across the room. "See, the clouds have big holes in them, and there's the moon. I wish we could find Hugh and Miss Pauline, don't you? It would be a joke, you know, because they don't know you're here." The joke club was beginning to bear fruit, but I doubt if Hugh rejoiced in his pupil at that moment.

"Yes, there would be a joke on some one, I suppose," said Mr. Lester, rather moodily.

"Do you think they're lovers?" went on Rachel's cheerful voice. "Oh, see, here's the old cradle!" She patted a little old pillow that lay in it, and began to swing it gently back and forth. "Don't you wish there was a dear little baby in it?" she said. "I do love them. Wouldn't you like to have one of your own?"

My heart sank, for there was no knowing where the catechism would stop, but Mr. Lester did not seem disturbed.

"Yes, Rachel, I should, very much," he said, with a simple seriousness that made me warm to him.

"I'm going to have four, two girls and two boys," Rachel went on. "But I don't think I'll name any of them after me. Would you?"

"Why, Rachel is a pretty name, very," he said. "I think we'd better go and find the

rest now, don't you?"

"Let's play a joke on them," said Rachel. "You know I'm learning to do jokes now, so that I'll grow up funny, like Hugh. I'll tell you"-lowering her voice to an excited whisper-" let's tell 'em you and I are lovers! It won't have to be true, you know, if it's funny. Won't Miss Pauline be mad!"

Lester laughed in spite of himself. As for me, I was weeping with smothered laughter and excitement. A great, stern silence overshadowed the other corner.

"Why?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Because you're her other beau, aren't you?" inquired Rachel, with beautiful simplicity. "I know about beaux, for Maggie tells me about Tim, and then—don't you ever tell!"

" Never!"

"I heard Hugh ask a girl to marry him once. I was playing cave under the sofa, and they didn't know it. Oh, you ought to have—"

"Come, we must go down," interposed Mr. Lester. "I imagine they are all looking for us by this time, don't you? Let's

hurry."

There was an ominous silence in the attic as their steps retreated. I leaned exhaustedly against the wall, and Duncan stealthily mopped his eyes. Pauline spoke first, in a cool little voice.

"We may as well follow. I really think

this game has gone far enough."

"Quite far enough," agreed Hugh with equal coldness. "I suppose it is Lester's turn now."

Pauline made no answer, and they departed in unfriendly silence.

"Well?" said Duncan.

"They didn't find us, any way," I exclaimed, jumping up. "Let's get out of this dreadful place. We must never breathe where we were."

"I don't know, myself, just where we

are," he persisted.

"All in the dark," I answered. "Come."
It was the end of the evening before
Hugh and Pauline came within the width
of the room of one another. Then, with a
formal apology, he drew her aside.

"I simply wish to tell you," he said, ignoring the fact that I was not two feet away, "that I have never seriously asked any girl to marry me in my life. Rachel must have overheard some fooling—I don't have to explain to you how one sometimes carries on—and have taken it seriously. That is all, but I wish you to believe it." He might have been explaining how he came to step on her gown, for all the feeling in his voice. There was a distinct pause, then:

"Aren't you going to take me home?" she said in that deadly little half whisper. When I looked Hugh was down at her feet, putting on her overshoes, and she was

smiling serenely.

The joke club had barely a quorum for the next two or three meetings, for Hugh was either at Pauline's or in such a hurry to get there that he had no time for Rachel's edu-

cation. He was getting a good deal of education himself, I fancy, for I could see that Pauline never gave him a smile without setting one aside for Mr. Lester, and there was no knowing which way the demure little cat would jump.

Sunday Hugh repented, and announced that the club would hold an important session, three cigarettes long, immediately after dinner. Rachel was very much ex-

cited.

"I've something to tell," she announced when she had been allowed to choose the three cigarettes that seemed to her the longest.

"Funny?" queried Hugh warningly.

"Yes," said Rachel with confidence. "I was coming over from Aunt Nellie's and I went around by the little bridge—and what do you think I saw, walking down through the willows?"

There was an impressive pause.

"Ghost?" Hugh suggested.

"No," said Rachel. "It was Mr. Lester and Miss Pauline, and he had his arm around her!"

No one laughed in the breathless silence that followed. Hugh laid down his cigarette. Rachel looked a little disappointed, but brought out her climax bravely.

"And then, just before they got to the bend, he kissed her, real hard. I saw him. I thought maybe she'd slap him—Maggie did Tim, the other night—but I don't believe she did."

Rachel had made a coup. Hugh, dark crimson, slammed out of the room, and Maggie, bright pink, fled to the pantry. Then we broke down and shouted with laughter. Rachel's little giggle joined in delightedly.

"Oh, I like the joke club!" she exclaimed, and set us all off again. "I wish Hugh hadn't run away," she added. "There was

two cigarettes and a half more."

Though I couldn't help laughing, I was very sorry for Hugh, for this was no joke at all to him. He was angry and hurt and desperately disappointed. He made a plucky attempt to appear as if nothing had happened, and all the next week took pains to go out just as much as formerly, though I guessed it was not to Pauline's before she herself betrayed the fact. I met her down town towards the end of the week, and we stopped to talk, each a little constrained.

"When is Hugh coming back?" she

asked very casually.

"Why, he hasn't been away," I answered in surprise, my wits not catching up for a second.

"Oh, I thought I heard that he was out of town. I must have mixed him up with some one else," she said, bowing into the crowd. "Rachel is coming to Florence's little supper tonight, isn't she? That's good. Well,

do run in soon.'

"And bring brother back to the fold," I supplemented under my breath, as I smiled and nodded myself away. I felt no resentment against her, for Hugh was quite old enough to take care of himself, and, frankly, he had been known to play that game himself. I couldn't logically resent his being served in the same way occasionally.

I found Rachel getting ready for her party,

and very important.

"Now, Maggie is going to take me over to Florence's," she said, "but Hugh will have to come and bring me back, mother says, and I'm so glad. Really, Edith, Hugh is so very beautiful that I like to have the girls see him. And then, you know, he can talk to Miss Pauline while I'm getting my things on."

Hugh was too proud to protest against his mission that evening, but when it was time to go he hung back and suddenly be-

came very brotherly.

"Why don't you walk over there with me, Edy?" he said. "It's a great night." No amount of nocturnal loveliness had ever before suggested my going with him in that direction, but I understood, and went as

matter-of-coursely as possible.

We found an excited troop of children going to Jerusalem around a double row of chairs, while Lester, at the piano, furnished the necessary accompaniment, watching the game—or Pauline, perhaps—over his shoulder. Rachel came up to us, beaming.

"Just a little longer," she begged. "We're having such a grand time, and I haven't been caught yet. Nobody has gone home."

"Oh, you can't take her away quite yet!" said Pauline, coming over to shake hands. So Hugh submitted. As some one claimed my outer attention, she turned to him.

"Hugh," she said, in a small voice with a hint of laughter in it, and several other ingredients that must have been trying to his resistance, "Hugh—you mad at me?"

If I had been a man and in love with her—and Hugh was both—I should have surrendered without a struggle. Perhaps the defiant jollity of the piano had something to do with his fortitude.

"I have been busy this week," he said indifferently, "Really, I have not been

anywhere."

The music broke off, a signal for the children to scramble for chairs, and Mr.

Lester came over and joined us.

"Thank you, Teddy," said Pauline, with a very special smile, and Teddy was evidently well repaid.

"Rachel, you must come now," said Hugh impatiently.

The next Sunday afternoon I was talking with Duncan in the library when Rachel wandered in, looking rather forlorn.

"We don't even have the joke club, and I'm forgetting all I learned. Maggie told me one about sandwiches and it didn't make me laugh a bit. I wish some one would tell me a story." Nobody took the hint, and she evidently began to have an uneasy sense that something was happening.

"Is Duncan your beau, Edith?" she asked,

in a tone of surprised discovery.

"Girls don't have beaux any more. They've gone out of fashion," I answered as collectedly as I could.

" Maggie does."

"Well, perhaps. But we don't."

"What do you have, then?"

"Oh, best young men, and little playmates, and things like that."

"What's Duncan?" Rachel persisted.

I looked at him consideringly.

"Do let's make it fiancé," he said, going on with the argument Rachel had interrupted.

"I suppose we might as well," I admitted,

pressing my face against her shoulder.

"Ve-what?" she queried.

"Edith, you in here?" said Hugh's voice.
"Here's Lester." I did my best to look
glad, but Duncan wouldn't even try.

"I just ran in to get my umbrella, and to tell you something," he said, and I shuddered for what Hugh might be about to hear. "No, I can't stop long enough to sit down. I'm going abroad tomorrow."

"Going abroad!"

"Yes; our firm wants a representative in England for the next few months, so they are sending me. It was settled only yesterday, so I am simply chasing."

"It is a splendid thing for you," I said, wondering what it might mean to two

other people.

"Yes; and I am very glad to get away for a while," he said, and there was a momentary silence. Then he squared his shoulders, as though putting something away from him. "I hadn't an idea of it till a week ago today. I went down to my uncle's to stay over Sunday, never dreaming that he had any such—""

"Last Sunday?" I interrupted.

"Yes; I was there from Saturday till Monday," he answered, surprised at my

"Oh, I was thinking I had seen you!" I stumbled, with a glance at Rachel, who was unconcernedly amusing herself with Duncan's watch guard.

Hugh had never been on very friendly terms with Mr. Lester, naturally enough, but Mr. Lester, after saying good by to the rest of us, turned to him and held out his hand.

"I wish you every kind of good luck," he said, looking Hugh straight in the eyes. Hugh flushed a little, and gripped his hand with a new heartiness, and the two went out together.

In a few moments Hugh came striding

back.

"Rachel," he exclaimed, "how could you have seen Lester last Sunday?"

"H'm?" said Rachel.

"Mr. Lester and Miss Pauline," I prompted. "Don't you remember saying you had seen them in the willows, when you were coming from Aunt Nellie's?"

"Oh, the joke club!" said Rachel, with a pleased smile of recollection. "And he kissed her. It wasn't really them, you know, it was two others, but I thought it would be funnier—"

"Do you mean to say that it was just a confounded lie?" Hugh blazed out.

Rachel's eyes began to wink very fast.

"I didn't lie," she protested, catching her breath audibly. "I just told it as funny as I could, the way you said to. It wasn't as big a fib as the iceman story you told me, and you know you said it didn't have to be true if it made people laugh. And they did laugh," she added, with a hiccup of injured feelings.

"But, good Lord-"

"Hugh, don't. It isn't fair," I interposed. "You haven't any right to blame her." Rachel was sobbing excitedly by this time, and Hugh relented.

"There, kid, it's all right," he said, rubbing the top of her head. "It was my fault.

We won't scold each other."

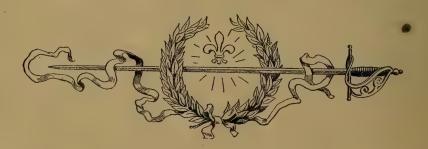
"When you say it it's funny, but when I say it it's a wicked story," said Rachel, still aggrieved.

"We won't be funny any more, either of us," said Hugh, giving her a forgiving pat and starting for the door.

"Not even at the joke club?" asked Rachel, lifting her head.

He paused in the doorway.

"Rachel," he said solemnly, "the joke club is disbanded!"



### THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SIX.

HE is with us again in the buff and the blue
That was soaked in the Delaware's flood,
Or on Lexington's field in the mist of the dawn
Was blackened with powder and blood.
His brown curly locks with a black ribbon tied
With gray are beginning to mix,
And bullets have riddled the rim of the hat
Of the spirit of Seventy Six.

The glance of his eye is as clear as the day,
And his heart is as stout as of old,
Though the lawn at his neck and the lace at his wrist
Are touched with a century's mold.
His musket is steady and true in its aim,
And the steel of his sword never sticks
In the worn leather scabbard that swings by the side
Of the spirit of Seventy Six!

Minna Irving.

# TWO WOMEN AND A THEORIST.

BY PAUL ARMSTRONG.

A tale of matchmaking strategy—How one woman's wit and another woman's beauty were matched against a man's diplomatic egotism, and which side won the game.

DAVIS MONROE held curious opinions on the subject of feminine beauty. He maintained that nature never forgot herself, and if to one woman she gave beauty she never overdid the matter by giving her any great amount of brains. He used to defy his friends to disprove his theory, and if some one should mention a woman who was both beautiful and undeniably intelligent, he would exclaim:

"Ah, just so! But that is the exception which proves the rule."

Davis Monroe was rich, of course, or women would never have smiled on him after his having made public such a theory. In a young man, to be rich is to be petted, agreed with, and spoiled. He is sure to become an egotist, and that, of course, makes him easy prey—generally. So far as Monroe was concerned, however, the mammas had begun to believe that he was not marriageable; and they were about to consign him to the outer darkness of bachelordom when Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, of Philadelphia, chanced to meet him. It was at the home of Mrs. Kilsurd, her sister.

"Very curious young man," she had remarked, after having heard him expound his theories. "Interesting, too."

"Very," declared Mrs. Kilsurd. "Very curious. In spite of all I can do he shows no especial interest in Leona. I have quite given him up. He will be a bachelor."

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix laughed.

"Then you have decided there is no chance of his marrying?"

"Quite," declared Mrs. Kilsurd, with emphasis.

"Reason, if any?"

"A very good one. He maintains that he will marry no one but a woman who is both beautiful and intelligent; and in the same breath he declares that such a person does not exist."

Again Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix laughed—a quiet little laugh denoting pleasing reminiscences.

"How odd!" she mused.

Presently she looked at her sister.

"Then, of course, you have no objection to my marrying him to my niece, seeing that he fails to appreciate Leona."

"None whatever. In fact, I believe I should enjoy seeing you try;" and Mrs. Kilsurd laughed quietly.

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix met Davis Monroe at a musicale a week later, and she proved such a good listener that his pet theory seemed to be tottering. Then he suddenly remembered that it did not apply to women past the age of thirty.

There was one remark Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had made which fixed his attention.

"You must meet my niece, Grace Fillmore," she had said. "She has theories similar to yours."

As Davis Monroe recalled the words he concluded that the niece must be as homely as the aunt was beautiful.

Some two weeks later Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix returned to Philadelphia, knowing that Davis Monroe would follow a week later. On business, he had said. Upon her arrival Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix attempted to transfer her knowledge of the theories to her niece. But Grace Fillmore was beautiful and under thirty, and she could not grasp the situation as her aunt had.

"Now, Grace, listen: once a man has a pet idea he is as easy to handle as a mouse in a trap. He is absolutely powerless. It is his undoing. It is paralysis. It is——"

"But, aunty, I don't understand what you mean. If he is subject to paralysis——"

"No, no, Grace. Now listen. Can you follow directions?"

"Why, of course, if you-"

"Well, then, listen to him like a child would to a fairy tale. Never mind whether you understand what he is talking about or not. Just look him in the eyes, nod now and then, and if he stops ask him to continue. Declare that he is the most interesting man you have ever known. But don't talk. The man always wants to do the talking; and, besides, if you talk he may dis-

cover that you have not understood what he has been saying. Can you remember that?"

"I think so," said the clever girl. "Is he rich?"

"Two millions, twenty six, tall, handsome—everything. And there is no reason in the world why you should not marry him. You have only to look at him, listen, nod, and exclaim. But, don't talk."

Davis Monroe called earlier than Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had expected. The theorist had thought much of this girl who a clever woman had assured him was intelligent. He had become interested.

They met.

Grace Fillmore was disappointed in no way whatever. Davis Monroe was at once agreeably surprised and not a little suspicious; surprised at the girl's beauty, and suspicious of Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix' judgment of her intelligence.

As the hours wore away and he delivered himself of his theories, ideas, and beliefs, he became more and more interested and his suspicions gradually faded away. As he left the house he noticed that his voice was husky; he could remember nothing but a pair of interested, child-like eyes and a beautiful face.

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix and her niece had a consultation.

"I don't understand it," declared the girl. "How well we get on!"

Her aunt laughed musically.

"Did I do all right?" the girl asked.

"You were perfect, my dear," Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix said, patting her hands affectionately. "I'll ask him to dinner some night this week."

The affair progressed. Davis Monroe told the same tales, expounded the same theories, and discussed the same subjects again and again, without realizing it. He was entranced. Nor did the girl seem to realize the repetition. His theory of intelligence and beauty was worth more than ever now, for he had found the exception which proved the rule. And such a beautiful girl, too!

He proposed. She accepted.

He went to his hotel the happiest egotist

She kissed Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, and declared that she was the dearest aunt any girl ever had.

Again Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix smiled, patted the girl's hands and wondered at Mrs. Kilsurd's stupidity.

A week later there was a quarrel.

Grace Fillmore had what she thought to be a graceful and attractive—in fact, a stylish way of carrying her hands. Davis Monroe called her attention to the fact that she had "contracted a bad habit in her hands."

She informed him that he had no eye for either grace or beauty, to say nothing of style.

He mentioned the fact that from all appearances he had quite a considerable eye for "Grace," to say the least. But she would countenance no foolishness. He then defended himself bluntly and in man fashion.

To vanquish him she declared that she was not the girl whom he should marry, and released him from his engagement.

He apologized, and begged forgiveness and favor

She was at first obdurate, but finally consented to the renewal of the engagement on condition that he did not venture to criticise her hands again.

He promised, and she told Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix of the quarrel and the final settlement.

That person, after a moment's silence, declared that no harm was done.

A month later Grace became careless, and attempted to talk with Davis Monroe on one of his pet theories. The remark she made chilled him. It was so silly that he could not forget it for hours,

That night he lay awake trying to recall what Grace had ever done which led him to believe her intelligent. She listened well, it is true, but his horse could do that.

The next day he attempted to draw her out concerning a certain land scheme which would forever dispose of the problem of overcrowded tenements. This particular scheme he had explained at least once to the last detail, and Grace had nodded and apparently understood.

His effort, however, was forestalled by Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, who took the conversation upon herself, and left Grace to agree with him when an argument arose.

Davis Monroe went home humble. Grace was clever beyond belief.

A few evenings later they were at the theater.

Grace had declared she loved tragedy above all things dramatic. He did also. In fact, he was at first surprised to find that on this line her tastes and his agreed.

But nothing surprised him of late. He had found his affinity.

The play was "La Tosca," which he had never before seen, and the terrible struggle of the heroine appealed to him. The villainy of the persecutor of the lover made his blood boil.

The scene where the heroine and the villain meet had been reached, and the climax

of the story was at hand. The house was noiseless as a tomb save for the suppressed breathing and an occasional stifled, hysterical exclamation.

Davis Monroe sat with hands clenched and his eyes ablaze with excited interest.

Philadelphia was not the city, nor a theater box the place. He was there—in that room of the villainous *Governor* watching the torture of a woman who loved. Her lover was without, in the courtyard, about to be shot. To Davis Monroe it was real, awful, tragic.

Suddenly Grace turned toward him, leaned forward, and touched his arm. Then in a whisper which sounded like a shout in the

stillness of the house, she said:

"Do you see that hat that woman wears in the sixth row in the balcony, third seat from the end? I had a friend at school whose mother used to wear hats like that."

Just at that moment the heroine stabbed the villain, but Davis Monroe did not see it. He was answering in a hoarse, stammering voice:

"Yes, yes-yes-sixth seat from the hat, third row."

Then the act ended suddenly, and a burst of applause thundered from the audience. Grace was applauding as if anxious to ruin her gloves. Davis sat for a moment dazed and wondering.

"Did—did you ever see this play before?" he asked.

"No," said Grace, looking at him with eyes which he would have sworn reflected the excitement of the play; "but isn't it beautiful?"

Again he pondered.

Her eyes and her lips told him she had seen the 'play, but he could not believe it. Then suddenly he recalled a certain remark she had made. He thought of his plan to learn what she knew of his land scheme, and its result, and like a flash he recalled the part Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had taken in that conversation. He thought he understood. He looked at the girl furtively.

"Yes," he said; "the play is beautiful.

But it's faulty."

"Oh, yes," said Grace Fillmore.

"Did you notice how she stole that knife from the church?" he asked. "Wasn't that clever, though?"

"Very," said she.

"I didn't like the idea of having that policeman coming in there while the hero was saying good by to his mother, did you?"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Andrews Fillmore

Rix' clever niece.

"Wasn't that leap from the bridge exciting?" he said.

"Very; I have never seen better acting," she said.

And thus, with similar remarks about things which never occurred, and which the commonest sort of intelligence would tell one could not occur, he trapped her.

The curtain rose on the final act, but Davis Monroe did not see it. He was at work on the next act of his own little tragedy. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was to marry this girl, who was worse than stupid. His first impulse was to run; then came saner thoughts.

The audience applauded, and Grace Fillmore joined in the demonstration. It drew his attention to her hands. A ray of light came into his pit of despair. Her hands! He had been thrown over once, the engagement snapped in an instant, because he had criticised her hands. Would it occur again? It was an easy and graceful way out. He could hardly wait until the play was finished to put it to the test.

At last his chance came. They were in the carriage.

"Really, Grace," he said, "your hands are very awkward."

"Mr. Monroe," she began in a voice which gave him hope.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted; "but if you knew how you looked—"

"I thought," she broke in, "you understood that subject was forbidden."

"Well, I can't help that," he went on. "I really must insist that——"

There was a sound of tearing kid and a ring was forced into his hand.

"But, Grace, don't be childish," he began.
"Mr. Monroe, you do not remember well,"
she said. "I release you. We are apparently
not suited——"

"But, Grace," he interrupted, half apologetically, trying to force the ring back in her hand.

"Not another word, Mr. Monroe," she said stiffly.

The ride to her home was finished in silence.

At the door he said:

"Am I to understand that you wish our engagement broken off on account of a little thing like——"

"Let us not discuss it further. There is no engagement between us, Mr. Monroe. Good night."

She told Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix about it, and that diplomatic person, after a moment's thought, declared:

"You were quite right, my dear. He will call tomorrow."

But Davis Monroe did not call, and he is now a bachelor beyond recall.

# THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

### BY FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY.

"The star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

THE mysterious influence of patriotism has its fountain head in the flag of our country. It gleams upon us from the stars; it is fastened to our existence by the immovable, unchangeable stripes. Its brilliant red teaches us to remember the heroes who brought it into existence to symbolize the birth of freedom. cerulean blue is emblematic of truth, of honor, of principle, and of that kind of glory which is everlasting. Its spotless white typifies the purity of purpose which actuated our forefathers who conceived it. "Its stars are the coronet of freedom; its stripes, the scourges of oppression. Wherever it appears, it is the symbol of power and the shield of safety; who clings to it, not all the tyrants on the earth can tear from its protection. There is no influence more august, there can be no holier thrill than that which the flag of our country inspires in every patriot's breast."

An American poet has aptly termed our banner the "Scarlet Veined." It seems like a channel through which the heart throbs of a mighty nation impel the life giving, liberty loving fluid of its people. It generates the atmosphere of freedom that we breathe; it creates the higher impulses which we absorb; it speaks to the highest and to the most lowly in the same even tone of power, of steadfastness, of unalterable and unqualified promise.

Tradition asserts that the prophets of old were no more directly inspired than was our own Washington in its selection. Picture those grand men, our national creators, as they were gathered together in that grim old Philadelphian chamber, to consult and to agree upon the adoption of a national emblem, as they had been directed to do by the Continental Con-

gress. There were as many designs as there were men at that solemn conclave, and yet to Washington, upon whom all eyes rested, all hearts depended, every thought concentrated, there was not among them one which conveyed his heart's exalted hopes for the future of his country.

He alone submitted no design. had imagined many, but was satisfied with none; and at last, perplexed, he rose in his place, so to state. Just then the sunlight streamed through the diamond paned window of the gable, high above their heads, and fell upon the table before him. The prismatic gleams begat colors and resolved themselves into shape before his eyes. The framework of the window separated the bars of light in their descent, so that when they met again upon the table they became stripes of red and white. Washington raised his eyes, and through the window saw the blue dome of heaven beyond, where so many nights, upon the battlefield, he had watched the glimmering stars. Instantly he saw the flag of freedom.

History has not recorded the words in which he gave the fruits of his inspiration to that august assembly, but with one voice his suggestions were adopted, and on the 14th of June, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes of alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, presenting a new constellation." Thirteen has proved to be America's lucky number.

It is only fair to add that there is another account of the source from which the pattern of the Stars and Stripes was drawn—an account that is less picturesque, but perhaps more historical. It is pointed out that Washington's coat of

arms consisted of stars and stripes, and that either he or, more probably, some other member of the committee—there is no actual evidence as to the individual originator of the design—adopted these heraldic emblems as no less appropriate for the banner of the army he commanded.

Be this as it may, historians agree that, some time during the first days of that eventful June, Washington, accompanied by other members of the committee, called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and from a rough draft which he had made she prepared the first flag. Washington's design contained stars of six points, but Mrs. Ross thought that five points would make them more symmetrical. She completed the flag in twenty four hours, and it was received with enthusiasm wherever displayed. "Betsy" Ross was manufacturer of flags for the government for many years, and was succeeded by her children.

A volume could be written upon the early history of the Stars and Stripes. There has been much controversy as to its first appearance on the field of battle. "My hand hoisted the first American flag," declared John Paul Jones, the pugnacious Scot who afterwards became famous as captain of the Bonhomme Richard: but this must have been one of the earlier banners, as the final pattern had not been adopted when Jones was serving as lieutenant on the Revolutionary frigate Alfred. John Adams claimed the honor for a New England officer. assert," he said, "that the first American flag was hoisted by Captain John Manly, and the first British flag was struck to him." Manly was a Massachusetts sailor whose schooner, the Lee, captured the British brig Nancy almost at the beginning of the war. His ensign was probably one of the pine tree flags, of which several different patterns were flown as early as the battle of Bunker Hill.

It was probably at Fort Schuyler, then besieged by the British, that the Stars and Stripes received its baptism of fire. The beleaguered patriots had some difficulty in finding materials of the proper color. They had to cut up linen shirts for the white stripes, and to patch together pieces of scarlet cloth for the red, while a

fine blue camlet cloak, captured from a British officer, served for the canton. The flag's first important battle was that of Brandywine, where it suffered a defeat that was speedily and amply avenged when it flew in triumph at the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

Today, when New York is expressing her outburst of patriotic feeling by flying a hundred thousand flags, we can afford to recall the curious fact that she was the last American city to greet the Stars and Stripes, more than six years after its adoption as our national banner. King George's colors dominated the metropolis from a few days after the disastrous battle of Long Island till the end of the On the day agreed upon for the evacuation of the city-November 25. 1783—when the American troops reached the Battery at three o'clock in the afternoon, they found a British flag hoisted there upon a tall pole, with the halvards cut away. The departing garrison, the last of whom had just embarked, evidently wished to see their colors flying as long as they were in sight of land; but a young American soldier, Van Arsdale by name, climbed the pole, tore down the offending ensign, and set the Stars and Stripes aloft, in full view of the retreating squadron.

It is recorded, however, that the flag had been flown in New York earlier in the day. At sunrise a local boarding house keeper, whose name history does not seem to have preserved, ran up the Stars and Stripes over his residence. His daring action was reported to Cunningham, the British provost marshal, who ordered the rebel ensign down, as the garrison claimed military possession up to the hour of The order being disregarded, Cunningham came in person to haul down the flag. Before he could touch it the mistress of the house rallied to its defense with a broomstick, which she wielded with such vigor and success that the provost marshal retreated in confusion, with the loss of most of the powder in his wig.

May 1, 1795, brought the first change in the Stars and Stripes. Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to Statehood, and Congress decreed that the flag should thereafter contain fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. It soon became evident that the continual addition of new States would destroy the symmetry of the flag, and it was Captain S. E. Reid, of the famous privateer General Armstrong, who suggested to Congress the plan upon which the flag is built today. April 14, 1818, saw the restoration in perpetuity of the thirteen stripes, and provision made for the addition of a new star on every Fourth of July succeeding the admission of a State to the Union. Captain Reid's wife made the first flag with the original number of stripes, and with twenty stars, arranged in the form of one great star.

"Old Glory" is among the oldest of flags, although we are one of the youngest of nations. The present flag of Spain was adopted in 1785; the tricolor of France, in 1794; the Union Jack of Great Britain, in 1801; the banner of Portugal, in 1830; of Italy, in 1848, and of the German Empire, in 1871. It is claimed for the Stars and Stripes-and no flag except the French or the British can possibly dispute the claim—that it has been in more battles, and has waved over more victories on land and sea, than any banner in the world, and there is not a European standard for which so many men have fought and died. Something like a million lives have been laid down, that the Stars and Stripes might continue to wave over the land of the free.

Until two years ago all the American flags used in the army and navy of the United States were manufactured at the Brooklyn navy yard, but they are now also made at Mare Island, San Francisco. At these government factories the work has been reduced to an exact science. The bunting is carefully weighed, the colors tested with chemicals, the stars and the stripes measured to the breadth of a hair, and every stitch counted with minute exactness. The floor of the measuring room is a geometrical problem which might puzzle a professor of mathematics -a sort of mosaic combination of polished brass, hard wood, and arithmetic. "hoist" of the standard flag must, to the fraction of a millimeter, be precisely ten nineteenths of the length.

Before the beginning of the present war with Spain, fourteen women were kept busy stitching flags; now there are forty four, and it is curious to see them working as diligently upon the flags of Spain as upon the Stars and Stripes. Every United States ship carries a full complement of flags of all nations, and of signal flags, and all these are made by our own government. Just now Spanish flags are in especial demand; our ships are even searching the high seas for them!

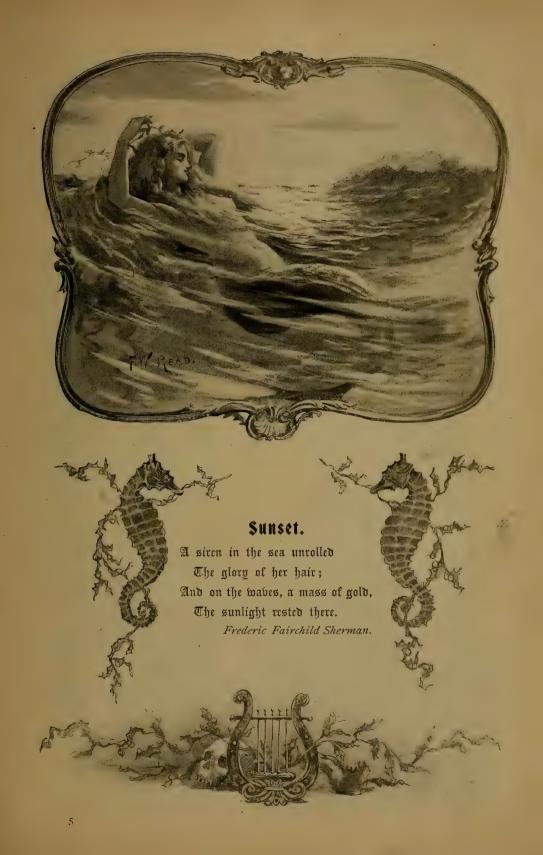
There is a new design in which the flag workers have made a special display of their skill—the President's flag. It has never yet appeared upon a battlefield, nor floated above a man of war, but the day may come when an American chief magistrate, making the grand tour of our territory, may take it with him to Cuba, to Porto Rico, or to the Philippines.

#### LOYALTY.

What is true friendship? Hear the answer, then!

True friendship does not doubt, or fail, or fear;
It turns to calumny a deafened ear;
Its strength must needs be as the strength of ten
Because it is so pure and selfless, free
From morbid fancies and from vain alarms.

His honor questioned? Quick! a call to arms
To fight for him with might of loyalty!
And when his world seems dark, through grief and care,
Let friendship spread for him her wide, strong wings
And bear him up so swift and far and high
That every breath of clear, life giving air
Brings rest and courage, hopes of better things,
A healing calm, a great serenity.



# THE PRIZES OF VICTORY.

THE MAGNIFICENT ISLANDS THAT ARE LOST TO SPAIN—SHALL WE RAISE OUR FLAG IN
THE INDIES OF THE EAST AND OF THE WEST?—A GREAT PROBLEM AND A
GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

IT is tolerably clear, and is daily becoming clearer, that the United States is at a turning point in its history. The great question that is setting itself before us is not that of war or peace with Spain, or with any other foreign nation. It is something much more important, because the issues it involves are not temporary, but for all time. No one can precisely estimate its importance to the future of ourselves and of the civilized world, but there is no doubt that its influence upon history will be tremendous.

We are accustomed to hear of the vast extent of the British Empire, and to marvel at the way in which, within little more than a century, the people of a small group of northern islands have carried

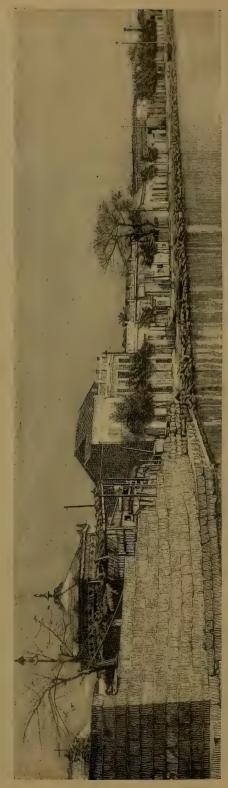
their flag over something like one sixth of the land surface of the globe. We are apt to forget that our own territorial expansion has been scarcely less remarkable, and that our own history has been one of periodical and immense annexations. A hundred and twenty years ago, when the successful revolt of our forefathers left England practically stripped of her colonial possessions, we were a mere fringe of settlers scattered along the eastern coast of North America. The vast territory to the west of us was partly unknown, but wholly covered by the self asserted sovereignty of European powers. Britain held Florida, to the south, and Canada, conquered from France, to the north; France was estab-



CUBA-A SCENE IN MATANZAS, ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



CUBA-GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND BAY OF MATANZAS.



CUBA-A SCENE ON THE YUMURI RIVER, MATANZAS, FIFTY MILES EAST OF HAVANA ON THE NORTHERN COAST, IS THE SECOND COMMERCIAL CITY OF CUBA, WITH A POPULATION OF 56,000. IT LIES AT THE MOUTH OF TWO RIVERS, THE YUMURI AND THE SAN JUAN.



CUBA-THE DRIVE TO THE BELLAMAR CAVES, MATANZAS.

lished in our rear, along the whole line of the Mississippi; Spain had a sweeping and indefinite claim to the region beyond. It might well have been thought that of the four flags that flew upon the almost virgin continent, ours was the weakest competitor for dominion. Yet

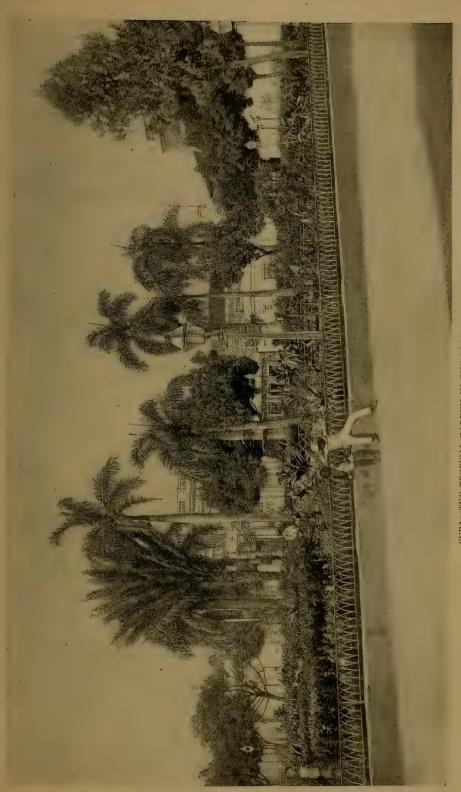
here is a brief summary of the great drama of empire that began then:

THE MARCH OF OUR FLAG.

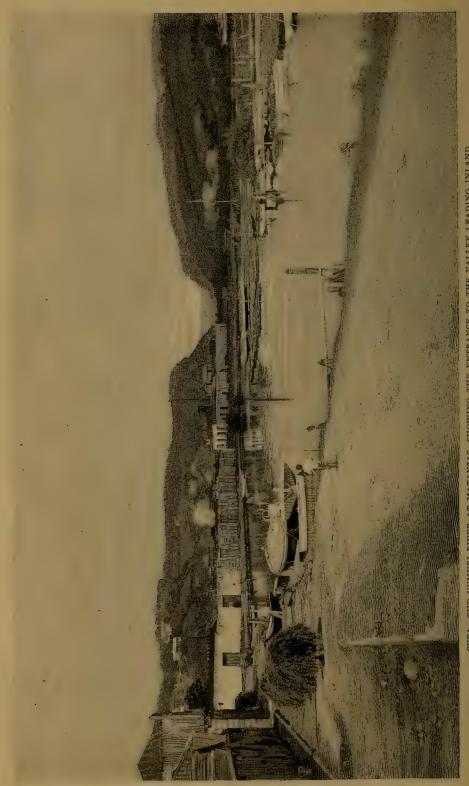
In 1803 Napoleon, despairing of his ability to retain his splendid province of Louisiana, is glad to sell it to Jefferson



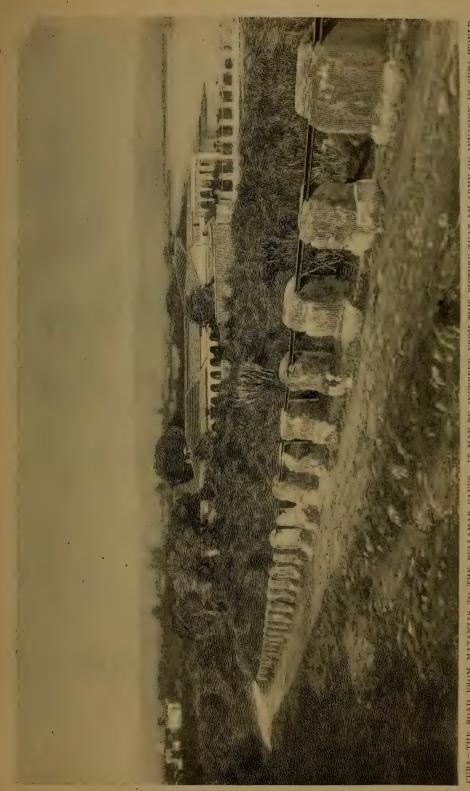
CUBA-THE CHURCH OF MONSERRATE, MATANZAS.



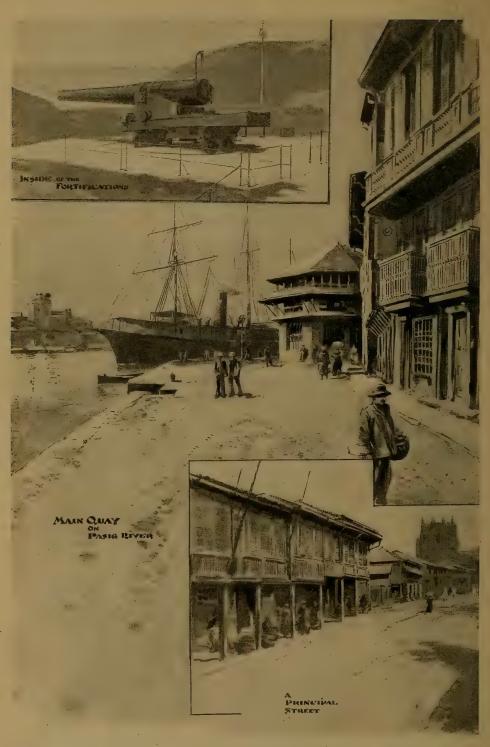
CUBA-THE TROPICAL GARDEN IN THE PLAZA, MATANZAS.



CUBA-THE YUMURI RIVER AT MATANZAS, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY LEADING INLAND.



CUBA-THE ROAD FROM MATANZAS TO THE BELLAMAR CAVES. IT MAY BE INFERRED FROM THIS PICTURE THAT AN ARMY OF INVASION IN CUBA WOULD HAVE LITTLE USE FOR BICYCLES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—SCENES IN MANILA, THE CAPITAL CITY AND COMMERCIAL CENTER OF THE GROUP. MANILA IS ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON, WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANISH IN 1571, AND HAS A POPULATION OF 270,000.



PORTO RICO-VIEW OF SAN JUAN FROM THE DECK OF A VESSEL LYING IN THE HARBOR.

for a sum that now seems a ridiculously small payment. Sixteen years later Florida, ceded by England to Spain, is again transferred to us. At the same historical hour the Spaniards' other great mainland possession—Mexico—becomes an independent state, with a territory almost as vast as ours, divided from us by a thousand miles of a vague and debatable frontier. The irresistible logic of events clashes the two republics together in war, and the stronger takes from the weaker a princely empire stretching from Texas to Wyoming and to California.

Thus far our acquisitions are wholly of adjoining territory, and they make a state that is huge, indeed, yet thoroughly compact—"four square to all the winds that blow," with a frontier which, on three sides, is marked by the hand of nature. Yet it is an easy step to the purchase of Alaska, where Russia, at the beginning of this century, had been first in the field of colonization. Seven millions of dollars was the price of the sovereignty of that northern land, with its fisheries, its furs, and its rich stores of minerals; and even without its natural wealth, who would not vote thrice that sum today to prevent it from passing into the hands of any other power?

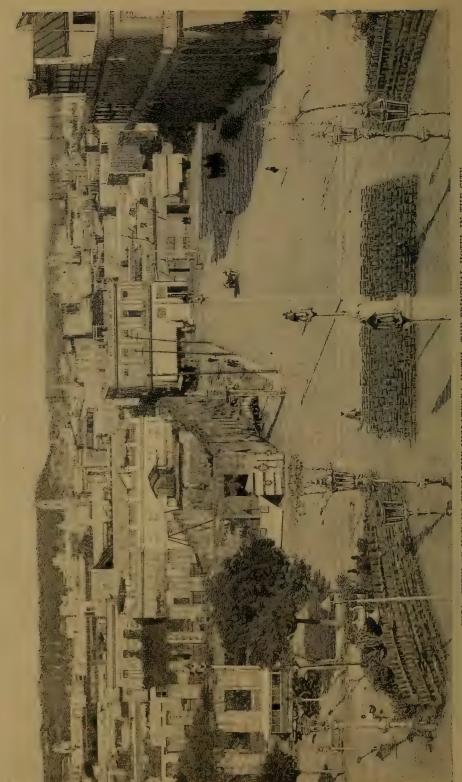
Since 1867 our career of national expansion has been halted; but is it over forever? This is the great question that the war with Spain has forced upon us.

If the Spaniard is to be expelled from Cuba, from Porto Rico, and from the Philippines—almost the last fragments of his squandered heritage—what is to become of those tropical islands of east and west? The decision rests with us. It is not likely that we shall allow any foreign power or combination of powers to decide the question for us. A great problem and a magnificent opportunity seem to lie before us.

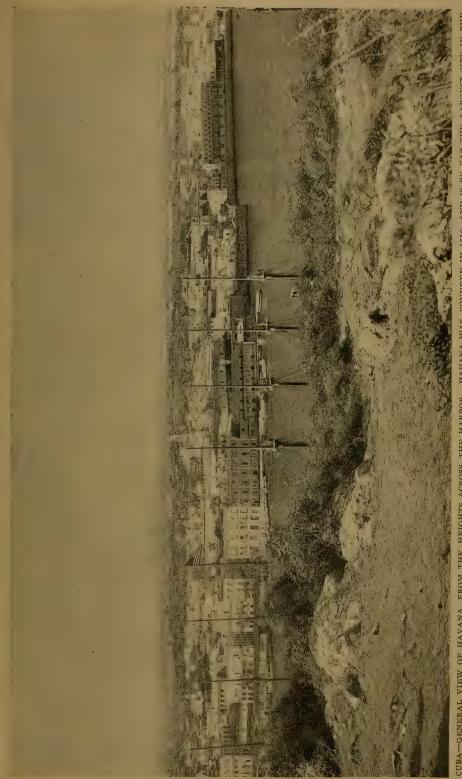
No doubt there will be many to oppose a proposition for the annexation of all or any of these Spanish islands. It has been so with every forward step of our flag; yet who would retrace a single one of those steps today? Jefferson was criticised for the Louisiana purchase. The war with Mexico was stoutly opposed, and the admission of Texas, when debated by the Senate, failed to secure the two thirds majority necessary for the approval of a treaty. Secretary Seward was told that he had wasted the money he paid for Alaska. Danger has been scented in every acquisition of territory, yet today we have not a foot of ground that we would give up.

### HOW COLONIAL EMPIRES GROW.

In his famous book on "The Expansion of England," Professor Seeley points out that his country's colonial empire has not been built up by any settled and deliberate policy on the part of her rulers,



CUBA-VIEW OF HAVANA FROM THE INGLATERRA HOTEL, THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN THE CITY.



CUBA-GENERAL VIEW OF HAVANA, FROM THE HEIGHTS ACROSS THE HARBOR. HAVANA WAS FOUNDED IN 1519, AND IS BY FAR THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WEST INDIES, CONTAINING ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND INHABITANTS.



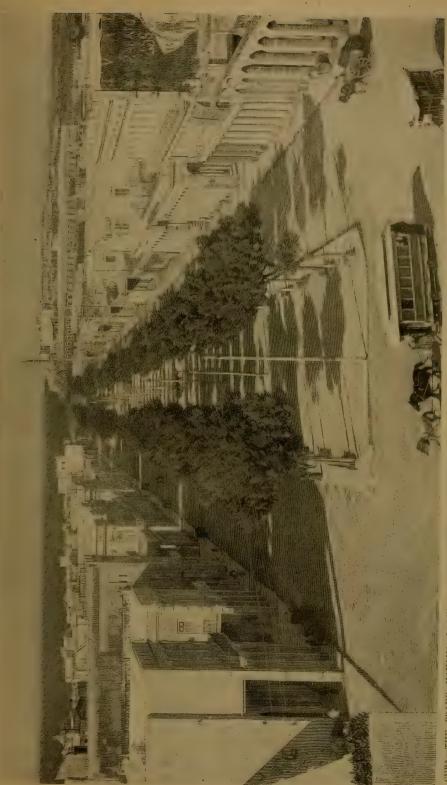
CUBA—THE PLAZA DE TOROS, OR BULL RING, IN HAVANA, IN WHICH WERE GIVEN THE BULL FIGHTS THAT ARE THE GREAT NATIONAL AMUSEMENT OF THE SPANIARDS.

but has grown up in spite of their indifference and neglect. Until very recent times the European governments have apparently cared little for the wide world beyond their own borders; and the threatened result is that a hundred years hence most of the "great powers" must inevitably find themselves dwarfed by the vaster states now establishing themselves upon such a scale of magnitude as the world never saw before—by Russia, by the United States, and by Greater Britain.

We in America have been benefited not a little by this European indifference. Had the Grand Monarque spent in defending Canada a few of the millions he flung into his baths and fountains at Versailles, French, and not English, might today have been the ruling tongue of North America. Had Napoleon foreseen the future of the new world, he would never have sold Louisiana for a mess of pottage while he dreamed of empire in the east. And at the same time we ourselves—



CUBA-THE INTERIOR OF THE PLAZA DE TOROS.



CUBA-THE PRADO, HAVANA, LOOKING DOWN TOWARD THE SEA. THE PRADO, WITH ITS DOUBLE ROW OF TREES, IS ONE OF THE SHOW STREETS OF HAVANA, MOST OF ITS BUILDINGS PROJECT ON ARCHES OVER THE SIDEWALK.



CUBA-THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, OR SPANISH CLUBHOUSE, HAVANA.

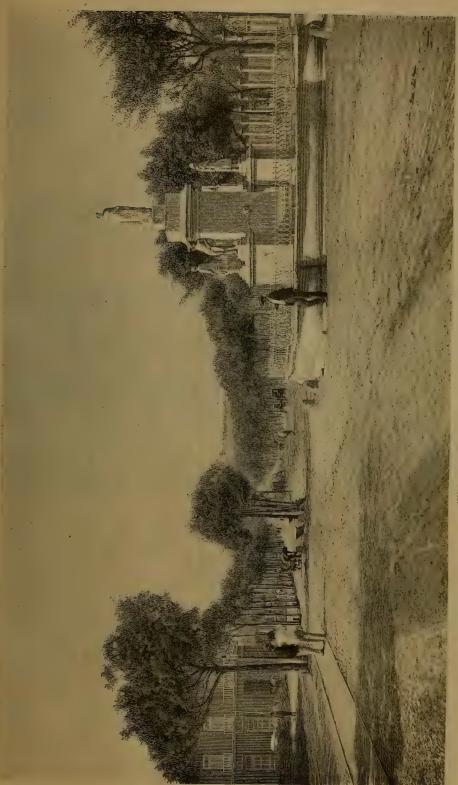
though with more justification, our unoccupied domain being far ampler than any European state—have shown a like reluctance for the path of expansion. We have hesitated where we might have stepped forward,

It may be recalled that in 1867 Mr. Seward, fresh from his notable achieve-

ment of the Alaska purchase, opened negotiations with Denmark for the sale of her West Indian islands of St. John and St. Thomas; but the Senate declined to ratify the bargain he made. A few years later, when Grant was President, it was proposed to annex either the whole of Santo Domingo, or the harbor of



CUBA-A CORRIDOR IN THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, HAVANA.



CUBA-THE DRIVE OF CARLOS III, HAVANA.

Samana, a valuable point in that little negro republic; but after much debate the plan fell through. Then came the suggestion of the Mole St. Nicolas, a part of Hayti, as a desirable acquisition; but again no active step was taken.

#### THE RACE FOR EMPIRE.

Within the last dozen years there has been a marked change in the general question arises whether it will be for our benefit to take them.

# CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND THE PHILIP-PINES.

Much depends, of course, upon the nature of these islands, on which so much of the world's attention is centered just now—upon their climate and situation, their natural resources, and their stand-

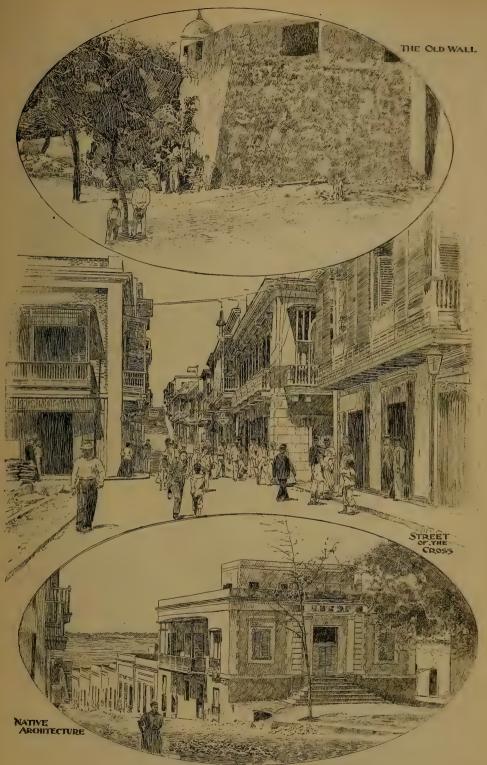


CUBA-LA FUERZA, ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS IN HAVANA, ERECTED IN 1573.

policy of the European powers. Several of them seem to have suddenly awakened to the importance of colonies and foreign stations for their flag, and there has ensued a desperate scramble for the remaining unappropriated corners of the earth. In this competition we have hitherto taken no part. We have seen the whole of Africa divided between the rival claimants; we now see the remnant of Asia threatened with a like partition. Is there anything left for us? Provinces once absorbed by France, England, Russia, or Germany are never likely to be in the market, as it were, again. But Spain, which has already lost a score of dependencies, is inevitably doomed to lose the three or four that remain to her. The change will be for their benefit, and very possibly for hers as well. The great

ing in the scale of civilization. Cuba is but a hundred miles off our own coast, yet comparatively few Americans have visited the Spanish West Indies; the Spanish East Indies are almost wholly unknown to us. What manner of countries are they—the Philippines, where Admiral Dewey made the first conquest of the war, and Cuba and Porto Rico, which, as we write, seem to lie at the mercy of our squadrons? The accompanying illustrations, engraved from recent photographs, will help to answer the question by picturing characteristic island scenes. A few statistics may also be of interest, at the risk of repeating facts already familiar.

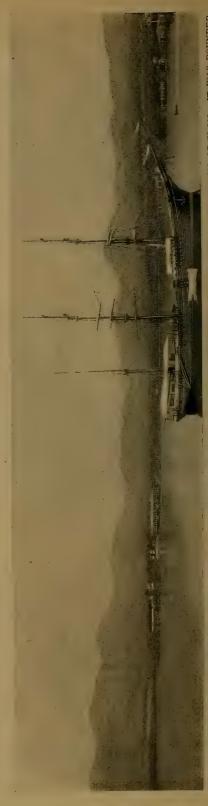
In size, these islands are large enough to form a material addition to our territory, without being so unmanageable as



PORTO RICO—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE STREETS OF SAN JUAN.

Drawn from photographs.





CUBA-THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM THE TOWN. SANTIAGO IS THE SECOND CITY IN CUBA, WITH A POPULATION OF 71,000. IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1514, AND WAS FOR A TIME THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. IT IS STILL THE CAPITAL OF THE EASTERN DEPARTMENT. THE EXECUTION OF THE VIRGINIUS PRISONERS TOOK PLACE HERE IN 1873.



CUBA-THE PLAZA, SANTIAGO DE CUBA. THE LARGE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE SANTIAGO THEATER.

the vast tracts France and England have recently annexed in Africa. Cuba contains a few more square miles than Ohio, a few less than Virginia. Porto Rico is smaller than any State in the Union, except Delaware and Rhode Island. The total area of the Philippines, with their tional reports of men slain in battle, of women and children starved to death, and of families driven into exile, there can be very few survivors left there now; but it would be safer to wait for another census before making an estimate. It is certain, however, that with a stable government so



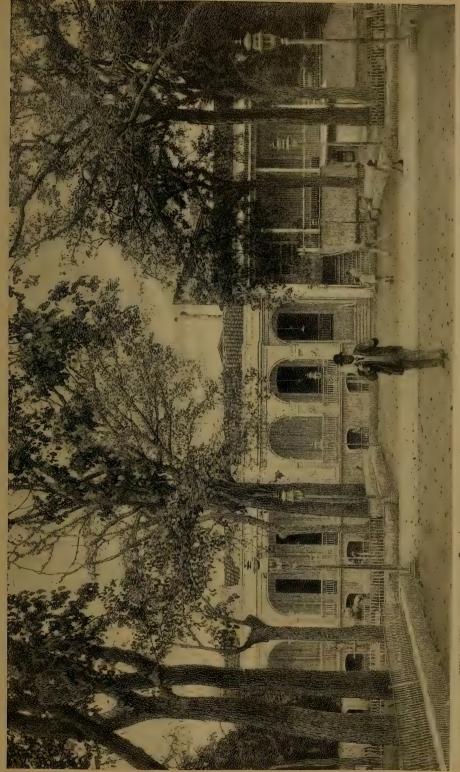
CUBA—ROYAL PALM TREES IN THE SUBURBS OF MATANZAS. THE ROYAL PALM (OREODOXA REGIA) IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST SPECIES OF THE PALM FAMILY, GROWING IN FLORIDA AND THE WEST INDIES.

dozen large islands and more than a thousand small ones, is a little more than that of Nevada or Colorado.

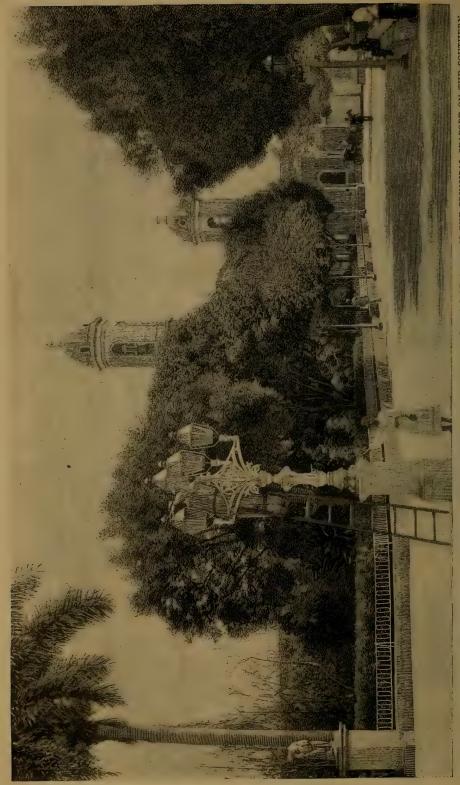
As to their population, they are neither very thickly nor very thinly settled, the total for Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines being something less than ten million people. About half of this total belongs to Luzon, the island of which Manila is the capital. The present population of Cuba is a matter for speculation. The last census, taken in 1890, reported 1,631,687 people in the Queen of the Antilles. According to the sensa-

rich an island could support many more inhabitants than she possesses. Porto Rico, which has been less harassed by civil disorder, is quite densely populated, having as many people as Connecticut.

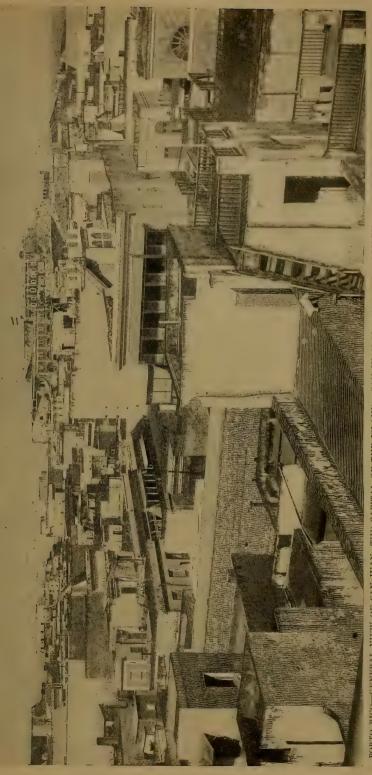
Of course it cannot be claimed that the ten million people of these Spanish dependencies are homogeneous with ourselves, or that we should find no difficulty whatever in extending our political system to include them. But what problem could they present in any way comparable to those that England has met and solved in India, where she rules three



CUBA-THE CASINO ESPAÑOL (SPANISH CASINO) AND CIRCULO DON CARLOS (DON CARLOS CLUB) AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



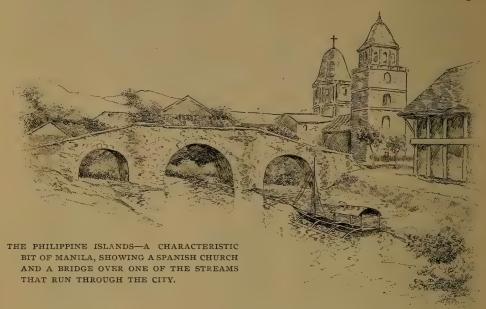
CUBA-THE PLAZA, CIENFUEGOS. AFTER SANTIAGO DE CUBA, CIENFUEGOS, WITH A POPULATION OF 41,000, IS THE PRINCIPAL SEAPORT ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CUBA, BEING, IN TIME OF PEACE, A CENTER FOR THE EXPORT OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES.



PORTO RICO-GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. SAN JUAN IS A CITY OF NEARLY THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, AND WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANIARDS UNDER PONCE DE LEON IN 1511.

ent races, languages, and religions, civilized and uncivilized, and united only in scale of civilization is far from high.

hundred million Asiatics of widely differ- numerical majority. These are by no means savages, though their place in the



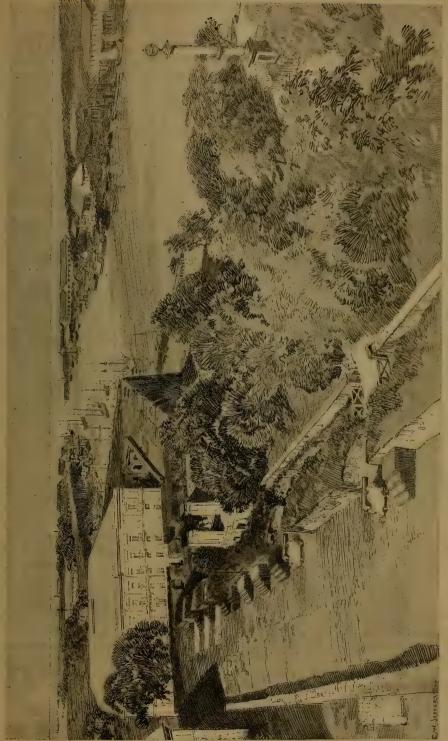
being absolutely alien to the power that governs them?

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS.

Of the seven or eight million people in the Philippines, Malay tribes form the Those who have lived among them—as very few Americans have—say that they are as industrious as the tropical climate permits, and as orderly as could be expected under Spanish misrule. worth noting that there is a considerable



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS-A STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA, SHOWING THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE NATIVE HOUSES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS-MANILA BAY AND THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, SHOWING A LINE OF THE OLD SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

colony of them in southern Louisiana, the origin of which is not quite clear. They are known there as "Manila men," and their ways of life are said to be precisely those of their kinsmen in the far east.

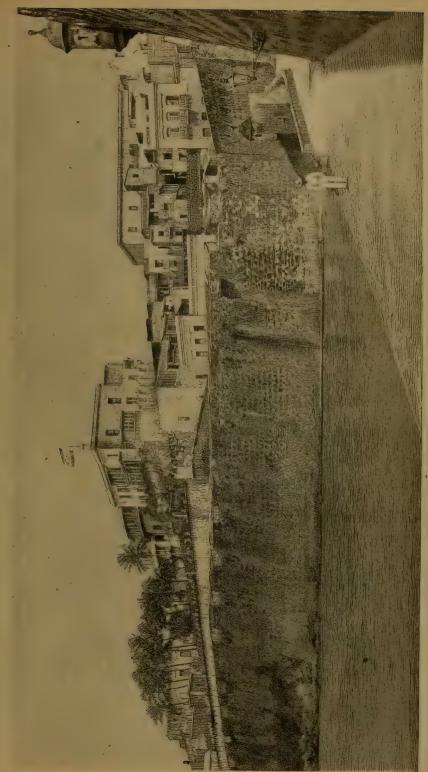
Besides the Malays, there is in the Philippines a race called the negritos, and believed to be the aboriginal people The Philippine climate is summed up in a Spanish proverb which describes it as "six months of dust, six months of mud, six months of all sorts of things." An account that is less epigrammatic, but whose arithmetic seems better, states that there are six months of dry weather and six months of rainy weather in the year. Stretching southward almost to



PORTO RICO-THE PRINCESS PROMENADE, A FASHIONABLE PARKWAY IN SAN JUAN.

of the islands, corresponding to such tribes as the Bhils in India. Driven in past centuries from the best lands, they are found among the mountains, and their contact with civilization has been very slight. The Spanish population is inconsiderable, numbering only about five thousand, most of whom are not settlers, but merely transient residents. In the cities there is also a sprinkling of Chinese, Japanese, and other immigrants from Asia, and of miscellaneous half breeds. Rather a mixed list, perhaps; but it may be remembered that we have a rather mixed population here at home, and yet we seem to get along very well with it.

the equator, the islands have no winter. From November to March, the heat is not excessive. From April to October, the climate is tropical indeed. During those seven months, practically no work is done between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. "In Manila," says an American who lived there for several years, "the whole population rises between four and five, and gets the work of the day out of the way before eight. Then they go into their houses which are of stone and wood, with heavy roofs of tile and asphaltum—and stay there until sundown. At sundown the merchants open their heavy store doors and the streets suddenly start to life.



PORTO RICO-SAN JUAN, LOOKING UP TO THE CITY FROM THE OLD SEA WALL OF THE HARBOR.



PORTO RICO—GENERAL VIEW OF MAYAGUEZ. MAYAGUEZ IS A SEAPORT ON THE WEST COAST OF THE ISLAND, WITH A POPULATION OF TWELVE THOUSAND.

The principal meal of the day is served at six, and after it the whole population goes out for a walk."

#### TROPICAL ARCHITECTURE.

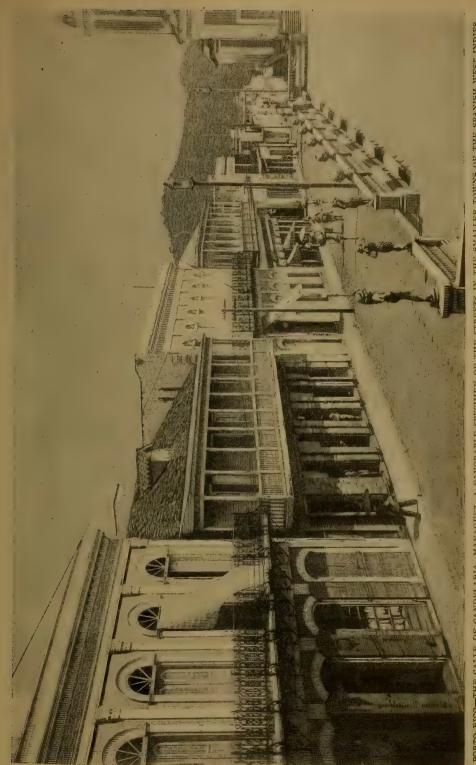
The engravings in these pages will show that there is a general similarity in the architecture of Manila and of the Cuban and Porto Rican cities. In all of them houses are built after the old Spanish fashion, with solid, square, and forbidding walls, painted white for cool-

ness, and presenting their best face to an inner court or patio. The patio is generally the most pleasant spot in the home; it will be decorated with palms, vines, or colored curtains, and here the family will gather for meals or for social intercourse.

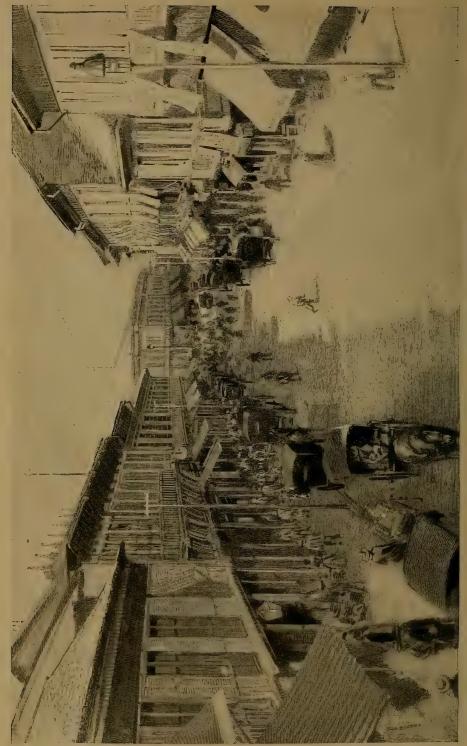
A Philippine peculiarity, which may possibly commend itself to American house decorators, is the use of oyster shells for window glass. The shells, which are translucent and iridescent, are cut into tiny squares, and temper the glaring



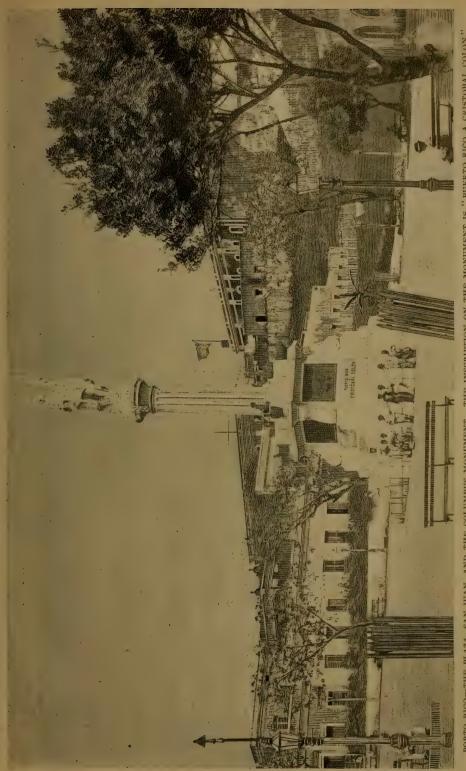
PORTO RICO—THE ADUANA OR CUSTOM HOUSE AT MAYAGUEZ. THE CUSTOM HOUSE, AN IMPORTANT SOURCE OF GOVERNMENT REVENUE, IS USUALLY A PROMINENT BUILDING IN A SPANISH COLONIAL PORT.



PORTO RICO-THE CALLE DE CANDELARIA, MAYAGUEZ, A FAVORABLE SPECIMEN OF THE STREETS IN THE SMALLER TOWNS OF THE SPANISH WEST INDIES.

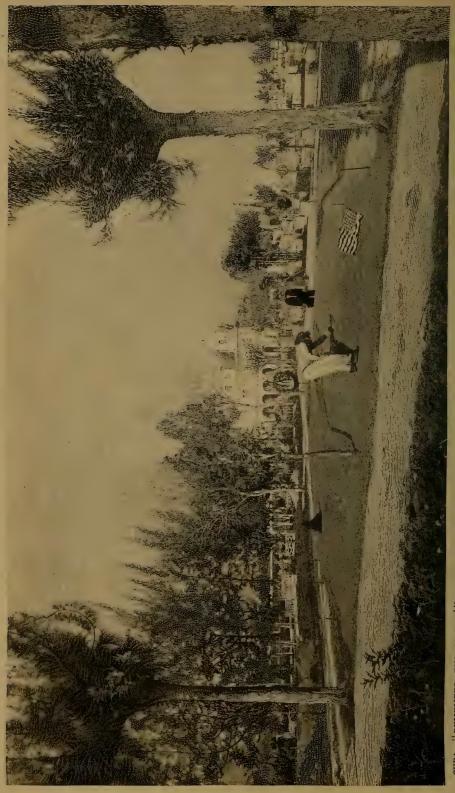


THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS-A SCENE IN ONE OF THE CHIEF BUSINESS STREETS OF MANILA.



PORTO RICO-THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN, AND THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT IS "PUERTO RICO A CRISTOBAL COLON".

-" PORTO RICO TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."



CUBA-" REMEMBER THE MAINE!"-GRAVES OF THE UNIDENTIFIED DEAD FROM THE MAINE, IN THE CRISTOBAL COLON (CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS) CEMETERY, HAVANA.

tropical sunshine into a soft and beautiful light. One enthusiastic traveler declares that "a great window filled with these sprays of pearl shows the colors of ten thousand rainbows."

Those who oppose any extension of our national domain may dwell upon the terrors of West Indian hurricanes and fevers, and of Philippine earthquakes. may quote such tales as this of the perils of the volcanic fires of Luzon and Mindanao: "Lakes have been thrown into the sky, hurling floods of water into the valleys below. Fish, crocodiles, sharks, serpents, to the extent of millions of tons, have been belched over the country, and ravines have been filled to the level with living flesh, scalded by hot water and steam from the volcanoes." Such a description is undoubtedly the wildest sort

of exaggeration. Slight earthquakes are common in the Philippines, and severe ones have occurred, notably in 1860 and 1884; but it is safe to say that in none of these islands does nature wield any more destructive scourge than the dreaded tornado of our Western plains.

If we are threatened with exclusion from eastern Asia and its commerce by the usurpations of Russia, France, and Germany, the annexation of the Philippines, with a midway station at Hawaii, would be a most emphatic answer to the European challenge. The acquisition of the Spanish West Indies would be a momentous and magnificent step toward the fulfilment of what scores of our ablest statesmen, from Thomas Jefferson downward, have foreshadowed as the manifest destiny of the United States of America.



#### THE CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

I BEHOLD, as in a vision, stern Columbia, sword in hand, And I hear the tramp of legions marshaling at her command; Listen to the ringing challenge that she sends across the sea: "They that wield the rod oppression must account for it to me!"

I behold her, the avenger, mighty in her righteous wrath, Menacing the base pretender who impedes fair freedom's path; In the lists her name is entered, champion of liberty, There is none that may withstand her in the tilt with tyranny.

I behold her, God commissioned, striking ancient error down, Wresting from the cruel despot sword and scepter, throne and crown; All the watching world applauds her when she cuts the captive's thongs, And, full fortified by justice, rights a martyred nation's wrongs.

Susie M. Best.



## SWALLOW.\*

#### BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them if they force him to go he will take Suzanne with him.

#### VI

NOW, on hearing this Suzanne said, "Oh!" and sank back in her chair as though she were going to faint; but I burst out laughing, half because Ralph's impertinence tickled me and half at the sight of my husband's face. Presently he turned upon me in a fine rage.

"Be silent, you silly woman!" he said.
"Do you hear what that mad boy says?
He says that he wants my daughter."

"Well, what of it?" I answered. "Is there anything wonderful in that? Suzanne is of an age to be married, and pretty enough for any young man to want her."

"Yes, yes; that is true, now I come to think of it," said Jan, pulling his beard. "But, woman, he says that he wants to take her away with him."

her away with him."
"Ah!" I replied, "that is another matter.
That he shall never do with my consent."

"No, indeed, he shall never do that," echoed Jan.

"Suzanne," said I in the pause that followed, "you have heard all this talk. Tell us, then, openly, what is your mind."

us, then, openly, what is your mind."
"My mind is, mother," she answered very quietly, "that I wish to obey you and my father in all things, as is my duty, but that I have a higher duty towards him I love and whom God gave me out of the sea. Therefore, if you send away Ralph without a

cause, if he desires it I shall follow him as soon as I am of age, and marry him, or if you keep me from him by force then I shall die. That is all I have to say."

"And quite enough, too," I answered, though in my heart I liked the girl's spirit and guessed that she was playing a part to prevent her father from sending away Ralph against his will.

"All this is pretty hearing," said Jan, staring from one to the other. "Why, now that I think of it, I never heard that you two were more than brother and sister to each other. Say, you shameless girl, when did all this come about, and why do you dare to promise yourself in marriage without my consent?"

"Because there was no time to ask it, father," said Suzanne, looking down, "for Ralph and I only spoke together this morning."

"He spoke to you this morning, and now it seems that you are ready to forsake your father and your mother and to follow him across the world, you wicked and ungrateful child."

"I am not wicked and I am not ungrateful," answered Suzanne; "it is you, who are wicked, who want to send Ralph away and break all our hearts."

"It is false, miss," shouted her father in answer, "for you know well that I do not want to send him away."

NO. 5.





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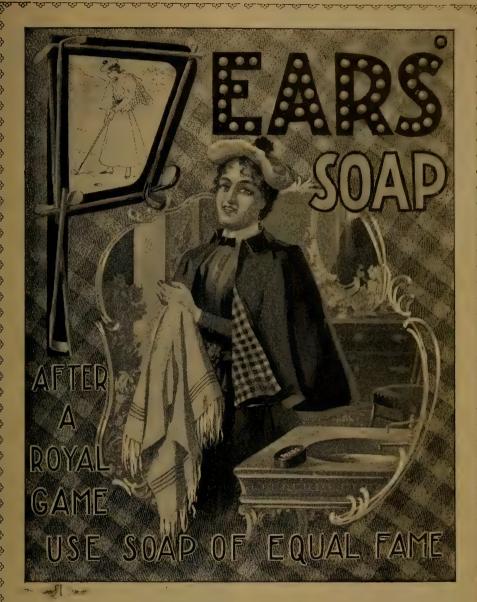
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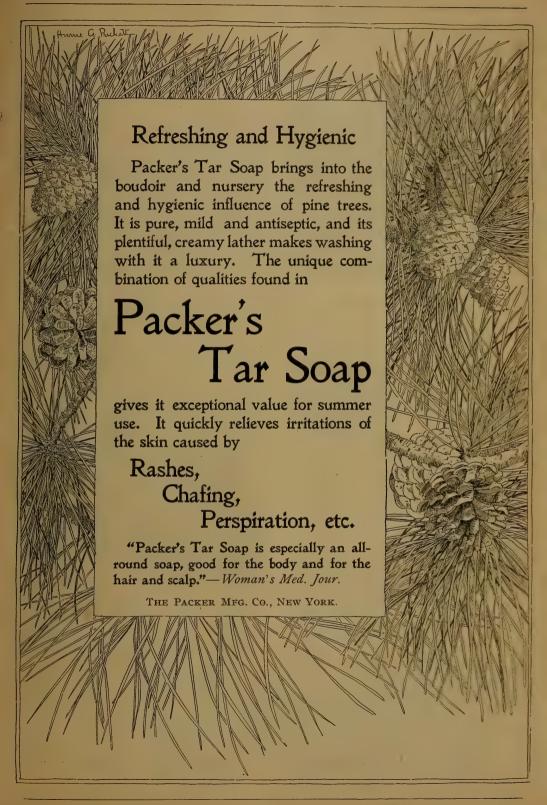
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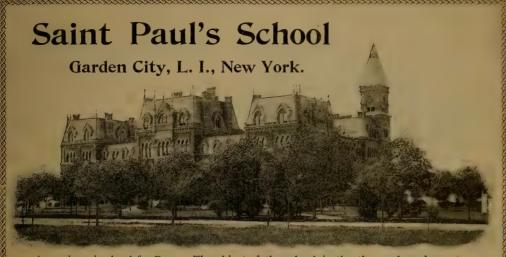
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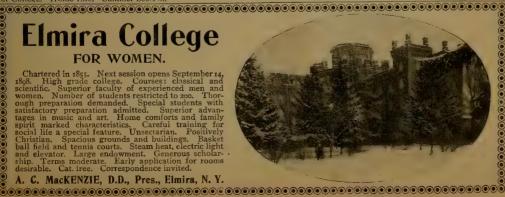
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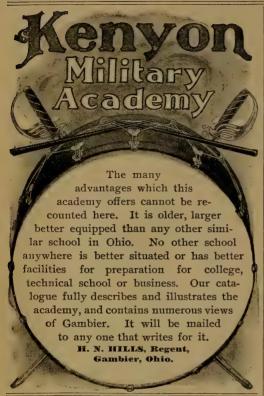
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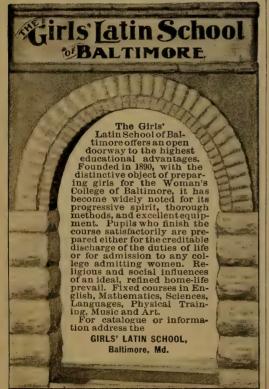
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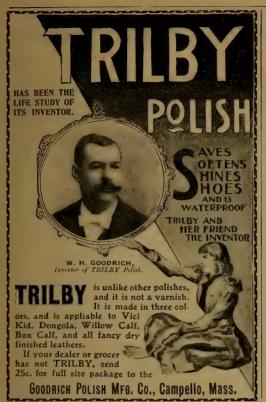
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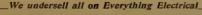


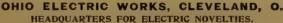
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A new way to pay OLD DEBTS and a new way to keep OUT OF DEBT.

We herewith submit to your careful consideration a plan, by which it will be an easy matter for your church to raise a large sum of money without any extra trouble or expense on your part. We are desirous of largely increasing the sale of WHITE CLOUD FLOATING SOAP, and are willing to spend a large sum of money to have its superiority as a white floating soap more generally known. In fact, some time ago we decided to adopt the plan in question as one of our methods of advertising, and we thought it more advisable to spend our money in this way than in the usual manner now in vogue. Our offer is open to all churches of all denominations, all benevolent and charitable organizations, hospitals and societies organized for the public's benefit, that are desirous of raising money to assist in their good work. Remember it will be easy for you to collect White Cloud Soap wrappers, because Jas. S. Kirk & Co. are not only the most widely known soapmakers in the country, but have the reputation of making the best soaps.

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Wrappers		.\$ 6.45
Wrappers		. 26.10
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pers, s	mall size:
500	Wrappers \$ 2.15
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5.000	Wrappers 22.00
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10,000	Wrappers 45.00
20,000	Wrappers 91.00
30,000	Wrappers 138.00
40,000	Wrappers 186.00
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60,000	Wrappers 285.00
70,000	Wrappers 336.00
80,000	Wrappers 388,00
90,000	
100,000	Wrappers 500.00

How easy it will be for your congregation to raise a large sum of money when you take into consideration the fact that everybody uses soap. If all members of your church will, themselves, use KIRK'S WHITE CLOUD SOAP and urge their friends to do so, wrappers will soon commence to pour into your committee's hands by the thousand, and your members will not only be using the very best soap made but enriching your treasury at the same time.

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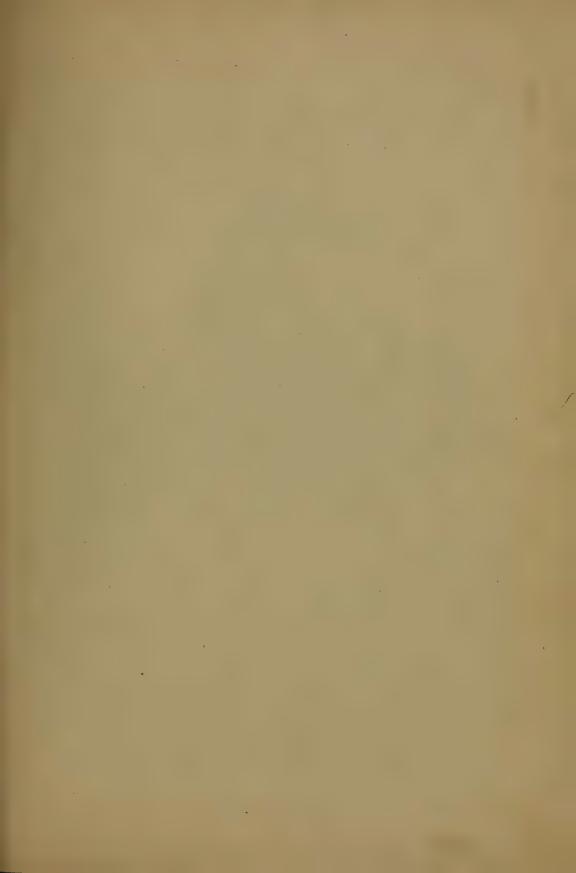
Now, all we ask is that you purchase WHITE CLOUD SOAP from your grocer, and urge your friends to do likewise; save the outside wrappers, turn them in to some one appointed to collect them. And when receiver has accumulated a sufficient number to be entitled to any of our offers, send them to us and we will immediately upon receipt mail a remittance covering amount due. However, you have until the end of the year before sending them to us.

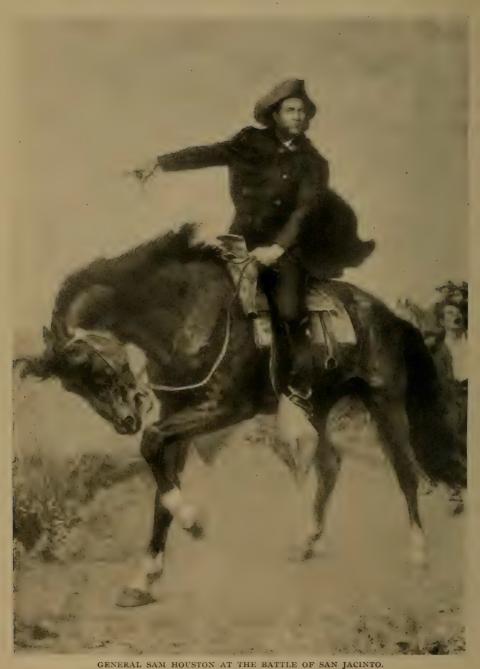
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From a painting by the young Texan artist, S. Seymour Thomas, exhibited at the Paris Salon this year.

The battle of San Jacinto was fought on the San Jacinto River, seventeen miles from the present city of Houston, between 783 Texans under Houston and sixteen hundred Mexican troops under Santa Anna. The Mexicans were routed, Santa Anna was taken prisoner, and the independence of Texas was assured by Houston's brilliant victory.

## MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

AUGUST, 1898.

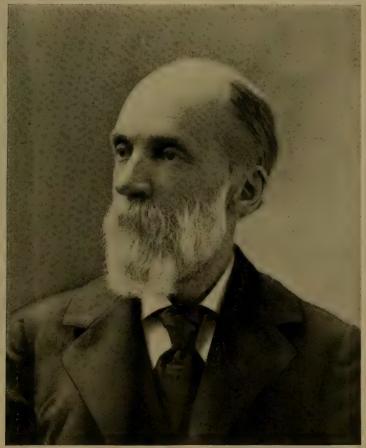
No. 5.

### THE LEADERS OF OUR ARMY.

A GROUP OF TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIERS -- THE COMMANDERS OF THE GREAT ARMY THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS PUT INTO THE FIELD TO FIGHT FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES.

I INSKILLED and halting leadership President McKinley has seen to it that

promises to play no part in the con-, the men selected to plan our campaigns duct of the American army in the present and fight our battles in Cuba, Porto Rico, war with Spain. Himself a soldier, and the east are officers of long ex-



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, A FAMOUS SOUTHERN VETERAN, NOW COM-MANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY. From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES P. EAGAN.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.
From a photograph by Schwaacher, Los Angeles.

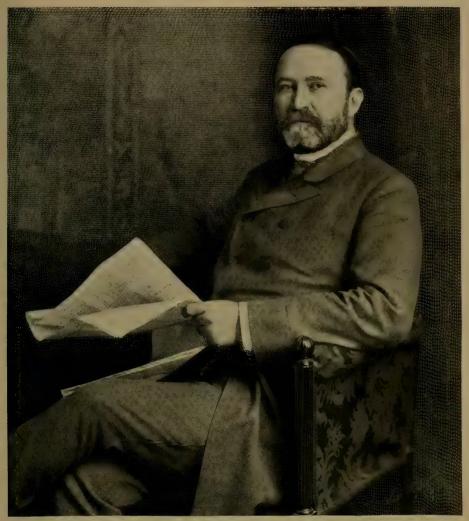


BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. BATES.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



BRIGADIER GENERAL DANIEL W. FLAGLER.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, ULYSSES S. GRANT'S ELDEST SON.

From a photograph by See & Epler, New York.

perience and proved capacity as disciplinarians and strategists. That each member of the group has the essential quality of bravery goes without saying. No event of the future could be more certain than that the army is to be well drilled, well fought, and well handled by men whose trade is war, and who are masters of their calling.

Miles, Merritt, and Brooke, the ranking generals of the permanent establishment, are typical American soldiers; so, too, is each one of the twelve men named as major generals of volunteers. Of the latter group seven are officers in the

regular army, while five have generally been called "civilians," though three of them are graduates of West Point, and all of them performed distinguished service in the war between the States.

William Montrose Graham, commander of the Second Corps, has been forty three years in the service. "Light Battery Billy" was the nickname by which he was known in the old Army of the Potomac, and nowhere is there his superior as an officer of artillery. James F. Wade, commander of the Third Corps, served in the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers, and now holds the rank of brigadier



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, COMMANDING THE FIFTH CORPS, THE FIRST ORDERED TO THE INVASION OF CUBA.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

general in the regular army. He is known in the service as "Sheridan's double," and is, like Little Phil, a cavalryman of the finest type. Joseph C. Breckinridge, a member of the famous Kentucky family of that name, fought in the Civil War as an officer of the Second Artillery, and for the past decade has been inspector general of the army.

John J. Coppinger, commander of the

Fourth Corps, is an Irish soldier of fortune in whom Lever would have found an ideal hero for one of his rattling romances. In his youth he wandered from the Emerald Isle to Italy, and as a member of the Papal Guards fought against Victor Emmanuel. Then he came to America, and, in 1861, was made captain of New York volunteers. During the next four years he took part in thirty



BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS VINTON GREENE. From a photograph by Anderson, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL GUIDO N. LIEBER. From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE M. STERNBERG, BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY. From a photograph by Prince, Washington. From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



CORPS OF ENGINEERS.



MAJOR GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON, DISTINGUISHED IN THE CIVIL WAR AS A FEDERAL CAVALRY LEADER, NOW COMMANDING THE SIXTH CORPS.

From a photograph by Bucher, Wilmington, Delaware.

one battles, and was twice wounded, the last time on the day that Lee surrendered. His service on the frontier since 1865 has again and again proved him a dashing soldier, fully capable of high command. When the present war opened he commanded the department of the Platte.

William R. Shafter, whose corps, the Fifth, was the first to invade Cuba, and Henry C. Merriam and Elwell S. Otis, who have gone with Merritt to Manila,

all served as officers of volunteers in the Civil War, entering the permanent establishment upon its reorganization in 1866. Shafter is gruff, sturdy, and warm hearted. Those serving under him will have plenty of hard fighting to do, but they will also know that their commander is a man who wages battles in order to win them, and who would not needlessly risk the life of a single soldier. Merriam is a man of brains, resolute of will and purpose,

and Otis is an accomplished soldier, ous work ahead of him.

soldiers of wide experience, two of them specially fitted for the delicate and peril- having made a brilliant record in the Federal service, and the others having



BRIGADIER GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, NICKNAMED "FIGHTING GUY," A WELL KNOWN CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

The five civilians named for major generals-James H. Wilson, commander Wilson won his double star within three of the Sixth Corps; Fitzhugh Lee, commander of the Seventh Corps; Joseph was no incident of the Civil War better Wheeler, chief of the cavalry division worth remembering than the great raid in operating with Shafter; Matthew C. Butler, and J. Warren Keifer-are all thousand sabers, which formed a brilliant

been eminent Confederate commanders. years from leaving West Point, and there 1865 of his cavalry corps of twelve



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB FORD KENT, RECENTLY PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE TWENTY FOURTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

ending to the Union operations in the his State" when the Civil War broke West. General Wilson left the regular out, and rose swiftly to the rank of major army in 1870, and has since been engaged general, with command, when his famous



MAJOR GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, NOW SERVING WITH THE MANILA EXPEDITION. From a photograph by Hofstetter, Vancouver.

in railroad and engineering operations. He is still in full physical and mental vigor, and has lost none of the spirit and enthusiasm of his youth.

Fitzhugh Lee, like Wilson, was a dashing leader of cavalry. A lieutenant of dragoons in the old army, he "went with

kinsman surrendered to Grant, of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was under thirty years of age when the war ended, and has since served in Congress, as Governor of Virginia, and as consul general at Havana. General Lee is white haired, blunt, and



BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS L. GUENTHER.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY C. HASBROUCK.
From a photograph by Cheyne, Hampton, Virginia.



BRIGADIER GENERAL M. V. SHERIDAN, BROTHER OF THE LATE GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington,



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN M. WILSON, CHIEF
OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB KLINE, RECENTLY PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE TWENTY FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

From a photograph by the Electro Photographic Company, Tampa.

kindly, with a fullness of habit which betokens a man on good terms with himself and with the world.

Joseph Wheeler, on the other hand, is a first class brand of fighting material done up in a small sized package. He is short of stature, does not weigh more than a hundred pounds, and looks more like a country schoolmaster than the splendid soldier he proved himself to be a generation ago. Wheeler entered the Confederate service in 1861, as colonel, and when the war ended held the rank of lieutenant general, with command of all the cavalry under Johnston. For a dozen years past he has been a member of the popular branch of Congress.

Matthew C. Butler, the former South Carolina Senator, is not a graduate of West Point, but he lost a leg in the Civil War, during which he rose from captain to major general, with command, at its close, of a division of cavalry under Johnston; and as he has since maintained his interest in military affairs by active connection with the National Guard of his State, his soldierly qualities are not merely a reminiscence.

General Keifer was long a member of the House of Representatives from Ohio, and served as speaker of the Forty Seventh Congress. He has a notable Civil War record, having gone to the front as a major of Ohio volunteers, and having risen to a brevet major generalship. He saw plenty of hard fighting, and was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Guenther, Pennington, and Rodgers have more than forty years' service apiece to their credit. Prior to his present commission, General Frank was for ten years Forty of the three score officers named commandant of the artillery school at



MAJOR GENERAL MATTHEW C. BUTLER, FORMERLY A CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL AND UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

as brigadier generals of volunteers have been chosen from among the fighting veterans of the regular army, and nine of this number—Royal T. Frank, Francis L. Guenther, Alexander C. M. Pennington, John I. Rodgers, Edward B. Williston, Marcus P. Miller, Henry C. Hasbrouck, Wallace F. Randolph, and Joseph P. Sanger—belong now, or have been identified in the past, with the artillery arm of the service. Generals Frank,

Fort Monroe. General Guenther took part in the suppression of John Brown's raid, and served with distinction from the opening to the close of the Civil War. General Pennington, an officer of exceptional ability, rose to the command of a brigade between 1861 and 1865; while General Rodgers has a notable war record, and has been selected as chief of artillery on the staff of General Miles.

General Williston entered the army



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH C. BRECKINRIDGE, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN, WHO HAS BEEN FOR TEN YEARS INSPECTOR GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

from civil life in 1861, was continuously in service during the Civil War, and ranks among the foremost artillerymen of the time. General Marcus P. Miller is another sturdy and clear headed veteran, with a record as an artillerist which dates from 1858. General Hasbrouck has served with the Fourth Artillery ever since he was graduated at West Point in 1861. General Randolph entered the Fifth Artillery as a second lieutenant in the opening months of the Civil War, made a record as a hard fighter before it was

over, and is one of the surviving heroes of the tunnel escape from Libby. General Sanger served with the First Artillery from 1861 to 1888, and is an honor graduate of the artillery school. Since 1889 he has served as assistant inspector general.

Twelve of the brigadier generals of volunteers—Abraham K. Arnold, Guy V. Henry, Samuel S. and Edwin V. Sumner, Charles E. Compton, Louis H. Carpenter, Samuel M. B. Young, Henry W. Lawton, Adna R. Chaffee, John M. Bacon, Alfred



BRIGADIER GENERAL ROYAL T. FRANK.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN I. RODGERS.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

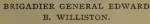


BRIGADIER GENERAL H. W. LAWTON.
From a photograph by Havens, Jacksonville.



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM MONTROSE GRAHAM, COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS.







BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES RUSH LINCOLN.



BRIGADIER GENERAL J. P. S. GOBIN.

E. Bates, and Michael V. Sheridan—won their spurs as captains of cavalry. General Arnold served with the Fifth Cavalry during the Civil War, and has been colonel of the First since 1891. He is an officer of wide experience and signally skilled in the handling of troops. General Henry—"Fighting Guy," as he well deserves to be called—is perhaps the best known officer of his rank in the army. He commanded a brigade in the Civil War, and has since had a hundred hard knocks in active service. Both Arnold and Henry hold the medal of honor given by Congress for bravery in battle.

The two Sumners are brothers, sons of the Major General Sumner who won distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars. During the latter struggle General Samuel S. Sumner served with the Fifth Cavalry, receiving three brevets for gallantry, and he has been colonel of the Sixth Cavalry since 1896. General Edwin V. Sumner got his training as a trooper under the dashing Stoneman, and since 1865 has had a hand in half a dozen hard fought Indian campaigns. He attained his colonelcy, with command of the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment, four years ago. Generals Compton, Carpenter, and Young each fought their way from the ranks to a colonelcy of volunteers in the Civil War, and Young, before it was ended, commanded a brigade. All three are capable and active minded officers.

General Lawton went to the front in 1861 as a sergeant of Indiana volunteers. The close of the war found him commanding a regiment. Between 1871 and 1888, while lieutenant and captain in the Fourth Cavalry, he made a record as a redoubt-



COLONEL ALFRED T. SMITH.



COLONEL EVAN MILES.



COLONEL WILLIAM H. POWELL.



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES KING.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.



BRIGADIER GENERAL LOUIS H. CARPENTER.
From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN A. WILEY.
From a photograph by Jackson, Franklin, Pennsylvania.



BRIGADIER GENERAL ABRAHAM K, ARNOLD.
From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas

able Indian fighter—a record which fills many pages in the annual reports of the war department. Since 1889 he has served as assistant inspector general. General Lawton, unless all signs fail, will be one of the heroes of the present war.

General Chaffee may be another, This officer served through the Civil War in the Sixth Cavalry, and by stout fighting before and since 1865 made his way from the ranks to a colonel's uniform. He is a born soldier, in love with his calling, and master of its every detail. The same may be said of Generals Bacon and Bates, both of whom are commanders of proven bravery and capability. General Bacon has been an officer of cavalry since 1862, and General Bates made a brilliant reputation as an Indian fighter before his transfer to the pay department in 1875.

General Sheridan is a younger brother of "Little Phil," whose aide he was during the Civil War, and is known in the service as a thorough soldier.

The infantry arm and the staff



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. GILMORE, ASSISTANT ADJU-TANT GENERAL ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MILES.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL SIMON SNYDER, PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.

From a photograph by Huffman, Miles City, Montana.

than fifteen brigadier generals of volunteers-John S. Poland, Simon Snyder, Jacob F. Kent, Thomas S. Anderson, Hamilton S. Hawkins, John C. Bates, Andrew S. Burt, George M. Randall, George W. Davis, Theodore Schwan, Robert H. Hall, Jacob Kline, Loyd Wheaton, Arthur MacArthur, and John C. Gilmore. Only four members of this group, Generals Poland, Kent, Hawkins, and Hall, are graduates of West Point, but the others had effective training in the Civil War, and Generals Wheaton, MacArthur, and Gilmore wear the medal of honor as token of the part they played in that great conflict.

of the permanent establishment have furnished no less

Generals Snyder, Bates,



COLONEL ALFRED S. FROST, FIRST SOUTH DAKOTA VOLUNTEERS.



BRIGADIER GENERAL OSWALD H. ERNST.



COLONEL J. H. WHOLLEY, FIRST WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS.

Burt, Randall, Schwan, and Kline have since seen much and hard frontier service, and the first named holds a brevet for gallantry at Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, in 1877. General Anderson, leader of the advance guard of the army sent to Manila, has been colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry since 1886, and is an admirable mixture of brains and bravery, while General Davis is a firm, vigilant officer, well equipped for important command.

as literary men than as soldiers—by having them assigned to service under him in the Philippines.

Among the other civilian brigadiers, Generals Harrison Gray Otis, John A. Wiley, and Joseph K. Hudson are fighting veterans of '61—Otis served with President McKinley in the Twenty Third Ohio volunteers—and Generals William C. Oates and James Rush Lincoln are Confederate soldiers. Oates, who lost



COLONEL C. R. GREENLEAF, CHIEF SURGEON OF TROOPS IN FIELD.



COLONEL G. G. HUNTT, SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY.



COLONEL E. P. PEARSON, TENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

Four of the remaining brigadier generals of volunteers-William Ludlow, Peter C. Hains, George L. Gillespie, and Oswald H. Ernst-have records as brilliant and efficient members of the corps of engineers, dating back to 1861. Three of the brigade commanders named from civil life-Frederick D. Grant, Francis V. Greene, and Charles King—are graduates of West Point, each of whom has served a dozen years or more in the regular army. Those best fitted to judge have entire confidence in General Grant's soldierly qualities, and General Merritt, who knows a good officer if ever a man did, has borne speaking testimony to the ability of Generals Greene and King-both better known, hitherto,

an arm at the siege of Richmond, won a colonel's commission by his gallantry on the field of battle.

Moreover, among the colonels and junior line officers of the regular army are any number of men of natural aptitude and thorough training, who for years have been making ready for the work that now confronts them. Officers, to name but a few of them, like John H. Page, Evan Miles, Daniel W. Benham, William H. Powell, Edward P. Pearson, Alfred T. Smith, Charles A. Wikoff, and George G. Huntt, the career of each of whom shows a steady advance from the lowest grade—in some cases from the ranks—to a colonel's commission, only wait an



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE, LATE COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK STATE.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

emergency to prove themselves equal to its demands.

As in 1861, so in 1898, the younger officers of the permanent establishment have found in the making and conduct of a volunteer army a rare and welcome opportunity for advancement and quick promotion. Captain Edward E. Hardin, Seventh Infantry, has been made colonel of the Second New York volunteers; Captain Cornelius Gardener, Nineteenth Infantry, of the Thirty First Michigan;

First Lieutenant Alfred S. Frost, Twenty Fifth Infantry, who has risen from the ranks since he entered the army in 1881, of the First South Dakota; First Lieutenant Charles W. Abbot, Twelfth Infantry, of the First Rhode Island; First Lieutenant Elias Chandler, Sixteenth Infantry, of the First Arkansas, and First Lieutenant John B. McDonald, Tenth Cavalry, of the First Alabama, while command of the First Washington, now in the Philippines, has fallen to Lieutenant



BRIGADIER GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN S. POLAND. From a photograph by Walker, Cheyenne.



BRIGADIER GENERAL LOYD WHEATON.
From a photograph by Henry, Leavenworth, Kansas.



BRIGADIER GENERAL A. C. M. PENNINGTON.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, AND CONSUL AT HAVANA.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by C. Parker, Washington.

John H. Wholley, Twenty Fourth Infantry, who was graduated at West Point less than ten years ago, and who is one of the youngest colonels, if not quite the youngest, in the volunteer service.

The recruiting, movement, equipment, feeding, payment, and medical care of an army of a quarter of a million men is a task calling for abilities of a highly trained and very special order, and it is reassuring in a time like this to study the names of the several chiefs of staff of the war department, and to learn the sort of

service for which those names stand. Quartermaster General Marshall I. Ludington served during the Civil War as chief quartermaster of various divisions of the Army of the Potomac, and has since been attached in the same capacity to almost every department of the permanent establishment. During actual hostilities between 1861 and 1865 General Ludington was actively engaged as a volunteer officer, and made a record of which any fighter might well be proud.

So did General John M. Wilson, chief



MAJOR GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN AND FORMER SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From a photograph by Baumgardner, Springfield, Ohio.

of engineers, who won the medal of honor by his gallantry at Malvern Hill. General Daniel W. Flagler, chief of ordnance, received three brevets for gallant and meritorious services under Sherman. General Charles P. Eagan, chief of the subsistence department, is one of the heroes of the war against the Modocs. General George M. Sternberg, head of the medical department, was continuously in service from beginning to end of the Civil War, and so was Colonel George R. Greenleaf,

now chief surgeon of the army in the field, while General G. N. Lieber, judge advocate general, has served in his branch of the army for more than a generation.

And finally there is Adjutant General Henry Clark Corbin, whose duties make him practically chief of staff to the President. Entering the volunteer service as a private in 1861, General Corbin rose to be a colonel of the line. He knows the army from top to bottom, and is, moreover, a natural organizer and leader of men.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

# THE WEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

# BY JOHN ALDEN ADAMS.

THE RICH OPPORTUNITIES THAT WILL BE DFFERED TO FORTUNE SEEKERS WHEN THE GREAT TROPICAL ISLAND GROUP, WHOSE PROGRESS HAS SO LONG BEEN RETARDED BY THE MILLSTONE OF SPANISH MISRULE, SHALL BE OPENED AS A NEW FIELD FOR AMERICAN ENTERPRISE—WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF TYPICAL SCENES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

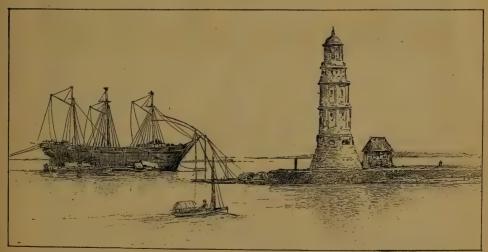
THE great island group named after King Philip II of Spain—the Philip of the Armada—seems likely to have more history in the next few years than it has had in the last three centuries. Nowhere else on the earth's surface, perhaps, have the forces of civilization moved so slowly as in this remote Spanish colony. Nowhere else, probably, is there so rich a storehouse of undeveloped wealth, waiting to yield its treasures to the grasp of the strong hand of modern enterprise.

To see how extraordinarily slow the development of these islands has been, it is worth while to recall a little history. It was in 1519 that Fernao de Magalhaes, better known as Magellan, sailed from Spain on his last and most famous voyage. For him that voyage ended with

the discovery of the Philippines, and his death in battle with hostile natives; only one of his five ships was to return to Spain, bringing back eighteen of the two hundred and sixty five men who started with the expedition, and winning the historical renown of the first circumnavigation of the globe. In 1565, Spaniards crossed the Pacific from Mexico to settle in the eastern islands. Six years later Manila was founded, to be for more than three hundred years a capital of Spain's colonial empire.

#### A HISTORICAL COMPARISON.

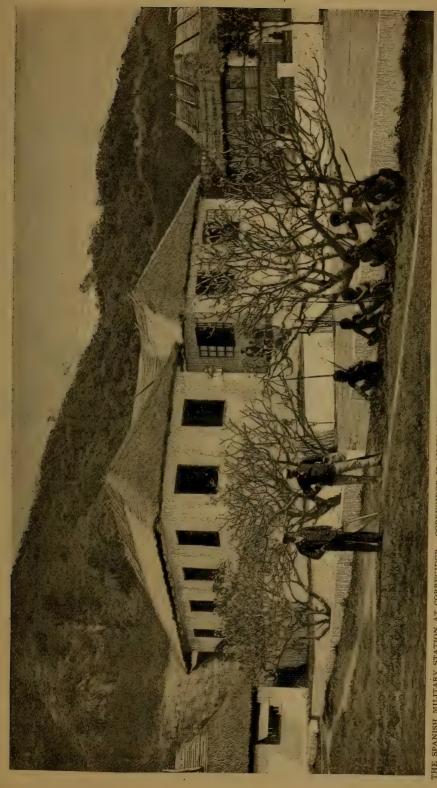
In other words, though the Philippines were first sighted by Europeans twenty four years later than the mainland of North America, the earliest permanent



MANILA HARBOR, AND THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. THIS DRAWING, MADE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE LOW LYING SHORE OF MANILA BAY.



THE SHIP YARD AND NAVAL ARSENAL AT CAVITE. CAVITE IS SITUATED UPON A SMALL PENINSULA PROJECTING INTO MANILA BAY ABOUT A DOZEN MILES BELOW THE CAPITAL. IT WAS CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY IN HIS FIRST ATTACK UPON MANILA.



THE SPANISH MILITARY STATION AT CORREGIDOR. CORREGIDOR IS AN ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF MANILA BAY, WITH A LIGHTHOUSE, AND WITH GUNS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO COMMAND THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR, BUT WHICH SIGNALLY FAILED TO KEEP OUT DEWEY'S SHIPS ON THE MORNING OF MAY 1, 1898.

settlement was made in the same year in both, and Manila was nearly fifty years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. If the comparison thus suggested be rejected as an unfair one, compare what the Spaniards have done in the Philippines with the advance of the Anglo Saxon race in Australia, whose colonization began in 1788, or in South Africa, British only since 1806; or with the de-

much of them remains, as it does today, almost a terra incognita.

#### PHILIPPINE HEMP AND SUGAR.

All observers testify that the soil of the islands is of extraordinary fertility, and that almost every tropical tree or plant, fruit or vegetable, will flourish there. There is at least one valuable product peculiar to the Philippines—Manila hemp,



A MODERN SPANISH CHURCH AT CAVITE. THE ROMAN CATHOLIC IS THE ONLY CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES; IT POSSESSES MANY CHURCH BUILDINGS AND MONASTERIES, AND EXERCISES GREAT INFLUENCE AMONG THE NATIVES.

velopment of India under its present rulers, whose power dates from Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757.

While civilization has fought its battles and won its triumphs in America, in Asia, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, the Philippines are little changed from the days when the King of Cebu came down to meet Magellan and to be baptized into the Christian church. Among the many discreditable facts of Spain's history as an imperial power, this is one of the least creditable.

She cannot make the excuse that the islands are not worth developing. Their natural resources are undoubtedly great—probably are scarcely equaled by those of any other territory of the same size. It is only through the paralyzing influence of the Spanish colonial policy that so

the fiber of a species of banana. Of this about a hundred thousand tons are exported annually, the United States alone taking nearly half of that quantity, to make it into ropes and cables. present methods of cultivating and preparing the hemp are described as exceedingly primitive. It sells for about sixty dollars a ton, and its use might be greatly extended if its production could be There is a chance here for cheapened. some enterprising and inventive American; and when the chance arises, the enterprising and inventive American is pretty sure to be on the spot.

Besides hemp, the products that have made the export trade of the three Philippine commercial ports—Manila, Ilo Ilo, and Cebu—are sugar and tobacco. The sugar cane industry, all over the world,



THE THEATER OF AROCEROS, JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MANILA. THERE ARE SEVERAL THEATERS IN MANILA, AND OPERATIC OR THEATRICAL COMPANIES SOMETIMES JOURNEY THERE FROM PARIS AND MADRID. PERFORMANCES ARE GIVEN SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK, AND THE AUDIENCES-WHICH SMOKE INCESSANTLY-ARE OFTEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC THAT WHOLE SCENES ARE REPEATED AS AN ENCORE,



THE OLD SEA WALL OF MANILA, AND SHIPPING AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. THE STREAM IS DEEP ENOUGH TO ADMIT SHIPS OF LIGHT AND MEDIUM DRAFT TO THE QUAYS AND WAREHOUSES OF THE CITY.



MANILA-A WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, WITH THE CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO IN THE BACKGROUND. THE COLUMN AMONG THE TREES, ON THE RIVER BANK, IS MAGELLAN'S MONUMENT.

now seems to be seriously threatened by the development of beet sugar; but in the Philippines, where the cane grows in phenomenal richness, immense profits have been made by Spanish planters, and may still be made. "On the islands of Luzon and Samar," says Manley R. Sherman, a former American resident of Manila, who has narrated his experiences in the New York Sun, "I have known plantations that cleared three hundred dollars per acre in one year. Negrito laborers get from five to ten cents a day for cultivation, and nature does the rest." Here, too, there is abundant room for improvement in methods and machinery. "Philippine agriculture," Mr. Sherman adds, "is three hundred years behind Ox carts are used for transthe times. portation, and oxen for plowing. I have seen planters using a bent stick or a prod with an iron point for a plow. Think of having the cane crushed by several hundred men with clubs, when simple machinery would do it better, more cheaply, and a hundred times quicker!"

#### MANILA TOBACCO.

For the Philippine tobacco it is claimed that its excellence has not hitherto been fully realized by the world at large. It is most widely known in the form of the Manila cheroot, which is made from the cheaper grades of leaf-" of the first thing that comes handy," one traveler declares—chiefly for the sailors of foreign ships. Cigars and cigarettes are everywhere in the Philippines, in the mouths of men and women alike—and of children, when they can get them. They are phenomenally cheap; a couple of tiny copper coins will buy a package of thirty cigarettes, and the ordinary cigars cost from thirty cents to about \$1.30 a hundred. five cent cigar is a rare and expensive luxury, indulged in only by the very rich, and never seen outside of the capital.

The manufacture of vigars and cigarettes is the chief industry of Manila, and here again the methods in vogue are said to be very imperfect. The Spaniards have kept the business entirely in their own hands, allowing no one to embark in it except those who have the political influence to secure the necessary licenses. About eight years ago, when Weyler was cap-

tain general of the Philippines, his two brothers came out from Spain, and, under a special concession, established a large cigar factory in the suburb of Binondo. It is said to have made them millionaires.

POSSIBLE FORTUNES IN COFFEE, RICE, INDIGO, AND COCOANUTS.

While hemp, sugar, and tobacco have hitherto been the staples of Philippine trade, it is probable that almost every commercial product of the tropics can be raised advantageously in one or other of the islands. Experiments have been made that indicate some of these possi-For instance, there was a coffee plantation, a good many years ago, at the northern end of the island of Luzon. few of the seeds were scattered over the surrounding hills by birds or animals, and the soil proved so congenial that the plants have gradually spread all over that part of Luzon. The natives gather thousands of pounds of berries from these self sown bushes; but comparatively little is being done in the way of systematically cultivating coffee for the market-although it is a product for which there is a constantly increasing demand throughout the civilized world.

Rice is a crop that yields with extraordinary abundance in the Philippines, where it has been introduced—again in a primitive way and on a small scale—by the Chinese. Indigo is another very profitable product, and cocoa another, but in both of these the islands are far outdone, as producers, by competitors whose natural advantages are less.

The cocoanut tree is the native's most valued possession, almost his staff of life, furnishing him with food, wine, oil, vinegar, fuel, vessels, ropes, and fishing lines, as well as with fiber to be woven into cloth. But it takes several years for the trees to come into bearing, and though a properly planted grove will yield two or even three hundred dollars an acre, there has been a marked lack of enterprise in raising cocoanuts commercially. Other fruits-the orange, lemon, the guava, the pineapple, the banana—grow wild in the Philippine woods; so, too, do vanilla and pepper, laboriously cultivated in countries where nature is less profuse in her gifts.

Mindanao, the southernmost of the

larger Philippine islands—Luzon being the northernmost—is precisely in the latitude of Ceylon, and it is just as far north of the equator as Java is south of it. British capital and enterprise have made Ceylon a tropical garden, prosperous and peaceful, thickly dotted with profitable plantations of tea, coffee, quinine, cocoa, and cinnamon. The Dutch have been These alone, could the problems of transportation be solved, would represent tens of millions of dollars. There is also a great abundance of cedar and other cheaper woods, suitable for building, or for use in railway construction and mining—factors that may soon begin to figure in the commercial prospects of the Philippines.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT CAVITE, A CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMEN OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

equally successful in developing the commercial wealth of Java, which produces, besides tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, valuable crops of indigo, rice, and spices. With a far better climate than that of Java, and with a soil much more fertile than Ceylon's, the Philippines ought to surpass both those islands as a field for tropical agriculture.

# WEALTH IN PHILIPPINE LUMBER AND MINING.

But agriculture is by no means the only source of possible wealth in these eastern islands. There are vast areas of almost virgin forest, full of thousands of trees of the most valuable species—ebony, mahogany, logwood, and ironwood.

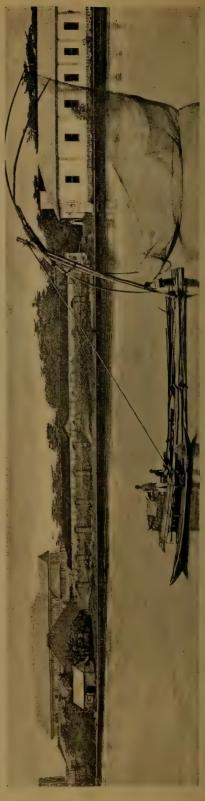
As for mining, its possible future development is an interesting subject for speculation. Gold, copper, and coal are certainly to be found in the islands, and probably there are other metals and minerals there. We are still making strikes in the Rocky Mountains, and are only just beginning to discover the riches hidden in the rocks of Alaska; it may be generations before the forest clad peaks of the Philippines have been thoroughly explored.

# "GOLD IS THE WORLD'S DESIRE."

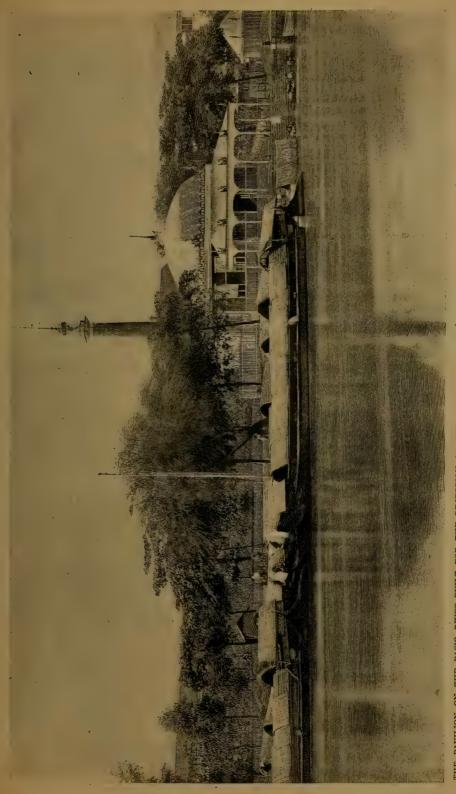
Meanwhile, though the Spaniards, in the three centuries of their rule, have done nothing to develop the mineral wealth of the islands, it is undoubtedly



THE PASIG RIVER ABOVE MANILA. THE PASIG FLOWS THROUGH A WIDE VALLEY, LEVEL AND FERTILE, AND FULL OF NATIVE VILLAGES AND PLANTATIONS. IT SUPPLIES MANILA WITH DRINKING WATER, WHICH IS PIPED TO THE CITY FROM SANTALAN, ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES UP THE RIVER.



NATIVE FISHERMEN ON THE PASIG, IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. THEIR METHOD OF FISHING WITH A LARGE SQUARE NET, LET DOWN INTO THE WATER BY ITS CORNERS, AND RAISED WITH A RUDE CRANE, IS ONE THAT IS COMMON TO MANY PRIMITIVE REGIONS.



THE PAVILION ON THE PASIG RIVER BUILT FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF COBURG (THEN DUKE OF EDINBURCH) WHEN HE VISITED MANILA AS AN ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH NAVY.





TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—TWO PORTRAITS OF A TAGAL GIRL, A NATIVE OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

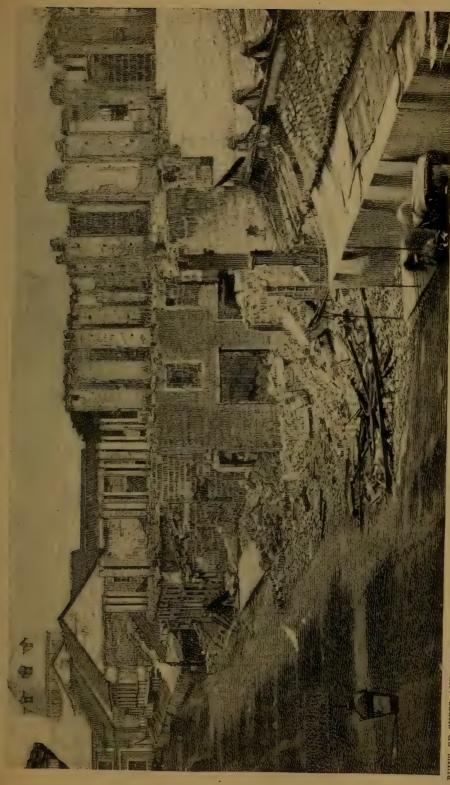
great. It is known that gold was found in Luzon, and exported to China, long before Magellan landed. Frank Karuth, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, says that "there is not a brook that finds its way into the Pacific Ocean whose sand and gravel do not pan the color of gold." An English company, the Philippines Mineral Syndicate, has been at work, more or less experimentally, on the eastern coast of Luzon during the last few years, and has found quantities of alluvial gold and large deposits of low grade ore; but Mr. Karuth reports that "only the fringe of the auriferous formation has been touched." In a country where roads are practically unknown, it has been regarded as useless to prospect for the veins that probably crop out in the mountains from which the gold bearing streams flow.

Along these streams the Malayan natives and the Chinese have been washing out the yellow dust for centuries. The extent of this primitive production of gold is quite unknown; indeed, it has generally been concealed by the workers, for obvious reasons. Most of it has gone in

trade to Chinese merchants and peddlers, who have sent it to Hong Kong and Amoy. Luzon has not been the only source of this traffic; alluvial gold is exported from Cebu, from Mindoro, and from Mindanao. Specimens brought from the last named island—the least settled and least known in the group—are said to prove that somewhere in its mountain ranges there must be rich veins of quartz.

#### COAL MINING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

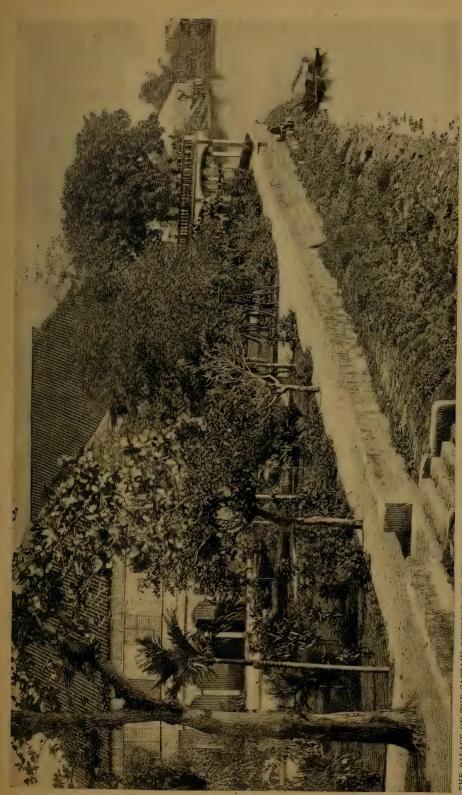
Coal is a less romantic and attractive mineral than gold, but as a means of wealth it is less risky and scarcely less potent. In Japan, whose geological formation is similar to that of the Philippines, coal mining has been developed, in recent years, into an important industry; and it may very possibly become so in the other island group. Up to the present time, work has been done only in two or three places where the mineral crops out upon the surface; and mineralogists assert that these surface beds are not true coal, but a superior grade of lignite. At any rate, they have furnished



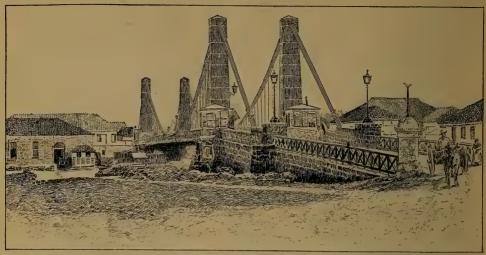
RUINS OF SHOPS AND DWELLING HOUSES IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF MANILA AFTER A FIRE. THERE ARE MORE THAN SIXTY THOUSAND CHINESE AND CHINESE HALF BREEDS IN MANILA, AND THEY FORM A LARGE PART OF THE COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CLASS.



THE OLD STONE BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THIS BRIDGE HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES INJURED BY EARTHQUAKES, AND THE PICTURE SHOWS THE FIRST ARCH ON THE RIGHT REPLACED WITH A WOODEN TRESTLE.



THE PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL, ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THE TWO GREAT MEN OF MANILA ARE THE CAPTAIN GENERAL, WHO REPRESENTS THE CIVIL AND MILITARY POWER OF SPAIN, AND THE ARCHBISHOP, THE LOCAL HEAD OF THE CHURCH; AND THE PALACE OF THE FORMER IS ONE OF THE FINEST RESIDENCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.



THE IRON SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THE STREET LIGHTS SHOWN IN THIS AND OTHER VIEWS OF MANILA ARE OIL LAMPS. ELECTRIC LIGHTS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUT UP IN SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS AND BUSINESS HOUSES.

fuel of commercial value. In Masbate, one of the smaller islands, a local steamship owner discovered coal or lignite, and set native laborers to break it out with crowbars. As long as his men could reach the vein, he supplied his boats with it; then, presumably, rather than install mining machinery, he went elsewhere for fuel. An Englishman who visited the place reported that there were six hundred thousand tons of available coal left in the deposit, and probably very much more than that in the immediate neighborhood.

Great beds of copper ore are known to exist in Luzon, but they have not been worked because they are in a spot not readily accessible. There is also lead ore, which Mr. Karuth examined and found to contain zinc blends and traces of both silver and gold. Here our knowledge of the Philippine's mineral resources ends, but it is very unlikely that those resources end at the same point.

#### THE PHILIPPINE CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

It may naturally be asked why, if this eastern archipelago offers such a variety of opportunities for the creation of wealth, so little has been done to develop it. With the earth so thoroughly exploited as it is today, how is it that in a group of islands known to Europeans for nearly

four centuries nature's invitation to the fortune seeker has been so strangely disregarded? Is there no dark side to the picture—dark enough to neutralize its bright spots and spoil its attractiveness?

The explanation does not lie in the climate. Some tropical islands are fair to look upon, and rich in resources, but deadly to the stranger who pitches his tent upon them. Not so the Philippines; they are not one of the spots that nature has marked as a white man's grave. They have their fierce suns and their drenching rains, like other lands near the equator; but they are not unhealthy indeed, there are few healthier places between the tropics. No exact figures of the death rate are obtainable, but the testimony of travelers as to the general salubrity of the islands is unanimous, though some of them complain rather loudly of such almost inevitable discomforts of tropical life as the bloodthirsty mosquito and the intrusive ant. There is malaria in some districts—but less severe, apparently, than in many low lying places in the United States. Beri-beri is the only disease endemic in the islands, and it is one of the least formidable of tropical fevers. The plague that has wrought such havoc along the Asiatic coast from Canton to Bombay during the last few years has not been reported from Manila. Yellow fever, the scourge of





TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—A MESTIZO (HALF BREED) GIRL IN SPANISH DRESS, AND ANOTHER IN A NATIVE COSTUME OF PINA CLOTH.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

South America and the West Indies, is unknown there.

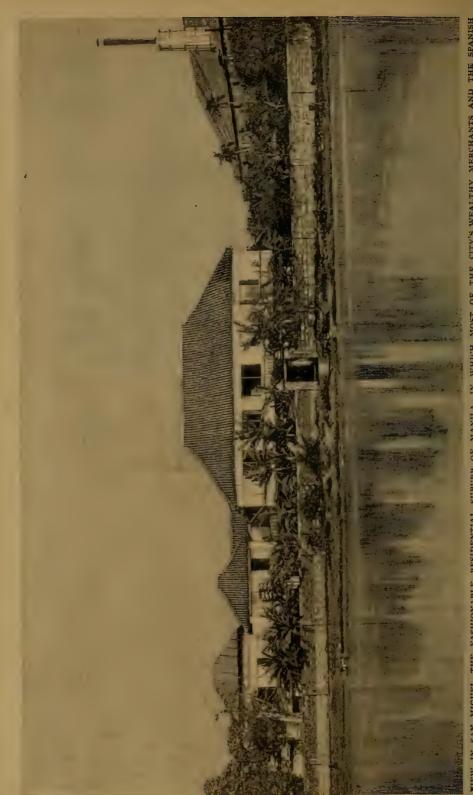
#### MANILA'S TROPICAL SUMMER.

Detailed descriptions of the Philippine climate are apt to be misleading, as there is a great diversity of weather conditions in an archipelago stretching north and south for nearly a thousand miles. Regions that face the southwest monsoon, which blows from August to December, have their wet season during those months, while on the other side of the mountain ranges the dry season prevails. In Manila, there are five months of pleastemperature—from November to March. April is hot, May and June still hotter, the mercury rising above ninety degrees every day; but in the evening the atmosphere is almost always tempered by a sea breeze, which makes sleep possible. In August begin the rains, which are not as heavy as in many tropical countries, the total fall for the year being from eighty to a hundred and ten inches.

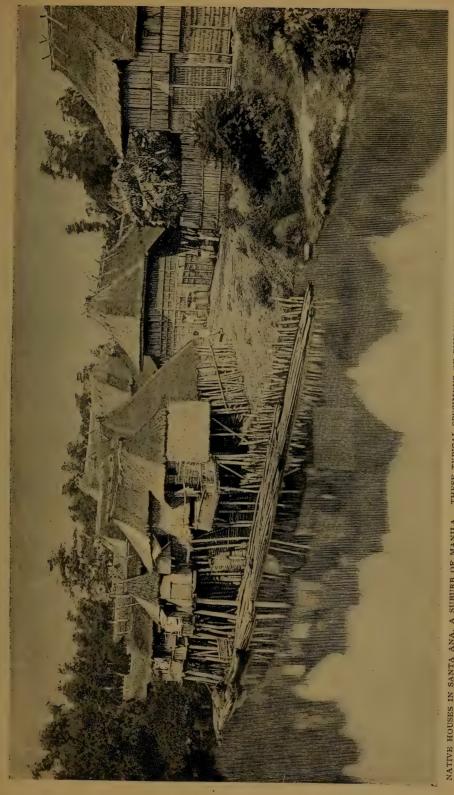
It is probably true that the long hot season in Manila causes less discomfort than the brief and fiery summer of New York or Chicago, because the Filipinos know their climate and adapt their daily lives to it, as the Americans of the temperate zone cannot, or at any rate do not. The day begins at four o'clock in the morning, and most of its work is done before eight. From noon to four or five o'clock the town is like a city of the dead, nobody stirring abroad except under absolute compulsion. At six it reawakens; the principal meal of the day is served, and then the whole population drives or walks in the cool of the evening, thronging the Luneta, the fashionable promenade along the Pasig River.

#### THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD OF THE SULUS.

If the Philippine climate is not such as to repel Americans or Europeans, neither is the character of the inhabitants. All authorities—except the Spanish officials—agree that of the several tribes of the archipelago all are peaceable and tractable, with one exception, the people of the Sulu islands, at the southwestern extremity of the group. The Sulus, whose native Mahometan sultan still maintains



VIEW IN SAN MIGUEL, THE FASHIONABLE RESIDENTIAL SUBURB OF MANILA, IN WHICH MOST OF THE CITY'S WEALTHY MERCHANTS AND THE SPANISH OFFICIALS HAVE THEIR HOUSES.



NATIVE HOUSES IN SANTA ANA, A SUBURB OF MANILA. THESE TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF PHILIPPINE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE ARE LIGHTLY BUILT OF BAMBOO, TO MINIMIZE THE DANGER OF EARTHQUAKES; THEY ARE FAIRLY LARGE, AND HAVE THICK, HIGH PITCHED ROOFS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST HEAT.





TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—TWO TAGALS FROM A "BACK DISTRICT" OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, AND A MESTIZO GIRL OF MANILA.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

his barbaric court, with a merely nominal submission to a vague Spanish suzerainty, were the *orang laut* ("men of the sea") whose pirate ships were for centuries the terror of navigators of the China Sea. They made a desperate resistance to the punitive raids of Spanish gunboats, the struggle in this most eastern stronghold of Islam being a curious reminder of a long past chapter of history—the battle for Mahomet's westernmost province, when the ancient gates of Granada opened to the conquering banners of Castile in the great days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Nominally, at least, Sulu piracy is now finally suppressed, and there is no doubt that it will never attempt to raise its black flag again when a strong and stable government shall be established at Manila.

## TAGALS, VISAYAS, AND CHINESE.

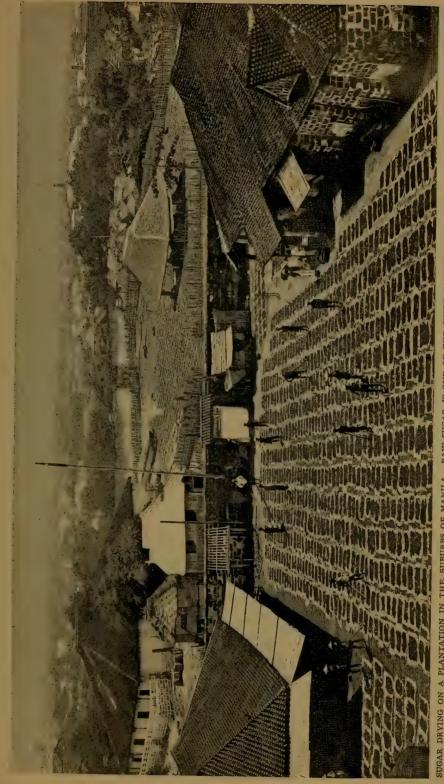
It is characteristic of the scarcity of accurate information about the Philippines that their population should be estimated at figures so far apart as seven millions and seventeen millions. The natives are of mixed blood and of several tribes, the principal ones being the Tagals of Luzon

and the northern islands, and the Bisayas or Visayas of Mindanao and the southern part of the group. They are classified as belonging to the Malay division of the great human family, their near kinsmen being the people of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Java, and their more distant relatives the Siamese, Chinese, and Japanese.

The principal foreign element in the islands is due to the immigration of Chinamen, of whom—of pure or mixed blood—there are more than sixty thousand in Manila alone. The Chinese are not a universally popular people, but they do much more than their share of the work in the Philippines, and would be invaluable as a labor supply in any industrial development. The native islanders are less apt, perhaps, but teachable and willing, and have more energy than most dwellers in the tropics.

### EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

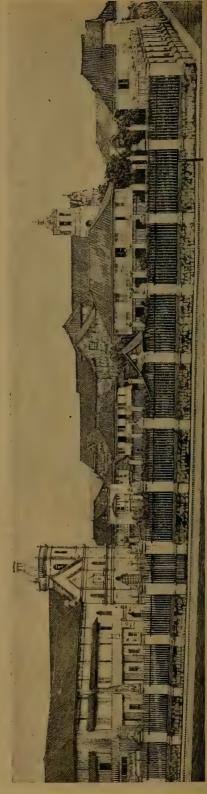
Much has been said of earthquakes and volcanoes in the Philippines, and some alarming pictures have been painted of the terrors of the earth's subterranean fires in that quarter of the globe, but upon



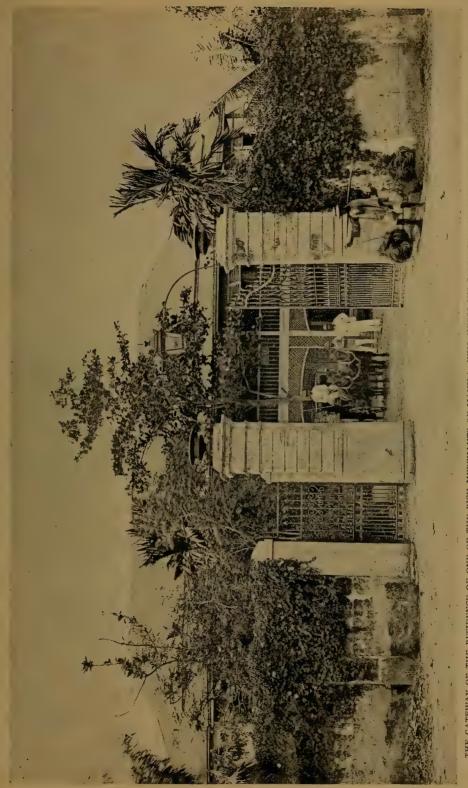
SUGAR DRYING ON A PLANTATION IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. RAW SUGAR IS ONE OF THE CHIEF EXPORTS OF THE PHILIPPINES, AND THE METHODS USED IN ITS PRODUCTION ARE VERY PRIMITIVE. INSTEAD OF CRUSHING MACHINERY, NATIVES ARE EMPLOYED TO CRUSH THE CANE BY HAND.



A MANILA CIGAR FACTORY. THE MAKING OF CIGARS, CIGARETTES, AND CHEROOTS IS THE CHIEF MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY OF MANILA, AND THE LONG, LOW TOBACCO FACTORIES, CROWDED WITH NATIVE WORKERS, ARE A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THE CITY AND ITS SUBURBS.



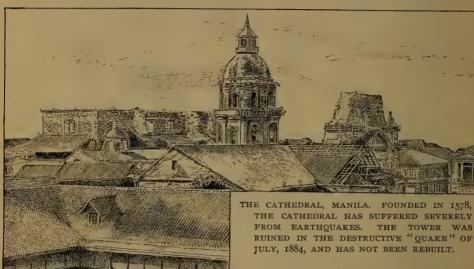
THE CATHEDRAL OF CEBU, ON THE ISLAND OF THE SAME NAME, ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF MANILA, IS AN OLD SPANISH SETTLEMENT. AND RANKS AS THE THIRD PORT OF THE PHILIPPINES, WITH A CONSIDERABLE EXPORT TRADE IN HEMP AND SUGAR.



THE GATEWAY OF THE RESIDENCE OF ONE OF THE RICH MERCHANTS OF MANILA, WHO KEEPS HIS CARRIAGE AND FOLLOWS THE EUROPEAN FASHIONS.

a calm consideration of the facts they do not seem to constitute a menace to would be immigrants. Far more damage has been done, in the last ten or twenty years, by the tornadoes of our Western plains than by the Philippine earthquakes. The Johnstown flood wrought greater destruction of life and property than the worst of them. We were warned that California was an earthquake country, when we annexed it; yet it has become a great State.

kept in their primitive darkness and barbarism by the power that should have lifted them into the light of civilization and set them in the flowing stream of modern life. Her treatment of them is but one count in the long and terrible indictment that history brings against Spain for the opportunities she has neglected and the trusts she has betrayed. She has regarded her subject peoples in no other light than as sources of revenue for her

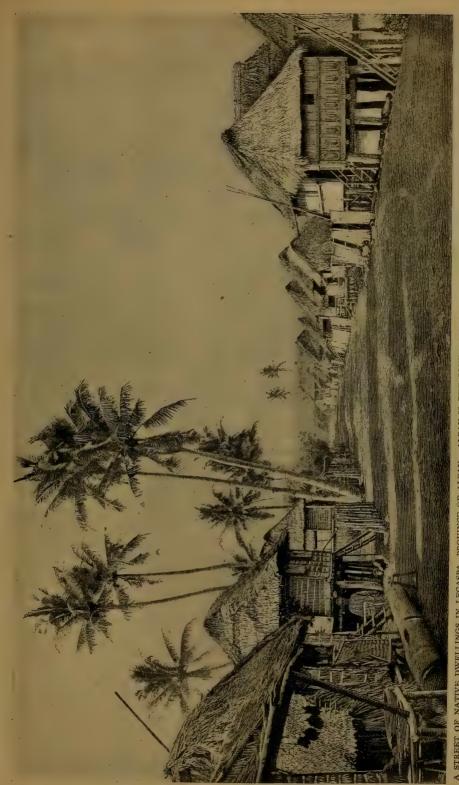


We have heard all the more of volcanic action in the Philippines, no doubt, for the reason that Manila seems to be the center of its greatest energy. There is a volcano-one of the few active ones in the islands—within sight of the city, and slight "quakes" are frequent. The finest edifice in the town, the cathedral, stands with a ruined tower-shattered in the earthquake of 1884, and never repaired. This may be enough to alarm the newly arrived traveler—just as a stranger in St. Louis might be unfavorably impressed if the buildings injured by the great tornado of May, 1896, still stood as the storm left them.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TAX COLLECTOR.

It is no natural or physical disadvantage that accounts for the waste and neglect of the rich resources of the Philippines. These richly endowed islands have been government and her officials; and for that criminal error, with all its cruel consequences, she is paying the penalty today.

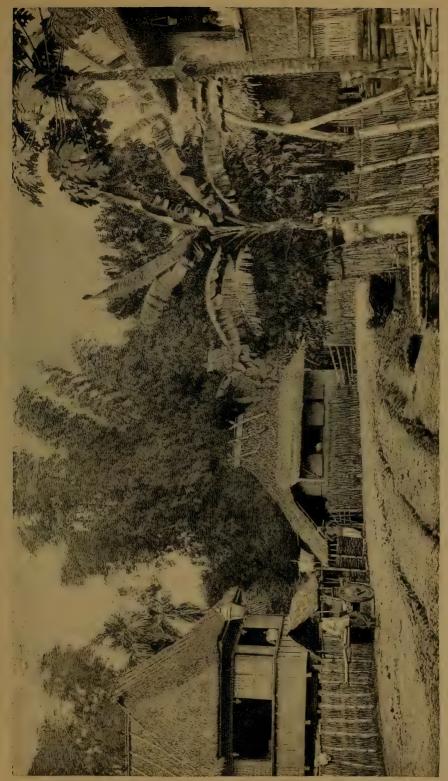
In the Philippines, the representative of Spanish rule has been the tax collector. The system that ruined the Roman Empire was revived there, a gobernadorcillo being appointed for each district, and held personally responsible for the taxes. If the receipts fell below the estimate, he had to make up the deficiency; if they exceeded it, he pocketed the surplus—the result being that the last peseta was relentlessly wrung from the luckless There were poll taxes, inhabitants. taxes on every form of property, taxes on all mercantile transactions, taxes on every kind of amusement. There were taxes on marriages and taxes on funerals. In some provinces the native must carry his tax receipts constantly with him; if found without them, he was liable to arrest and punishment. For non payment, the penalties—after confiscation of property-were whipping and imprisonment.



A STREET OF NATIVE DWELLINGS IN LEGASPA, PROVINCE OF ALBAY. ALBAY IS THE SOUTHERNMOST PENINSULA OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, AND CONTAINS THE FAMOUS VOLCANO OF MAYON, WHICH IS CONSTANTLY IN ERUPTION.



VIEW ON A CREEK RUNNING INTO THE PASIG RIVER. MANILA AND ITS SUBURBS, LYING ON LOW, FLAT GROUND ALONG THE PASIG, ARE INTERSECTED BY A NETWORK OF RIVERS AND CREEKS, AND IN TIME OF FLOOD THEY BECOME AN EASTERN VENICE, WHERE STREETS ARE REPLACED BY WATERWAYS.



A COUNTRY ROAD AND PLANTATION BUILDINGS IN THE PROVINCE OF PAMPANGA, ISLAND OF LUZON PAMPANGA, WHICH IS NOT FAR FROM MANILA, IS A RICH SUGAR PRODUCING DISTRICT.

It is no wonder that a peaceable and inoffensive people were driven to desperation, and that rebellion has been smoldering or blazing in the Philippines almost constantly. The result has always been disastrous to the natives, who have lacked arms, organization, and leadership. The Spaniards have kept them down—or tried

all commerce other than their own. Mr. Sherman, who has been quoted already, tells of "a young Englishman who spent five thousand dollars in starting a cocoanut grove near Cavite. The Spanish were so much afraid that he would induce other enterprising foreigners to come and do likewise, that they ruined him by



A SPANISH CHURCH AND MONASTERY AT ANTIPOL, FIFTEEN MILES FROM MANILA. THE SMALLER PHILIPPINE TOWNS USUALLY HAVE A CHURCH FOR THEIR MOST PROMINENT BUILDING.

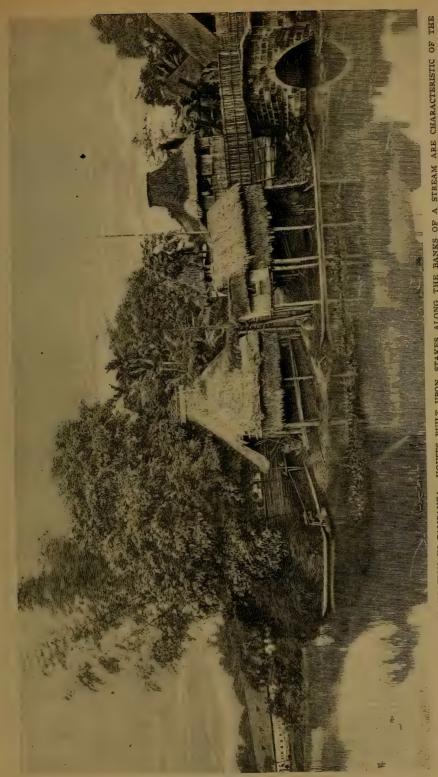
to do so—with merciless severity. Thousands have been arrested and shot on suspicion. An American resident in Manila at the time testifies that in the month of November, 1896, there were eight hundred executions in the city. And the cost of all military operations is charged upon the colonial treasury, making the taxes continually heavier and harder to bear.

### NO FOREIGNERS WANTED.

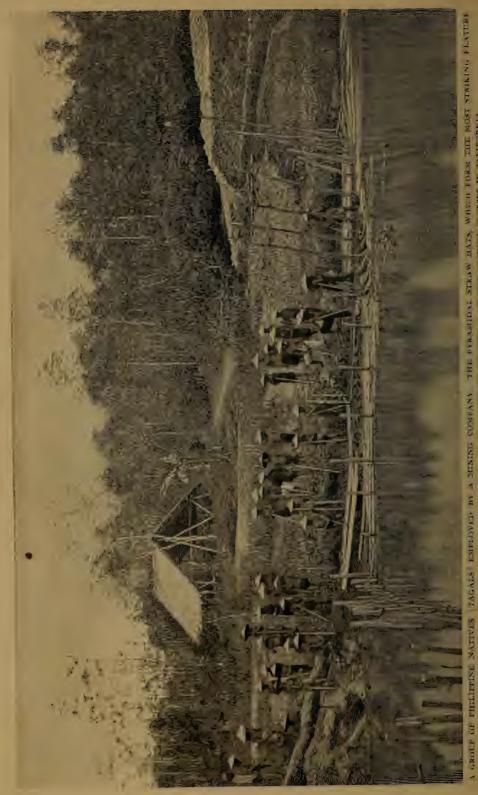
With this outrageous fiscal system, which has rendered peace and public order an impossibility, the Spaniards have pretty well excluded from the Philippines

all manner of imposts and exactions. For instance, he had to pay a hundred dollars before he picked his first crop, and he had to pay an export duty of ten per cent extra because he was not a native." In the same way, he says, attempts at coffee raising have been prevented by the requisition of heavy licenses for planting the beans and by prohibitive duties on the machinery necessary to prepare them for market.

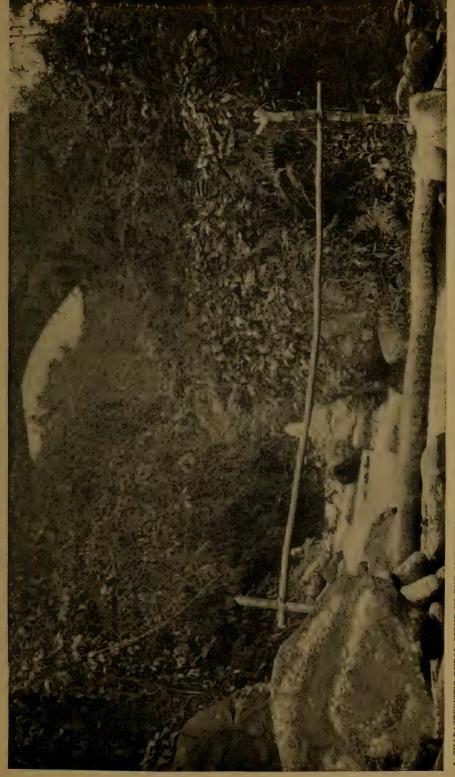
A story is told of two Americans who attempted to sell some improved machinery, made in the United States, to one of the tobacco factories. In spite of several anonymous missives warning them to



THE BUILDINGS OF A SUGAR PLANTATION IN PAMPANGA. HOUSES BUILT UPON STAKES ALONG THE BANKS OF A STREAM ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PULLOR OF ROADS.



OF THEIR COSTUME, ARE CURIOUSLY SIMILAR TO THE LAVORITE HIATGEAR OF THE CHINESE COOLIES IN CALIFORNIA.



A CHARACTERISTIC RURAL SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINES-A TORRENT IN THE MAJAYJAY DISTRICT, WITH A BRICK BRIDGE BUILT BY THE SPANIARDS, AND A NATIVE FOOT BRIDGE CONSISTING OF THE UNTRIMMED TRUNK OF A TREE.

leave Manila, they erected their machinery for a semi public trial; but it had not been running for many minutes when the delicate mechanism mysteriously broke in several places at once, and was hopelessly wrecked. It had evidently been tampered with.

Another characteristic story—vouched for by the same authority, Mr. Joseph Earle Stevens, another former American resident, whose reminiscences have been published in the New York Evening Post—tells of a ship captain who brought some thousands of paving stones from China. The eagle eyes of the Manila port officials discovered that the cargo contained seven more stones than the precise number given in the manifest, and a fine of seven hundred dollars was promptly levied on the ship.

To this Mr. Stevens adds the experience of the skipper with whom he himself sailed from Hong Kong to Manila. Among his fellow passengers were some sheep, and one of them died as the steamer came to her dock, leaving the captain to choose between a fifty dollar fine for not burying the dead animal at once, and a hundred

dollar fine for being one sheep short at the custom house next morning.

THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA.

The régime of stupid red tape, of the deliberate repression of enterprise, and of greed, oppression, and corruption, will die with the death of Spanish rule at Manila; and under the auspices of a free and enlightened government a new field will be open to fortune seekers in the Philippines. It is certain that the spirit of adventure which has contributed so much to the rapid development of our Western States, which led the argonauts of '49 to California and has sent thousands of gold hunters to the snowy valleys of the Yukon, will impel not a few Americans to these rich islands of the tropic seas. And just as Claus Spreckels reaped his millions from the cane fields of Hawaii, or as John North turned the nitrate beds of Peru to gold, so will the next decade see great fortunes made in the archipelago for which a new chapter of history began with Admiral Dewey's victory in the bay of Manila on the 1st of last May.

### WAR.

I AM that ancient one called War, A liege insatiate and lone; O'er conquered and o'er conqueror Is reared my sanguine throne.

Mine are the tumults deep and dire

That shake the earth with thunderous sway;

And mine the cordons of red fire

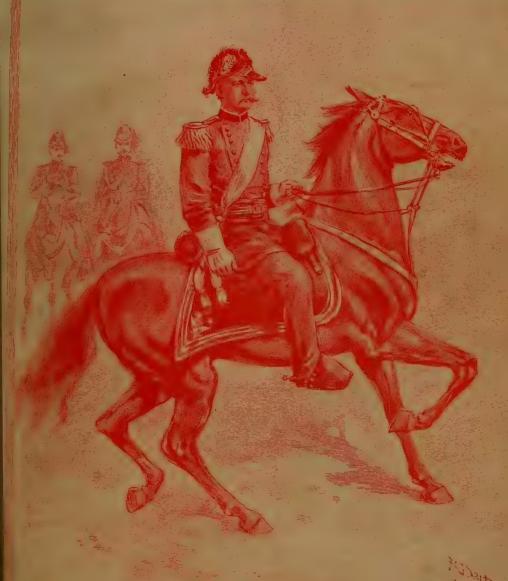
That gird the gory fray.

The heights and depths of soul are mine,
Base cowardice in brave disguise,
And that which touches the divine—
Sublime self sacrifice.

Mine are the roadways to renown,
The paths of peril and of pain,
Mine is the victor's laurel crown,
And mine the myriads slain.

I am a tyrant hoar as time,
And though men pray to win release,
Long years must lapse before shall chime
The silvery bells of peace!

# THEMUISEN



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A MILES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

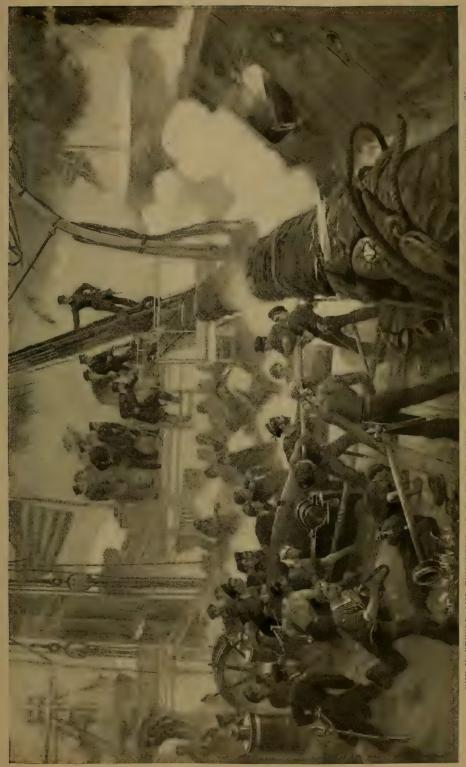
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THE HARTFORD AND TENNESSEE AT CLOSE QUARTERS. FARRAGUT OVERSEEING THE FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864. From a painting by W. H. Overend-By courtesy of William Pate & Company, New York,



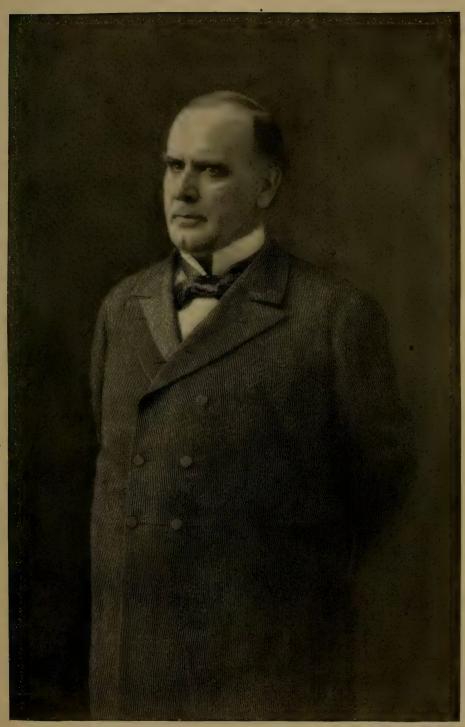
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

These are the days when a good many men are very much in the public eye, and chief among them is William McKinley, the President of the United States. He has had to face a more serious problem than any President in our history with the one exception of Lincoln. It is an easy matter to come to hasty decisions when the decisions have no bearing whatsoever. But when decisions carry responsibility with them, the responsibility of

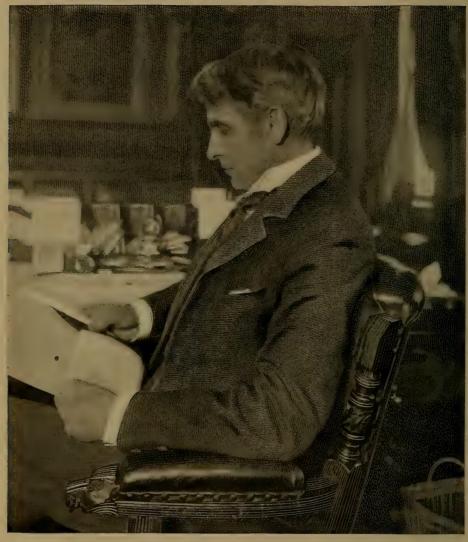


MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, UNITED STATES ARMY.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
From a photograph—Copyrighted by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.



JOHN W. GRIGGS, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

plunging a great nation into war, with all that war means, it is quite another matter. Different view points lead to different conclusions. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the clerk, the laborer—not one of these can possibly reason as the President of the United States reasons, because the problems forced upon him are not seen by any one of these men from the same point of view. He has before him a thousand facts of which they know nothing, and which necessarily determine his course. Of the tremendous pressure brought to

bear upon him for peace or for war, or for this move or that or the other, they are wholly ignorant.

To form hasty conclusions, then, of the President's acts, to talk flippantly, knowingly, critically, without an intimate knowledge of the situation as he sees it, is not the wisest thing in the world. It does not show the thought, the breadth of consideration, the reasoning that typifies a logical, rational mind. For the blase clubman or the exquisite society youth to lay down laws for the Executive to follow in a crisis like this is



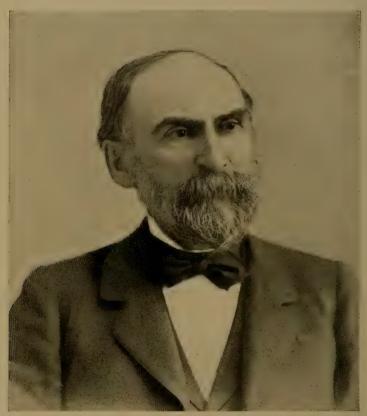
THOMAS BRACKETT REED, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. From a photograph—Copyrighted by Charles Parker, Washington.

just about as absurd as it is for the millionaire, surrounded in his home by all the luxuries and comforts of wealth, to criticise the acts of the starving explorer in the frozen north. Wined and dined to his heart's content, he sits before his glowing fire and tells with

words, idle criticisms. It will temper many expressions with consideration, kindness, and justice.

### TARGETS FOR CRITICISM.

The President is only one of the men in the exciting war drama, now being



NELSON DINGLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.

From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

profound wisdom just what the starving explorer should do or shouldn't do. To him the thought of the latter eating the flesh of his fellow man is horrible, criminal, inhuman. He cannot denounce it sufficiently. Criticisms like these are the merest nonsense. The well fed man hasn't the same point of view as the starving one, and he cannot reason as the other reasons except he be placed in a precisely similar position.

The view point is a pretty good thing to keep in mind, always to keep in mind, and especially at this time. It will save the utterance of a good many foolish enacted, subjected to passionate criticism, either favorable or otherwise, from every one in all stations of life from one end of the country to the other. Reed is almost as conspicuous a target as the President himself. The powers of the Speaker of the House of Representatives are scarcely less than those of the Executive. In some ways they are even greater. He controls legislation, and Reed, of all men, particularly controls it. A splendid exhibition of his strength was seen in his masterful grasp of the situation during the fight for peace in the House, burning as it was with war passion. It was a wonderful



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, UNITED STATES ARMY. From his latest photograph.

example of mental equipment and great personal force. In the President's long, hard struggle for peace Reed stood shoulder to shoulder with him, and together they exhausted every resource in the effort to keep the country from war. The

times of peace, is something appalling, but in time of war it is so tremendous that no one can comprehend it. There seems to have been little change in the system in the Executive Mansion since our country numbered but a few millions.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

President delayed decisive action too long to suit the war party; he acted too quickly to meet the approval of the peace party. There is a middle ground between these two extremes. Calm, impassioned history will sustain President McKinley in taking the course he did; other nations (Spain excepted) have already sustained him.

APPALLING BURDENS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The amount of work that the President of the United States has to do, even in

In every great business enterprise reorganization takes place constantly as the business broadens. The largest corporations and the great trusts have almost a perfect military system. The man at the head of any one of these concerns could not possibly handle it with intelligence without his officers and aids. The President of the United States, on the other hand, has no aids save his private secretary, or, as the title reads now, the Secretary to the President. Of course the Cabinet officers in a way are his aids, but



WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, REAR ADMIRAL, U. S. N., COMMANDING THE KEY WEST SQUADRON. From a photograph taken aboard the Mangrove in Havana Harbor by J. C. Hemment.

their own duties in running the enor- could be simplified, whether a systematic mous departments over which they are reorganization could be made that would placed are quite sufficient for them. But lessen his work, is a problem. If it were whether the duties of the executive a private business it could be done and



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U. S. A., IN CHARGE OF THE MOBILIZATION OF TROOPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

would be done, but changes in governmental matters come slowly and are regarded with great concern. President McKinley, however, seems to have a marvelous capacity for hard work. He stands up under it as few men could.

TWO GOOD MEN FOR THE CRISIS.

Another man with a marvelous capacity for hard work is Nelson Dingley, who will play an important part in this struggle with Spain, as it falls to him to devise ways and means of providing the sinews of war. He is one of the keenest, clearest

business men in Congress. He has an exceptionally accurate mind, and is a close, safe reasoner. The country is particularly fortunate in having so able a man as Dingley at the head of the Ways and Means Committee.

Judge Day, our new Secretary of State, has already proved himself a strong, conservative, level headed man. For more than six months he has practically been the Secretary, Sherman's failing health making it impossible for him to perform the duties of the office. Judge Day has been a life long friend of the President,



HENRY C. CORBIN, ADJUTANT GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY
From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont.

and it is solely because of this friendship that he has sacrificed his law practice to remain in office. In fact, he would have resigned and gone back to his practice several months ago but for the threatened hostilities with Spain. The President felt that he could not spare him. There are many things that one will intrust to a friend, whose friendship has been tried in season and out and never found wanting, that he would not intrust to a business or political associate.

### AS TO CABINET RUMORS.

In the selection of John W. Griggs and Charles Emory Smith for members of his cabinet the President not only secured the services of men of recognized ability, but of men who are personally stanch supporters of him and his administration.

At this writing there are numerous rumors to the effect that Secretaries Alger and Long will very soon leave the cabinet, but without any information to sustain these rumors there is no very good reason to believe them. General Alger is a war veteran, and his record both in service and out would suggest that he is a first rate man for the head of the War Department. Long, too, ought to be as good a man for the Navy portfolio as almost any untrained man in the service could be. He has had broad experience in execu-



CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N., FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE MAINE.

From a photograph taken April 2, 1898, by Clinedinst, Washington.

tive positions, is a scholar and an able lawyer.

THE MEN WHO DO THE REAL WORK OF THE WAR.

All eyes are just now fixed upon Miles, Merritt, Sampson, and Schley, the four men at the head of our military and naval forces. It is they who will do the real work of this war. Washington is but the executive center. The field of battle is the decisive point—the point that tells the story, that makes history. It is doubtful if America ever produced a bet-

ter, braver fighter than General Miles. He is a soldier in all that the word means, rising from a clerkship in a Boston store to the command of the United States army. The direct road to this high position runs through West Point. Miles never knew this road. He reached the goal over cross lots—the battlefields of the Civil War and the Western retreats of the savage. It was a steep, rugged, jagged course, and to have arrived by such a course, with all the prejudice of West Point arrayed against "the general from the ranks," speaks eloquently of General



WILLIAM R. DAY, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF STATE, SUCCEEDING JOHN SHERMAN.

From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

Miles' sterling qualities and soldierly endowments.

### LEADERS IN THE ARMY.

Only six men since the nation was born have held the title of lieutenant general. They were Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield. A bill was recently presented to Congress to add General Miles to this list. This honor was to be conferred upon him not only because he is the senior major general of the army, but because of his almost matchless record in the service.

General Wesley Merritt also has the rank of major general. Many military men, and especially West Point men, regard him as the greatest genius of the army. Others give the first place to Miles. Merritt is the older man, and had the advantage of the West Point training. He is a brave, hard fighter, and has had a similar experience to that of Miles, working himself up from grade to grade in the Civil War and afterwards in the Indian campaigns. At one time he was Superintendent of the West Point Academy. Should Miles and Merritt go to



WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, COMMODORE U. S. N., COMMANDING THE FLYING SQUADRON.

From a photograph by Jackson, Norwalk, Connecticut.

the front in this contest with Spain they will bring great credit to American arms.

John R. Brooke, commander of the camp at Chickamauga, is another officer who, like Miles, has gained the heights without passing through the gates of West Point. When he fights he wins, is the reputation he has acquired among those who have served under him. A farmer boy of twenty three when he enlisted in 1861, he was made a colonel before the year was out.

General Brooke is in command of the Department of the Missouri, and until

his transference to the South was stationed at Chicago.

### BIG MEN IN THE NAVY.

In selecting Schley as commander of the Flying Squadron, America has probably opened the path to glory for a new naval hero. A native of Maryland, Winfield Scott Schley was graduated from the Annapolis Academy in time to enter active service at the breaking out of the Civil War. Even after the surrender of Richmond he managed to find fighting to do; first in suppressing a revolt of Chinese



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

coolies, and later in the capture of some Corean forts. He is a man of tireless activity, with a brain fertile in expedients. In short, he is not to be "rattled" by the call for sudden decisions that warfare, and particularly naval warfare, involves.

To be placed in command of the first fleet of war vessels to go into action under the conditions prevalent in modern naval conflicts, is an honor, indeed; the manthus honored is William T. Sampson, who worked himself up from the masses to the captaincy of the Iowa. His record as a sailor justly entitles him to the distinction accruing from the control of the North Atlantic fleet, while, as president of the Maine Board of In-

quiry, his judicial qualities challenged the admiration of the entire country. It looks as if he were going to be a leader among leaders.

### THE HERO OF THE MAINE.

Captain Charles Dwight Sigsbee had already had an interesting and eventful career before the Maine disaster made him a national hero. The choice of two professions was open to him, for besides his strong bent for the sea, he had marked talent as an illustrator. A number of his sketches appeared in a New York paper some twenty five years ago, and the editors repeatedly offered him a position as staff artist, not knowing that their contributor was even then a lieu-

tenant commander, on duty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Though his drawing was at first merely an easy way of earning pin money, Captain Sigsbee has found it a very valuable gift in his work as a naval officer. Through his efforts, the pres-

He was appointed to the command of the Maine about a year ago.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

There are few busier men in the present crisis than Henry Clarke Corbin, Adjutant General of the United States Army.



JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1807, by William Taylor, Hingham.

ent course of drawing at Annapolis was founded and developed. The imaginative quality of mind which it represented was further evinced by an invention which has proved of great value in naval matters. This was a deep sea sounding machine. But the chief qualities characterizing him in which Americans are most deeply interested are his undaunted courage, fearless pluck, and indomitable will.

During the last war he served on the Monongahela and the Brooklyn, and in the battle of Mobile Bay, with Farragut, he distinguished himself for gallant conduct.

His duties include a multifarious amount of detail work that only a clear head and steady nerve can compass. He is the right hand of the commanding general in the execution of military orders. He was a school teacher in Ohio when he responded to Lincoln's call for volunteers in 1861, and when the war was over he became a second lieutenant in the regular army. He aided in the capture of Geronimo, but is equally useful in managing soldiers for such peaceful musterings as those that distinguished the New York Washington centennial celebration and the dedication of the Grant monument.

## DEWEY'S INVINCIBLE SQUADRON.

The famous ships that have made May 1 a notable date in our nation's history—The battle in Manila harbor, and why it was the cleverest naval engagement ever fought.

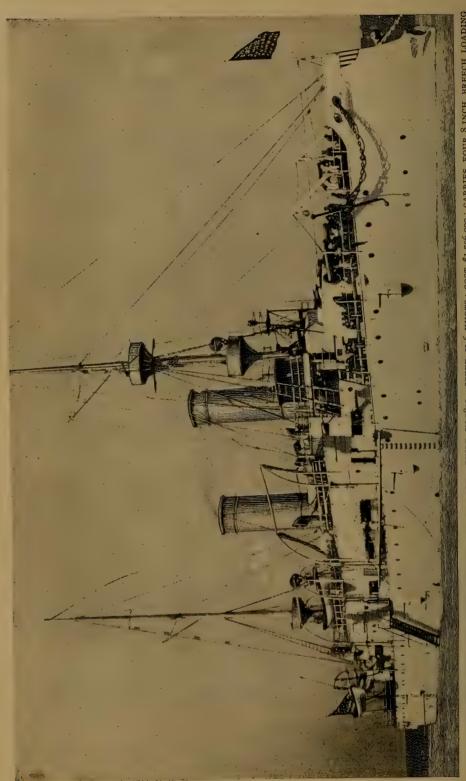
THESE invincible boats have been pictured too often. They are a part of our national history now. That this little squadron could steal into Manila harbor and fight not only eleven war ships but the shore fortifications as well, destroying the entire Spanish squadron, killing or wounding seven or eight hundred men, and come out with hardly a scratch, under terrific fire, as they were, is one of the marvels of the world. And yet ten times more marvelous is the fact that on these boats of ours not a man was killed, and

only half a dozen or so slightly injured. Meager though the news is at this writing, enough is already known to warrant the statement that this is the cleverest, cleanest, neatest naval engagement of history. There have been fiercer fights, but none with so big a victory at so little cost.

Rear Admiral Dewey seems to be a modest, unassuming man, with a business head on his shoulders. He has waited a long time for his opportunity. When it came he was ready for it—the man for the hour.



THE RALEIGH. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1889; SPEED 19 KNOTS; COST \$1.100,000; CARRIES TEN 5 INCH AND ONE 6 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, EIGHT 6 POUND RAPID FIRE AND FOUR I POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.



THE OLYMPIA. FLAGSHIP. PROTECTED CRUISER, FIRST RATE; BUILT IN 1891; SPEED 21.6 KNOTS; COST \$1,796,000; CARRIES FOUR 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TEN 5 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOURTEEN 6 POUND AND SIX I POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.



THE BALTIMORE. PROTECTED CRUISER, SECOND RATE; BUILT IN 1887; 20.9 KNOTS; COST \$1,325,000; CARRIES FOUR 8 INCH AND SIX 6 INCH RIFLES, FOUR 6 pound and two 3 pound rapid fire guns, two 1 pound rapid fire cannon, four hotcheiss cannon, two gatlings, four torpedo tubes. From a cofyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

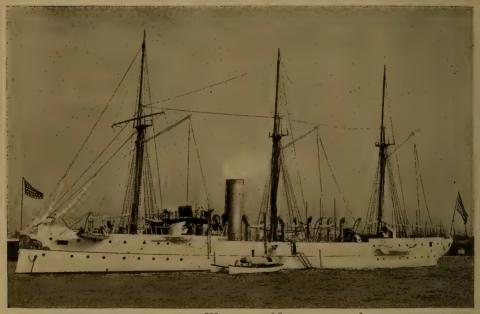


THE BOSTON. PROTECTED CRUISER, SECOND RATE; BUILT IN 1883; SPEED 15.6 KNOTS; COST \$619,000; CARRIES SIX 6 INCH AND TWO 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWO 6

POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE, TWO 1 POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON,

TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, AND TWO GATLINGS.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.

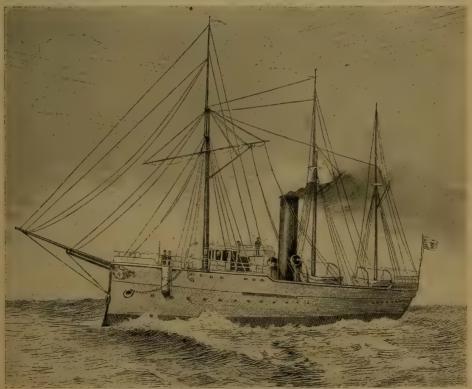


THE CONCORD. GUNBOAT; BUILT IN 1888; SPEED 16.8 KNOTS; COST \$490,000; CARRIES SIX 6 INCH RIFLES, TWO 6 POUND AND TWO 3 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES.

From a copyrighted photograph by J. S. Johnston, New York.



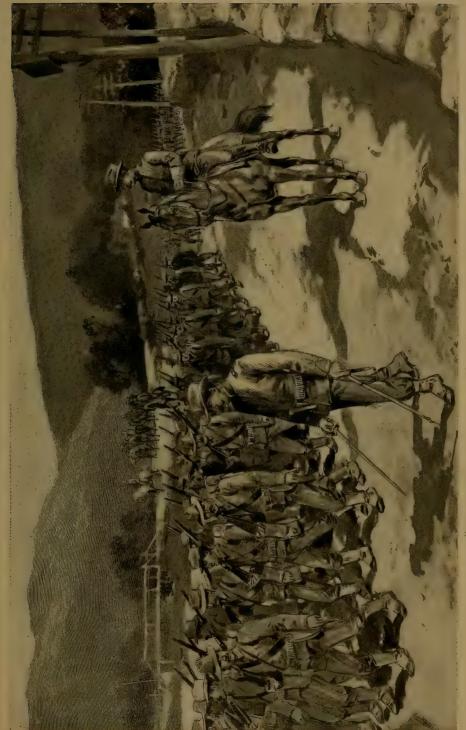
THE PETREL. GUNBOAT; BUILT IN 1887; SPEED 11.7 KNOTS; COST \$247,000; CARRIES FOUR 6 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, ONE I POUND RAPID FIRE GUN, TWO HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, AND TWO GATLINGS.



THE McCULLOCH. REVENUE CUTTER, PROPELLER CLASS, CARRYING FOUR GUNS. ATTACHED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON AS A DESPATCH BOAT.



"A SCOUTING PARTY "-DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.



"NEARING THE END OF A LONG MARCH"-DRAWN BY H. G. DART.



"AN ATTACK OF MARINES" - DRAWN BY WILLIAM GLACKEAS.

### WHEN GEORGE WAS KING.

An ancient hallway, generous and square;
A drowsy fire ghostly shadows throwing;
An old clock ticking slowly on the stair,
As one who tells a story worth the knowing;
And prone upon the bearskin, showing clear
In the red light, a sleeping cavalier.

His listless fingers closed about a book,
One red sleeved arm above his head reposing,
And on his rugged face the weary look
He wore, perchance, before his eyes were closing.
And one stands laughing eyed upon the stair,
Half merry, half confused, to find him there.

A maiden, rustling in her stiff brocade,
A girlish bud fast blooming into woman,
With the same face that Gainsborough oft made,
Coquettish, most divine, and wholly human,
Who watches the dark sleeper as he lies,
With something more than mischief in her eyes;

And, step by step, comes down with bated breath,
With lips half curled and yet not wholly smiling,
And bends above him (as the old tale saith
Dian above Endymion bent beguiling)
And notes the gray streak in his dusky hair,
And wonders timidly what brought it there.

Then, as a sudden thought comes flashing red,
All guiltily, as though the whole world knew it,
She first inclines and then draws back her head,
Though the old clock ticks, "Do it, do it, do it!"
And then, with hurried look, yet tender air,
She drops a tiny kiss upon his hair,

And shamefaced, flies as some Titania might;
And still about the room the shades are creeping,
And the old clock looks down with steady sight
To where he lies, still motionless and sleeping,
And ticks with all the denseness of a poet
'A secret, and I know it, know it!''

Then suddenly wide open flash his eyes,
And, on the shaggy bearskin quickly turning,
He glances round, half shamed, half laughing-wise,
And, seeing nothing but the great logs burning
And the old clock, he marks with stifled yawn
How many hours since he slept have gone;

And, thinking, checks the smile upon his face;
For in his dreams he vaguely can remember
He thought his mother from her heavenly place
Stooped down and kissed him, lovingly and tender,
And then, self mocking, brushes off a tear,
And strides away, this red coat cavalier.

Theodosia Pickering.

# THE CASTLE INN.\*

### BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

In the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. On his arrival Soane is made acquainted with the true state of affairs, and he immediately sets out in pursuit, accompanied by his servant and Mr. Fishwick. On the road they encounter Mr. Dunborough, who has been delayed by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. The chaise is finally caught up with, but when nearly opposite, Soane has his horse shot under him, and in the ensuing confusion the carriage draws ahead again, followed by Dunborough. When Sir George and his companions reach Bath, they find him there and the chaise, but the latter has been abandoned, and there is no clue of Julia or her captors save a black snuff box, on which is scratched a plea for help.

The villains had laid their plans well for abducting the girl. Taking her off her guard while strolling some distance from the inn, they throw a huge cloak over her head and bundle her into a waiting post chaise. The next moment the carriage is whirling rapidly away, and when she succeeds in releasing her head from the folds of the cloak, and is about to scream for assistance, a sudden horror comes over her, and she sits frozen, staring, motionless. On the seat beside her, almost touching her, sits a man.

### XXI (Continued).

THE carriage rumbled on. From her corner Julia watched the man, her eyes glittering with excitement, her breath coming quick and short, her mind made up: if he moved nearer to her, if he stretched out but his hand toward her, she would tear his face with her fingers. She sat with them on her lap and felt them as steel to do her bidding. Would he never move? In reality not three minutes had elapsed since she discovered him beside her; but it seemed to her that she had sat there an age watching him, aye, three ages. The light was dim and untrustworthy, stealing in through a crack here and a crevice there. The car-

riage swayed and shook with the speed at which it traveled. More than once she thought that the hand which rested on the seat beside him-a fat white hand, hateful, dubious-was moving, moving slowly and stealthily, toward her; and she waited shuddering, a scream on her lips. The same terror which a while before had frozen the cry in her throat now tried her in another way. She longed to speak, to shriek, to stand up, to break the hideous silence, the spell that bound her. Every moment the strain on nerves grew tenser, the fear that she should swoon more immediate, more appalling; and still the man sat in his corner, motionless, peeping at her through his fingers, leering, and biding his time.

It was horrible, and it seemed endless. If she had had a weapon it would have been better. But she had only her bare hands and her despair; and she might swoon. At last the carriage swerved sharply to one side, and jolted over a stone; and the man lurched nearer to her, and—moaned.

Julia drew a deep breath and leaned forward, scarcely able to believe her ears. But the man moaned again; and as if the shaking had roused him from a state of semi unconsciousness, sat up slowly in his corner; she saw now, peering more closely at him, that he had been strangely huddled together before. At last he lowered his hand from his face and opened his eyes. It was—her astonishment was immense—it was Mr. Thomasson!

Julia uttered a cry in her surprise. He opened his eyes and looked languidly at her, muttered something incoherent about his head, and shut his eyes again, letting his chin fall on his breast.

But the girl was in a mood only one degree removed from frenzy. She leaned forward and shook his arm. "Mr. Thomasson!" she cried. "Mr. Thomasson!"

The name and the touch were more effectual. He opened his eyes and sat up with a start of recognition—feigned, she fancied. On his temple just under the edge of his wig, which was thrust awry, was a slight cut. He felt it gingerly with his fingers, glanced at them, and, finding them stained with blood, shuddered. "I am afraid—I am hurt," he muttered.

His languor and her excitement went ill together. She believed he was pretending; she had a hundred ill defined, half formed suspicions of him. Was it possible that he—he had dared to contrive this? Or was he employed by others—by another? "Who hurt you?" she cried sharply, breathlessly. At least, she was not afraid of him.

He pointed in the direction of the horses. "They did," he said stupidly. "I saw it from the lane, and ran to help you. The man I seized struck me—here. Then—I suppose they feared I should raise the country on them. And they forced me in—I don't well remember how."

"And that is all you know?" she cried imperiously.

His look convinced her. "Then help me now!" she cried, rising impetuously to her feet and steadying herself by setting one hand against the back of the carriage. "Shout! Scream! Threaten them! Don't you see that every yard we are carried puts us farther in their power? Shout, sir!"

"They will murder us!" he said faintly. His cheeks were pale, his face wore a scared look, and he trembled visibly. "Let them!" she answered passionately, beating on the nearest door. "Better that than be in their power! Help! Help! Help!

Her shrieks rose above the rumble of the wheels and the steady hoof beats of the horses; she aided them by kicking and beating on the door with the fury of a mad woman. Mr. Thomasson had had enough of violence for that day, and shrank from anything that might bring on him the fresh wrath of his captors; but a moment's reflection showed him that if he allowed himself to be carried on he would sooner or later find himself face to face with Mr. Dunborough-than which he feared nothing more—and that in any case it was to his interest now to stand by his companion; and presently he, too, fell to shouting and drumming on the panels. There was a quaver in his "Help! Help!" that betrayed the man; but in the shrill clamor which she raised and continued to maintain obstinately, it passed well enough.

"If we meet any one—they must hear us!" she gasped presently, pausing a moment to take breath. "Which way are we going?"

"Toward Calne, I think," he answered, continuing to drum on the door in the intervals of speech. "In the street—we must be heard."

"Help! Help!" she screamed again, still more recklessly. She was growing hoarse, and the prospect terrified her. "Do you hear? Stop, you villains! Help! Help! Help!

"Murder!" Mr. Thomasson shouted, seconding her now with voice and fist. "Murder! Murder!"

But in the last word, despite the valiant determination to throw in his lot with her, was a sudden, most audible quaver. The carriage was beginning to draw up; and that which he had imperiously demanded a moment before he now as urgently dreaded. Not so Julia; her natural courage had returned, and the moment the vehicle came to a standstill and the door was dragged open, she flung herself towards it. The next instant she recoiled, pushed forcibly back by the muzzle of a huge horse pistol which a man outside clapped to her breast, while the glare of the bull's eye lanthorn which he thrust in her face blinded her.

The villain uttered the most horrid imprecations. "You noisy slut," he growled, shoving his face, hideous in its crape mask, into the coach, and speaking in a voice husky with liquor, "will you stop your whining?—or must I blow you to pieces with my Toby? For you, you white livered sneak, give me any more of your piping.

and I'll cut out your tongue! Who is hurting you, I'd like to know! And for you, my fine lady, have a care of your skin, for if I pull you out into the road it will be the worse for you! D'ye hear me?" he continued, with a volley of savage oaths. "A little more of your music, and I'll have you out and strip the clothes off your back! You don't hang me for nothing. Damn you, we are three miles from anywhere, and I've a mind to gag you, whether or no! I will, too, if you open your squeaker again!"

"Oh, let me go!" she cried faintly.

"Let me go."

"Oh, you will be let go fast enough—the other side of the water!" he answered, with a villainous laugh. "I'm bail to that. In the mean time keep a still tongue, or it will be the worse for you! Once out of Bristol,

and you may pipe as you like!"

The girl fell back in her corner with a low wail of despair. The man laughed his triumph and in sheer brutality passed his light once or twice across her face; then he closed the door with a crash and mounted, the carriage bounded forward, and in a trice was traveling onward as rapidly as before.

Night had set in, and darkness-a darkness that could almost be felt-reigned in the interior of the chaise. Neither of the travelers could now see the other, though they sat within arm's length. The tutor, as soon as they were well off, and his nerves, shaken by the man's threats, permitted him to think of anything but his own safety, began to wonder that his companion, who had been so forward before, did not speak; to look for her to speak, and to find the darkness and this silence, which left him to feed on his fears, strangely uncomfortable. He could almost believe that she was no longer there. At length, unable to bear it longer, he spoke:

"Î suppose you know who is at the bottom of this?" he said abruptly—he was growing angry with the girl who had

brought him into this peril.

She did not answer, or, rather, she answered only by sudden weeping; not the light, facile weeping of a woman crossed or overfretted or frightened, but the convulsive, heartrending sobs of utter grief and abandonment.

The tutor heard, and was first astonished, then alarmed. "My dear, good girl, don't cry like that," he said awkwardly. "Don't! I—I don't understand it! You—you frighten me. You—you really should not. I only asked you if you knew whose work this was."

"I know! I know!" she cried passionately. "Ah, I know only too well! God help me! God help all women."

Mr. Thomasson wondered. Was she referring to the future and her fate? If so, her complete surrender to despair seemed strange; seemed even inexplicable, in one who a few minutes before had shown a spirit above a woman's. Or did she know something that he did not know? Something that caused this sudden collapse. The thought increased his uneasiness; for the toward dreads everything, and his nerves were shaken. "Pish!" he said pettishly. "You should not give way like that! You should not, you must not, give way!"

"And why not?" she cried, arresting her sobs. There was a ring of expectation in her voice, a hoping against hope. He fancied that she had lowered her hands and

was peering at him.

"Because we—we may yet contrive something," he answered lamely. "We—we may be rescued. Indeed, I am sure we shall be rescued," he continued, fighting his fears as well as hers.

"And what if we are?" she cried, with a passion that took him aback. "What if we are? What better am I, if we are rescued? Oh, I would have done anything for him! I would have died for him! And he has done this for me. I would have given him all, all freely, for no return, if he would have it so; and this is his requital! This is the way he has gone to get it," she continued wildly. "Oh, vile! Vile!"

Mr. Thomasson started. He understood at last; he was no longer in the dark. She fancied that Sir George, Sir George whom she loved, was the contriver of this villainy! She thought that Sir George was the abductor and that she was being carried off, not for her own sake, but as an obstacle to be removed from his path. The conception took the tutor's breath away; he was even staggered for the moment, it agreed so well with one part of the facts. And when, an instant later, his own certain information came to his aid and showed him its unreality and he would have blurted out the truth, he hesitated. The words were on the tip of his tongue, the sentence was arranged —but he hesitated.

Why? Simply because he was Mr. Thomasson; because it was not in his nature to do the thing that lay straight before him until he had considered whether it might not profit him to do something else. In this case the bare statement that Mr. Dunborough, and not Sir George, was the author of the outrage, might weigh little with her. If he proceeded to his reasons he might convince her, indeed; but he would also go far to fix himself with a foreknowledge of the danger—a foreknowledge he had not imparted to her, and that must sensibly de-

tract from the merit of the service he had already and undoubtedly performed.

This was a risk; and there was a further consideration. Why give Mr. Dunborough new ground of complaint by discovering him? True, at Bristol she would learn the truth. But if she did not reach Bristol? If they were overtaken midway? In that case the tutor saw possibilities-if he kept his mouth shut-possibilities of profit at Mr. Dunborough's hands.

In intervals between fits of alarm-when the carriage seemed to be going to halt—he turned these things over. He could hear the girl weeping in her corner, quietly, but in a heartbroken manner; and continually, while he thought and she wept, and an impenetrable curtain of darkness hid the one from the other, the chaise held on its course up hill and down hill, now bumping and rattling behind flying horses, and now rumbling and straining up Yatesbury downs.

At last, "What makes you think," he said, "that it is Sir George?"

She did not answer or stop weeping for a moment. Then, "He was to meet me at sunset at the corner," she muttered. "Who else knew that I should be there?'

"But if he is at the bottom of this, where is he?" he hazarded. "If he would play the villain with you—"

"He would play the thief!" she cried pas-

sionately. "Oh, it is vile, vile!"

'But-I don't understand," Mr. Thomasson stammered; he was willing to hear all he could.

'His fortune, his lands, all he has in the world, are mine!" she cried. "Mine! And he goes this way to recover them! But I could forgive him that, I could forgive him that, but not-

"But not-what?"

"But not his love!" she cried fiercely. "That I will never forgive him! Never!"

She spoke as she had wept, more freely for the darkness. He fancied that she was writhing on her seat, that she was tearing her handkerchief with her hands. "Butit may not be he," he said, after a silence broken only by the rumble of wheels and the steady trampling of the horses.

" It is!"

"It may not-

"I say it is!" she repeated in a kind of fury of rage, shame, and impatience. "Do you think that I, I who loved him, I whom he fooled to the top of my pride, judge him too harshly? I tell you if an angel had witnessed against him I would have laughed the tale to scorn. But I have seen, I have seen with my own eyes. The man who came to that door and threatened us had lost a joint of the forefinger. Yesterday I

saw that man with him; I saw the hand that held the pistol today give him a note yesterday. I saw him read the note, and I saw him point me out to the man who bore itthat he might know today whom he was to seize! Oh, shame! Shame on him!" And she burst into fresh weeping.

The chaise, which had been proceeding for some time at a more sober pace, at this moment swerved sharply to one side; it appeared to go round a corner, jolted over a rough patch of ground, and came to a

stand.

### XXII.

LET it not be forgotten, by those who would judge her harshly, that to an impulsive and passionate nature Julia added a special disadvantage. She had been educated in a sphere alien from that in which she now moved. A girl bred up as Sir George's cousin and among her equals would have known him to be incapable of treachery as black as this. Such a girl would have shut her eyes to the most pregnant facts and the most cogent inferences, and scorned all her senses, one by one, rather than believe him guilty. She would have felt, rightly or wrongly, that the thing was impossible; and certified of his love, not only by his words and looks, but by her own self respect and pride, would have believed everything in the world, yes, everything, possible or impossible, yet never that he had lied when he told her that he loved her.

But Julia had been bred in a lower condition, not far removed from that of the famous Pamela; among people who regarded a macaroni or a man of fashion as a wolf ever seeking to devour. To distrust a gentleman and repel his advances had been one of the first lessons instilled into her opening mind; nor had she more than emerged from childhood before she knew that a laced coat forewent destruction, and held the wearer of it a cozener, who in ninety nine cases out of a hundred kept no faith with a woman beneath him, but lived only to break hearts and bring gray hairs to the grave.

Out of this fixed belief she had been jolted by the upheaval that placed her on a level with Sir George. Persuaded that the convention no longer applied to herself, she had given the run to her fancy and her romance, no less than to her generosity; she had indulged in delicious visions, and seen them grow real; nor probably in all St. James' was there a happier woman than Julia when she found herself possessed of this lover of the prohibited class, who to the charms and attractions, the niceness and refinement, which she had been bred to consider beyond her reach, added a constancy and devotion, the more delightful-since he believed her to be only what she seemedas it lay in her power to reward them amply. Some \ omen would have swooned with joy over such a conquest effected in such circumstances. What wonder that Julia was deaf to the warnings and surmises of Mr. Fishwick, whom delay and magnitude of the stakes rendered suspicious; as well as to the misgivings of old Mrs. Masterson, slow to grasp a fresh order of things? It would have been strange had she listened to either of them, when youth and wealth and love all beckoned one way.

But now, now in the horror and darkness of the post chaise, the lawyer's warnings and the old woman's misgivings returned on her with crushing weight; and more, and worse than these, her old belief in the heartlessness, the perfidy, of the man of rank. Had any one told her that a man of the class with whom she had principally mixed could so smile while he played the villain as to deceive not only her eyes but her heart, she would have laughed at him. But here, on the mind that lay behind the smooth and elegant mask of a gentleman's face, she had no lights; or only the old lights which showed it desperately wicked. But applied to the circumstances, what a lurid glare they shed on his behavior. How quickly, how suspiciously quickly, had he succumbed to her charms! How abruptly had his insouciance changed to devotion, his impertinence to respect! How obtuse, how strangely dull, had he been in the matter of her claims and her identity! Finally, with what a smiling visag had he lured her to her doom, showed her to his tools, settled to a nicety the least detail of the crime!

More weighty than any one fact, a thing he had said to her on the staircase at Oxford came back to her mind. "If you were a lady," he had flung at her in smiling insolence, "I would kiss you and make you my wife." In face of these words, she had been rash enough to think that she could bend him, ignorant that she was more than she seemed, to her purpose! She had intended to quote those very words to him when she surrendered-the sweetest surrender in the world. And all the time he had been fooling her to the top of her bent! He had known who she was, and been plotting against her devilishly! Appointing time and place, and—and it was all

It was all over. The sunny visions of joy and love were done! It was all over. When the sharp, fierce pain of the knife had done its worst, the consciousness of that remained; remained a dead weight on her brain. When the paroxysm of weeping had worn itself out, yet brought no relief to her passionate nature, a kind of apathy supervened. She cared nothing where she was or what became of her; for the worst had happened, the worst been suffered! To be betrayed, cruelly, heartlessly, without scruple or care by those we love, is there a sharper pain than this? She had suffered that, she was suffering it still. What did the rest matter?

Mr. Thomasson might have undeceived But the sudden stoppage of the chaise had left no place in the tutor's mind for anything but terror. At any moment the door might be opened and he be hauled out to meet the fury of his pupil's eye, and cower under the smart of his brutal whip. It needed no more than this to sharpen Mr. Thomasson's long ears—his eyes were useless; but for a time, crouching in his corner and scarce daring to breathe, he heard only the confused muttering of several men talking at a distance. Presently the speakers came nearer, he caught the click of flint on steel, and a bright gleam of light entered the chaise through a crack in one of the shutters. The men had lighted a lamp.

It was a slender shaft only that entered, but it fell athwart the girl's face and showed him her closed eyes. She lay back in her corner, her cheeks colorless, an expression of dull, dead, hopeless suffering stamped on her features. She did not move or open her eyes, and the tutor dared not speak lest his words should be heard outside. But he looked, having nothing to check him, and looked; and in spite of his fears and his preoccupation, the longer he looked the deeper was the impression which her beauty made on his senses.

At length he rose stealthily and applied his eyes to the crack that admitted the light; but he could distinguish nothing outside, the lamp, which was close to the window, blinding him. He could hear no more of the men's talk than muttered grumblings plentifully bestrewn with curses; and wonder what was forward, and why they remained inactive, grew more and more upon him. At times he caught the clink of a bottle, and fancied that the men were supping; but he knew nothing for certain, and by and by the light was put out. A briefand agonizing-period of silence followed, during which he thought he caught the not distant tramp of horses; but he had heard the same sound before, it might be the beating of his heart now, and before he could decide, oaths and exclamations broke the silence, there was a sudden bustle; in less than a minute the chaise lurched forward, a

whip cracked, and they rumbled forward

again.

The tutor breathed more freely now, and, rid of the fear of being overheard, regained a little of his native unctuousness. "My dear, good lady," he said, moving a trifle nearer to her, and even making a timid plunge for her hand, "you must not give way! I beg that you will not give way! I beg that you will not give way! Depend on me! Depend on me and all will be well. I—oh, dear, what a bump! I "—this as he retreated precipitately to his corner—"I fear we are stopping!"

They were, but only for an instant, that the lamps might be lighted. Then the chaise rolled on again, but from the way in which it jolted and bounded, shaking its passengers this way and that, it was evident that it no longer kept the Bristol road. The moment this became clear to Mr. Thomasson, his courage vanished as sud-

denly as it had appeared.

"Where are they taking us?" he cried feverishly, rising and sitting down again, and peering first this way and then the other. "My God, we are undone! I shall be murdered, I know I shall! Oh! Oh, what a jolt! They are taking us to some cutthroat place! There, didn't you feel it? Don't you understand? Oh, Lord, why did I mix myself up with this trouble?"

She did not answer, and, enraged by her silence and insensibility, the cowardly tutor could have found it in his heart to strike her. Fortunately the ray of light which now penetrated the carriage suggested an idea which he hastened to carry out. He had no paper, and if he had had paper he had no ink; but falling back on what he had, he lugged out his snuff box, and penknife, and, holding the box in the ray of light and himself as still as the road permitted, he set to work, laboriously and with set teeth, to scrawl on the bottom of the box the message of which we know. To address it to Mr. Fishwick and sign it Julia were natural precautions, since he knew that the girl, and not he, would be the object of pursuit. When he had finished his task, which was no easy one, the road growing worse and the carriage shaking more and more, he went to thrust the box under the door, which fitted ill at the bottom. But stooping to remove the straw for the purpose, he reflected that the road they were in was a mere country lane or no better, where the box would be ill to find; and in a voice trembling with fear and impatience he called to the girl to give him her black kerchief.

She did not ask him why or for what, but complied without opening her eyes. No words could have described her state more

eloquently.

He wrapped the box loosely in the kerchief—which he calculated would catch the passing eye more easily—and knotted the ends together. But when he went to push the package under the door, it proved too bulky, and with an exclamation of rage he untied it again, and made it up anew and more tightly. At last he thought that he had got it right, and he was stooping to feel for the crack when the carriage, which had been traveling more and more heavily and slowly, came to a standstill, and in a panic he sat up, dropping the box and thrusting the straw over it with his foot.

He had scarcely done this when the door was sharply opened, and the masked man who had threatened them before thrust in his head. "Come out!" he said curtly, addressing the tutor, who was the nearer,

"and be sharp about it!"

But Mr. Thomasson's eyes sought in vain the least sign of house or village. Beyond the yellow glare cast by the lamp on the wet road, he saw nothing but black darkness, night, and the gloomy shapes of trees; and he hung back. "No," he said, his voice quavering with fear; "I—I, my good man, if you will promise—"

The man swore a frightful oath. "None of your tongue!" he cried. "But out with you, unless you want your throat cut. You cursed, whining, psalm singing sniveler, you don't know when you are well off! Out

with you!"

Mr. Thomasson waited for no more, but

stumbled out, shaking with fright.

"And you!" the ruffian continued, addressing the girl, "unless you want to be thrown out the same way you were thrown in! The sooner I see your back, my sulky madam, the better I shall be pleased. No more meddling with petticoats for me! This comes of working with fine gentlemen, say I!"

Julia was but half roused. "Am I-to

get out?" she said dully.

"Aye, you are! By God, you are a cool one!" the man continued, watching her in a kind of admiration, as she rose and stepped by him like one in a dream. "And a pretty one, for all your temper! The master is not here, but the man is; and if—"

"Stow it, you fool!" cried a voice from

the darkness. "And get aboard!"

"Who said anything else?" retorted the ruffian—but with a look that, had Julia been more sensible of it, must have chilled her blood. "Who said anything else? So there you are, both of you, and none the worse, I'll take my davy! Lash away, Tim! Make the beggars fly!"

As he uttered the last words he sprang on the wheel, and before the tutor could believe in his good fortune, or feel assured that there was not some cruel deceit playing on him, the carriage splashed and rattled away, the lights were gone, and the two were left standing side by side in the darkness. On one hand a mass of trees rose high above them, blotting out the gray sky; on the other the faint outline of a low wall appeared to divide the lane in which they stood from a flat, misty expanse over which the night hung low.

It was a strange position, but neither of the two felt this to the full; Mr. Thomasson in his thankfulness that at any cost he had eluded Mr. Dunborough's vengeance, Julia because at that moment she cared not what became of her. Naturally, however, Mr. Thomasson, whose satisfaction knew no drawback save that of their present condition, and who had to congratulate himself on a risk safely run, and a good friend

gained, was the first to speak.

"My dear young lady," he said, in an oily tone very different from that in which he had called for her kerchief, "I vow I am more thankful-than I can say that I was able to come to your assistance! I shudder to think what those ruffians might not have done had you been alone, and-and unprotected! Now, I trust, all danger is over. We have only to find a house in which we can pass the night, and tomorrow we may laugh at our troubles."

She turned her head slowly towards him. "Laugh?" she said; and then a sob took

her in the throat.

He felt himself set back; then remembered the delusion under which she lay and went to dispel it-pompously; but his evil angel was at his shoulder, and again at the last moment he hesitated. Something in the utter despondency of the girl's pose, in the hopelessness of her tone, in the intensity of the grief that choked her utterance, combined with the remembrance of her beauty and abandon in the coach to set his crafty mind working in a new direction. He saw that she was, for the time, utterly hopeless, utterly heedless what became of herself. That would not last; but his cunning told him that with returning sensibility would come pique, resentment, the desire to be avenged. In such a case one man was sometimes as good as another. It was impossible to say what she might not be induced to do if full advantage were taken of a moment so exceptional. Fifty thousand pounds! And her young, fresh beauty! What a chance it was! The way lay far from clear, the means were yet to find; but faint heart never won fair lady, and Mr. Thomasson had known things as strange come to pass.

He was quick to choose his part. "Come, child," he said somewhat sharply, assuming a kind of paternal authority. "At least, we must find a roof. We cannot spend the night here."

"No," she said; "I suppose not."

"So-shall we go this way?"

"As you please," she answered, with the same indifference.

But they had not moved far along the miry road before she spoke again. you know," she asked drearily, "why they set us down?"

"They may have thought that the pur-

suit was gaining on them?'

"Pursuit?" she said, in a tone of gloomy surprise. "Who would pursue us?

Mr. Fishwick," he suggested.

"Ah!" she said bitterly. "He might. If I had listened to him! But—but it is all over now."

"I wish we could see a light," Mr. Thomasson said anxiously, looking forward into the darkness; "or a house of any kind. I wonder where we are."

She did not speak.

"I do not know-even what time it is," he continued, somewhat pettishly; and he shivered. "Take care!" She had stum-She had stum-"Will you be bled and nearly fallen. pleased to take my arm? We shall be able to proceed more quickly. I am afraid that your feet are wet.

Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not

answer.

"However, the ground is rising," he said. " By and by, it will be drier underfoot."

They were an odd couple to be trudging a strange road, in an unknown country, at the dark hour of the night. The stars must have twinkled to see them. Mr. Thomasson owned the influence of solitude, and longed to pat the hand she had passed through his arm—it was the sort of caress that came natural to him; but for the time discretion withheld him. He had another temptation: to refer to the past, and to the part he had taken at the inn, to the old past at the college, to make some sort of apology; but again discretion, intervened, and he went on in silence.

As he had said, the ground was rising; but the outlook was cheerless enough, and as far as appearances went they were doomed to spend the night in the road, when the moon on a sudden emerged from a bank of cloud and disclosed the landscape. Mr. Thomasson uttered a cry of relief. Fifty paces before them the low wall on the right of the lane was broken by a pillared gateway, whence the dark thread of an avenue, trending across the moonlit flat, seemed to point the way to a house.

The tutor pushed the gate open. "Diana favors you, child," he said, with a confident smirk, lost on Julia. "It was well she emerged when she did, for now in a few minutes we shall be safe under a roof. "Tis a gentleman's house, too, unless I mistake."

A more timid or a more suspicious woman might have refused to leave the road, or to tempt the chances of the dark avenue, in his company. But Julia, whose thoughts were bitterly employed elsewhere, complied without thought or hesitation, perhaps unconsciously. The gate swung to behind them, they plodded a hundred yards along the avenue, arm in arm; then one, and then a second, light twinkled out in front. These as they approached were found to proceed from two windows in the ground floor of a large house. The travelers had not advanced many paces farther before the peaks of three great gables rose in front, vandyking the sky and cutting the last sparse branches of the elms.

Mr. Thomasson's exclamation of relief, as he surveyed the prospect, was cut short by the sharp rattle of a chain, followed by the roar of a watch dog; in a second a horrid raving and baying, as of a score of hounds, awoke the night. The startled tutor came near to dropping his companion's hand in his fright, but fortunately the threshold, dimly pillared and doubtfully Palladian, was near, and resisting the impulse to put himself back to back with the girl-for the protection of his calves rather than her skirtsthe reverend gentleman hurried to occupy it. Once in that coign of refuge, he hammered on the door with all the energy of a frightened man.

When his anxiety permitted him to pause, a voice was heard within, cursing the dogs, and roaring for Jarvey. A line of a hunting song, bawled at the top of a musical voice, and ending in a shrill "View Halloa!" followed; then "To them, Beauties, to them!" and a crash of an overturned chair. Again the house echoed "Jarvey! Jarvey!" and finally an elderly man servant, with his wig set on one side, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his mouth twisted in a tipsy smile, confronted the visitors.

### XXIII.

In a hand wildly wavering, and strewing tallow broadcast, he held a candle, the light from which for a moment dazzled the visitors. Then the draft of air extinguished it, and looking over his shoulder—he was short and squat—Mr. Thomasson's anxious eyes had a glimpse of a spacious hall, paneled and furnished in oak, with here a blazon,

and there antlers or a stuffed head. At the farther end of this hall a wide staircase started up, and divided at the first landing into two flights, that returning formed a gallery round the apartment. Between the door and the foot of this staircase, in the warm glow of an unseen fire, was a small, heavily carved oak table with Jacobean legs like stuffed trunk hose. It was strewn with cards, liquors, glasses, and a China punch bowl—but especially with cards, which lay everywhere, not only on the table, but in heaps and batches beneath and around it, where the careless hands of the players had flung them.

Yet, for all these cards, the players were only two. One, a man something over thirty, in a peach coat and black satin breeches, sat on the edge of the table, his eyes on the door, and his overturned chair lying at his feet. It was his voice that had shouted for Jarvey; and that now saluted the arrivals with a boisterous "Two to one in guineas, it's a catchpoll! D'ye take me, my lord?" the while he drummed merrily with his heels on a leg of the table. His companion, an exhausted young man, thin and pale, remained in his chair—which he had tilted on its hind feet—and contented himself with staring at the doorway.

The latter was our old friend, Lord Almeric Doyley; but neither he nor Mr. Thomasson recognized the other until the tutor had advanced some paces into the room. Then as the gentleman in the peach coat cried, "Curse me, if it isn't a parson! The bet's off! Off!" Lord Almeric dropped his hand of cards on the table, and, opening his mouth, gasped in a paroxysm of dismay.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed at last. "Hold me, some one! If it is not Tommy! Oh, I say," he continued, rising and speaking in a tone of querulous remonstrance, "you have not come to tell me the old man's gone? And I'd backed him against old Bedford to live to—to—but it's like him, and monstrous unfeeling. I vow and protest it is! Eh?—it is not that? Hal-loa!"

He paused on the word, his astonishment even greater than that he had felt on recognizing the tutor. His eyes had fallen on Julia, whose figure was now visible on the threshold.

His companion did not notice this. "Gad! It is old Thomasson!" he cried, recognizing the tutor; for he, too, had been at Pembroke. "And a petticoat! And a petticoat!" he repeated. "Well, I am spun!"

The tutor raised his hands in astonishment; the surprise was not all on their side. "Lord!" he said, with an indifferent show

of enthusiasm, "do I really see my old friend and pupil, Mr. Pomeroy, of Bastwick?"

"Who put the cat in your valise? When you got to London-kittens? You do,

Tommy."

"I thought so! I was sure of it! I never forget a face when my—my heart has once gone out to it," Mr. Thomasson answered effusively. "And you, my dear, my very dear Lord Almeric, there is no danger I shall ever-"

"But crib me, Tommy," shrieked Lord Almeric, cutting him short without cere-

mony, "it's the little Masterson!"

"You old fox!" Mr. Pomeroy chimed in, shaking his finger at the tutor with leering solemnity-he, belonging to an older generation at the college, did not know her. Then, "The little Masterson, is it?" he continued, advancing towards the girl and saluting her with mock ceremony. "Among friends, I suppose? Well, my dear, for the future be pleased to count me among them. Welcome to my poor house! And here's to bettering your taste, for fie, my love, old men are naughty. Have naught to do with them!" And he laughed wickedly; he was a tall, heavy man, with a hard, bullying, sneering face; a Dunborough grown older.
"Hush, my good sir, hush!" Mr. Thomas-

son cried anxiously, after making more than one futile effort to stop him. Between his respect for his companion and the deference in which he held a lord, the tutor was in an agony. "My good sir, my dear Lord Almeric, you are in error," he continued strenuously. "You mistake, I assure you, you mistake—"

"Do we, by Gad?" cried Mr. Pomeroy winking at Julia. "Well, you and I, my dear, don't, do we? We understand each other very well."

The girl only answered by a look of contempt. But Mr. Thomasson was in despair. "You do not, indeed!" he cried, almost wringing his hands. "This lady has lately come into a-a fortune, and tonight was carried off by some villains from the Castle Inn at Marlborough in a-in a post chaise. I was fortunately on the spot to give her such protection as I could, but the villains overpowered me, and to prevent my giving the alarm, as I take it, bundled me into the chaise with her."

"Oh, come!" said Mr. Pomeroy, grinning. "You don't expect us to swallow that?"

"It is true as I live," the tutor protested; " every word of it."

"Then how came you here?"

" Not far from your gate, for no rhyme or reason that I can understand, they turned us out, and made off."

"Honest Abraham?" asked Lord Almeric. who had listened open mouthed.

"Every word of it," the tutor answered.

"Then, my dear, if you have a fortune, sit down!" cried Mr. Pomeroy waggishly; and seizing a chair he handed it with exaggerated gallantry to Julia, who still remained near the door, frowning darkly at the trio; neither ashamed nor abashed, but simply and coldly contemptuous. "Make yourself at home, my pretty," he continued recklessly, "for if you have a fortune, it is the only one in this house, and a monstrous uncommon thing. Is it not, my lord?"

"Lord! I vow it is!" the other drawled; and then taking advantage of the moment when Julia's attention was engaged elsewhere-she dumbly refused to sit-" Where

is Dunborough?" my lord muttered.
"Heaven knows!" Mr. Thomasson whispered, with a wink that postponed inquiry. "What is more to the purpose, my lord," he continued aloud. "if I may venture to suggest it to your lordship and Mr. Pomeroy, is that Miss Masterson has been much distressed and fatigued this evening. If there is a respectable elderly woman in the house, therefore, to whose care you could intrust her for the night, it would be well."

"There is old Mother Olney, who locked herself up an hour ago, for fear of us young bloods," Mr. Pomeroy answered, assenting with a readier grace than the tutor expected. "She should be old and ugly enough! Here, you, Jarvey, go and bid her come down.'

"Better still, if I may suggest it," said the tutor, who was above all things anxious to be rid of the girl before too much came out, "might not your servant take her above stairs to this good woman, who will doubtless see to her comfort and refreshment? Miss Masterson has gone through some surprising adventures this evening, and I think if you would allow her to withdraw at once, Mr. Pomeroy, it would be better.'

"Jarvey, take the lady!" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "A sweet, pretty toad she is! Here's to your eyes and fortune, child!" he continued impudently, filling his glass and pledging her as she passed. After that he stood watching while Mr. Thomasson opened the door and bowed her out; and this done and the door closed after her, "Lord, what ceremony!" he said, with an ugly sneer. "Is't real, man, or are you biting her? And what is this Cock Lane story of a chaise and the rest? Out with it, unless you want to be tossed in a blanket."

"True, upon my honor!" Mr. Thomas-

son asseverated.

"Oh, but, Tommy, the fortune?" Lord Almeric protested. "I vow you are sharping us."

"True, too, my lord, as I hope to be saved!'

"Eh? Oh, but it is too monstrous absurd!" my lord wailed. "The little Masterson? As pretty a little tit as was to be found in all Oxford!"

"She has eyes and a shape," Mr. Pomeroy admitted generously. "And what is the figure, Mr. Thomasson?" he continued. "There are fortunes and fortunes."

Mr. Thomasson looked at the gallery above, and thence-and slyly-to his companions, and back again to the gallery; and swallowed something that rose in his throat. At length he seemed to make up his mind to speak the truth, though when he did so it was in a voice little above a whisper. "Fifty thousand," he said; and looked guiltily round him.

Lord Almeric rose up as if on springs.

"Oh, I protest!" he said. "You are roasting us! Fifty thousand! It's a bite!"

But Mr. Thomasson nodded. "Fifty thousand," he repeated softly.

"Pounds?" gasped my lord. "The little

Masterson?"

The tutor nodded again; and without asking leave, with a dogged air singularly unlike his ordinary bearing when he was in the company of those above him, he drew a decanter towards him and filling a glass with a shaking hand raised it to his lips and emptied it. The three were all on their feet round the table, on which some candlesluridly lighting up their countenancesstill burned; while other candles had flickered down, and smoked in the guttering sockets, among the empty bottles, and the litter of cards. In one corner of the table the lees of wine had run upon the oak and dripped over to the floor, and formed a pool, in which a broken glass lay in fragments beside the overturned chair. An observant eye might have found on the panels below the gallery the vacant nails whence Lelys and Knellers, Cuyps and Hondekoeters. had looked down on two generations of Pomeroys. But apart from this, the disorder of the scene centered in the small table and the three men standing round it: a lighted group, islanded in the middle of the shadows of the stately hall.

Mr. Pomeroy waited with some impatience until Mr. Thomasson lowered his glass. Then, "Let us have the story," he said coolly. "A guinea to an orange the fool is nicking us."

The tutor shook his head and turned to Lord Almeric. "You know Sir George Soane," he said. "Well, my lord, she is his

"Oh, tally, tally!" my lord cried feebly. "You-you are romancing, Tommy!"

"And under the will of Sir George's grandfather, she takes fifty thousand pounds. if she makes good her claim within a certain time from today."

"Oh, I say, you are romancing!" my lord repeated, still more feebly. "You know, you really should not! It is too uncom-

mon absurd, Tommy."

"It's true!" said Mr. Thomasson.

"What? That this porter's wench at Pembroke has fifty thousand pounds?" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "She is the porter's wench, isn't she?" he continued abruptly. Something had sobered him. His eyes shone and the veins stood out on his forehead, but his manner was concise and harsh and to the

Mr. Thomasson glanced askance at him, stealthily, as one gamester scrutinizes another over the cards. "She is Masterson the porter's foster child," he said guardedly.

"But is it certain she has the money?" the other cried rudely. "Is it true, man? How

do you know? Is it public property?"
"No," Mr. Thomasson answered, rocking himself slowly to and fro by the purchase of his hands on the table; "it is not public property. But it is certain, and it is true!" Then, after a moment's hesitation, "I saw some papers—by accident," he said, his eyes on the gallery.

"Oh, damn your accident!" Mr. Pomeroy cried brutally. "You are very fine tonight. You were not used to be a Methodist! Hang it, man, we know you!" he continued violently, "and this is not all! This does not bring you and the girl tramping the country, knocking at doors at midnight with Cock Lane stories of chaises and abductions. Come to it, man, or---'

"Oh, I say!" Lord Almeric protested feebly, "Tommy is an honest man in his way, and you are too stiff with him. He

"Curse him, let him come to the point, then!" Mr. Pomeroy retorted savagely. "Is she in the way to get the money?'

"She is," said the tutor sullenly.

"Then what brings her here-with you, of all people?"

"I will tell you if you will give me time, Mr. Pomeroy," the tutor said plaintively. And with that he proceeded to describe in some detail all that had happened, from the fons et origo mali-Mr. Dunborough's passion for the girl-to the stay at the Castle Hotel, the abduction at Manton Corner, the strange night journey in the chaise, and the stranger release.

When he had done, "Sir George was the girl's fancy, then?" Pomeroy said, in the harsh, overbearing tone he had lately adopted.

The tutor nodded.

"And she thinks he has tricked her?"

"But for that and the humor she is in," Mr. Thomasson answered, with a subtle glance at the other, "you and I might talk here till doomsday and be none the better, Mr. Pomeroy."

His frankness provoked Mr. Pomeroy to greater frankness. "Consume your impertinence!" he cried furiously. "Speak for

yourself."

"She is not that kind of woman," said

Mr. Thomasson firmly.

"Kind of woman?" cried Mr. Pomeroy. "I am that kind of man—oh, curse you, if you want plain speaking you shall have it! She has fifty thousand, and she is in my house, and I am not the kind of man to let that money go out of the house without having a fling at it! It is the devil's luck has sent her here, and it will be my folly will send her away—if she goes. Which she does not if I am the kind of man I think I am!"

"You don't know her," said Mr. Thomasson doggedly. "Mr. Dunborough is a gentleman of metal, and he could not bend her."

"She was not in his house!" the other retorted, with a grim laugh. Then in a lower, if not more amicable tone, "Look here, man," he continued, "d'ye mean to say that you had not something of this kind in your mind when you knocked at this door?"

"I?" said Mr. Thomasson, virtuously in-

dignant.

"Aye, you! Do you mean to say you did not see that here was a chance in a hundred? In a thousand? Aye, in a million? Fifty thousand pounds is not found in the road any day."

Mr. Thomasson grinned in a sickly fashion.

"I know that," he said.

"Well, what is your idea? What do you

want?"

The tutor did not answer immediately, but after stealing one or two furtive glances at Lord Almeric, looked down at the table. At length, when Mr. Pomeroy's patience was nearly exhausted, he looked up, a nervous smile distorting his mouth. "I—I want her," he said; and passed his tongue guiltily over his lips, as he looked down again at the table.

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Pomeroy, in a voice

of intense disgust.

But the ice broken, Mr. Thomasson had more to say for himself. "Why not?" he said plaintively. "I brought her here—with all submission. I know her, and—and am a friend of hers. If she is fair game for any one, she is fair game for me. I have run a risk for her," he continued pathetically, and touched his brow, where the slight

cut he had received in the struggle with Dunborough's men showed below the border of his wig, "and—and for that matter, Mr. Pomeroy is not the only man who has bailiffs to avoid."

"Stuff me, Tommy, if I am not of your opinion!" cried Lord Almeric, suddenly

striking the table with energy.

"What?" Pomeroy cried, turning to him in surprise as great as his disgust. "What? You would give the girl and her money fifty thousand—to this old hunks?"

"I? Not I! I would have her myself!" his lordship answered stoutly. "Come, Pomeroy, you have won three hundred of me, and if I am not to take a hand at this I shall think it monstrous low! Monstrous low I shall think it!" he repeated, in the tone of an injured person. "You know, Pom, I want money as well as another, want it devilish bad—""

"You have not been a Sabbatarian, as I was for two months last year," Mr. Pomeroy retorted, somewhat cooled by this wholesale rising among his allies, "and walked out Sundays only, for fear of the catchpolls."

" No, but---"

"But I am not now either—is that it? Why, d'ye think, because I pouched six hundred of Flitney's, and three of yours, and set the mare going again, it will last forever?"

"No, but fair's fair, and if I am not in this it is low! It is low, Pom," Lord Almeric continued, sticking to his point with abnormal spirit. "And here is Tommy will tell you the same. You have had three hundred of me——"

"At cards, dear lad, at cards," Mr. Pomeroy answered easily. "But this is not cards. Besides," he continued, shrugging his shoulders and pouncing on the argument, "we cannot all marry the girl!"

"I don't know," said my lord, passing his fingers grandly through his wig. "I—I

don't commit myself to that."

"Well, at any rate, we cannot all have the money!" Pomeroy replied, with sufficient impatience.

"But we can all try! Can't we, Tommy?"
Mr. Thomasson's face, when the question was put to him in that form, was a curious study. Mr. Pomeroy had spoken aright when he called it a chance in a hundred, in a thousand, in a million. It was a chance, at any rate, that was not likely to come in Mr. Thomasson's way again. True, he appreciated far more correctly than the other the obstacles in the way of success, the girl's strong will and warward temper; but he knew also the strange humor which had now taken hold of her, and how probable it

was that it might lead her to strange lengths if the right man spoke at the right moment.

The very fact that Mr. Pomerov had seen the chance on the instant and gauged the possibilities gave them a more solid aspect and a greater reality in the tutor's mind. Each moment that passed left him less willing to resign pretensions which were no longer the shadowy, half formed creatures of the brain, but had acquired the aspect of solid claims-claims made by his skill and exertion.

But if he defied Mr. Pomeroy, how would he stand? The girl's position in this solitary house, apart from her friends, was half the battle; for the other half he depended on pique and her apathy. But her position here was the main factor; in a sneaking way, though he shrank from facing the fact, he knew that she was at their mercy; as much at their mercy as if they had planned the abduction in the first instance. Without Mr. Pomeroy, therefore, the master of the house and the strongest spirit of the

He got no further, for at this juncture Lord Almeric repeated his question; and the tutor, meeting Pomeroy's bullying eye, found it necessary to say something. tainly," he blurted out, in pure nervousness, "we can all try, my lord. Why not?"

"Aye, why not?" said Lord Almeric.
"Why not try?"

"Try? But how are you going to try?" Mr. Pomeroy responded, with a jeering laugh. "I tell you, we cannot all marry

her, and-

"I vow and protest I have it!" Lord Almeric exclaimed, with a chuckle, "We'll play for her! Don't you see, Pom? We'll cut for her! Ha, ha! That is surprising clever of me, don't you think? We'll play for her!"

(To be continued.)

#### GRATITUDE.

WITHIN the land of vexing cares They lived and suffered, yearned and died. Sometimes at low ebb of the tide They came upon it unawares-That path of wet sand leading far To where it met the happy isle, Which beckoned with alluring smile; But no one dared to cross the bar. And there was one who loved the rest: He longed to see them reach the goal They wept for-heart and brain and soul He gave ungrudging to the quest

Of a safe pathway for their feet; He strove and labored, and at last He built a bridge so stanch and fast They joyed to see it there complete. He stood aside to let them go And bade them Godspeed on their way, Thinking that he himself would stay Until none else was left, and so He waited till the light grew dim, The bridge was dark, the night was cold, His feeble limbs were stiff and old, And no one cared or thought of him.

He slipped and fell-they were afraid To save him, so they let him die, And said, "He had no right to try To cross our bridge—the bridge we made."

## RICKSHAW COOLIE No. 72.

### BY R. CLYDE FORD.

How the pagan Teng Po underwent voluntary slavery for the sake of the man who had befriended him—A tale of the far east.

THE reservoir at Kolam Ayer lay like a piece of burnished silver in the twilight. A slight ripple creased its surface, but the breeze was light and came in gasps like the disturbed breathing of some sleeper. Across the water a bank of forest loomed up dimly, and out of its shadows could be heard the screeching of monkeys and the strident call of night birds; and down where the pipe left the embankment a little stream trickled off into the gloom.

Ever since sunset a man had sat on the stonework that faced the Kolam and drummed his heels. Seen from the rest house he might easily have passed for some spooking hantu, for his silhouette rested like a gray blotch above the wall and was projected back in ungainly shape upon the jungle behind. From time to time, when he moved his head or his arms, the shape wobbled in uncanny fashion, and mysterious sounds came across to the shore; but it was only the man talking to himself.

"And so it's five years last week since you came, is it? Dan Smith, you've been a fool!"

The man was evidently arraigning himself in the solitude there, but at first no answer came. Instead, a frog croaked contentedly in the lowlands where the stream gurgled, and the monkeys chattered on noisily.

"Where is that two hundred pounds you brought to the Straits, Dan Smith?"

This time the man on the wall answered his own blunt question.

"Gone in Jelebu mining stock."

"And what do you do with your wages as fast as you can earn them?"

The reply came promptly: "Spend 'em."
"And how much do you owe that money lender, Kushdoo Rhoosab?"

" Five hundred dollars."

The self examination ceased here, and the man buried his face in his hands. He sat motionless and pensive so long that a monkey ventured out along the wall toward him, and when he looked up the little beast was trying on his cork helmet.

"You look like Kushdoo Rhoosab when

he demands his interest," he muttered aloud—at which the animal gave a chatter and scampered away.

The twilight turned to leaden darkness, and the man still sat on the embankment. His thoughts were torturing him, and at last he spoke them out wildly and vehemently:

"Oh, what a fool! I came out here five years ago with a thousand dollars in gold, and good prospects. I've spent my money in speculation, my salary, big as it is, cannot keep me, and I owe that chettie, Rhoosab, five hundred dollars; and when I'm behind with my monthly three per cent interest he turns up his hands and looks toward heaven and says, 'Very well, Tuan; I see the firm.' And so it's debt, debt, and such nights as this—such nights as this!"

The man reached his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he fumbled in his fingers. It was too dark to read it, but he knew the contents by heart. "Poor mother!" he said, with a sigh, "she thinks I'm doing well."

### DEAR DAN:

Your last letter has gone to pieces from frequent reading. It's a long while since you have written; but I suppose you are very busy out there. One must attend to business first, I know——

The man laughed a hoarse laugh that had no mirth in it. "She thinks I'm indispensable to the firm," he commented, then he grew moody again and crumpled the letter in his fingers.

Things have not been going very well at home. Arabella ought to have some new gowns, but with your father's sickness and the doctor to pay, there's no money. Tom will have to leave school soon, I'm afraid. If you could send us a hundred pounds of that we fitted you out with when you went to the Straits, it would relieve us nicely. Of course, Danny, we never thought that we would ask you for it when you went away; but, as I have said, we have not got along very well at home.

This was the part of the letter that had plunged Dan Smith into despair. What he

owed the *chettie* could be settled some way, and his other debts were no worse than they had been for two or three years past; but to raise any more money—that was plainly an impossibility. And so he sat on the wall at Kolam Ayer in the dark and nursed his misery.

"No more fun for me till I see one hundred pounds started for England on the P. & O. Mail," he muttered between his teeth.

He arose and walked along the wall to the foot path that led down from the bungalow to the big road to the city. As he strode along dejectedly in the dark, the smell of gardens through the hedges came to him and brought tears to his eyes. "Makes me think of spring at home," he thought, "and the hawthorn in blossom. But I wonder where they obtained that two hundred pounds for me when I came out here? They must have pinched hard somewhere."

He had reached the main road, which lay a little beyond the Kolam. Usually he looked around for a rickshaw here, but tonight, though he saw the gleam of a lamp down the road, he gave no call. "Might as well begin to save now," he said to himself.

" I'll walk."

At the corner he passed under the gas lamp near the rickshaw stand, and a coolie came toward him, pulling his vehicle with a clatter. "Here I am, Tuan," he said, as he swung the vehicle around.

"What! You here, Teng Po?" said Smith, in surprise. "You won't get any

fares out here."

"I've been waiting for you," the coolie answered timidly. "Ah Beng said he pulled you out here—"

"You are a pagan," Smith interrupted.

"But all right, I'll ride; mind, you've got

to take pay for it, though."

The Chinaman grinned as he answered in a proverb of the Straits: "A man does not

take toll of his brother.'

Teng Po's devotion to Dan Smith was the most remarkable thing in the latter's life, and Smith knew it, though he laughed at it when among his cronies. It had begun two years before, when Smith was returning one night on foot from a shooting excursion. A couple of miles out of town he had met a rickshaw. The coolie was young and jolly, and spoke Malay with a fluency that would have been astonishing in a Baba Chinaman, to say nothing of a coolie. He was interesting, and the young Englishman was entertained; before they reached Smith's quarters they were chatting away like old acquaintances. As Smith paid his fare he noticed the coolie's number, "72."

During the next few days Smith had oc-

casion to hire No. 72 several times, then the man suddenly disappeared. Upon inquiry he learned that he was sick in a coolie boarding house near High Street, so he dropped around to take a look at him. He found the place to be a rambling old building in a dirty alley, with every room filled with men, smoking, gambling, or sleeping. The man he was looking for was lying on a mat in a dark, foul corner of an overcrowded room. The noise around was maddening, and the air pestilential; no wonder the coolie was thin and delirious with fever. Smith's curiosity was speedily changed to pity, and before night rickshaw coolie 72 was lying in an empty room at Dan Smith's bungalow with an English doctor attending him. This was the reason why Teng Po had become Dan Smith's shadow.

On the way back from the Kolam, Smith got out of the rickshaw at the foot of Bukit Besar to walk up. It was a hill of considerable height and a hard pull for a coolie. As he walked along in the dim light of the lanterns the contrast between him and the Chinaman was striking. He was tall, slim, jaunty, and dressed in natty duck; the coolie was not tall, but heavily built, and clad only in baggy trousers. His broad yellow back between the shafts of the rickshaw was corrugated with muscles, and his towchang, coiled about his head under the wide plaited

hat, left his heavy neck bare.

"Teng Po," said the Englishman, laying his white hand over the coolie's brown one, "I'm about in the last ditch."

The Chinaman said nothing, for he did not understand what the other meant.

"I'm one of your 'foreign devils' who has made it badly out here. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Money?" asked Teng Po bluntly.

"Yes, money," said Smith, looking away into the dark wall of mangosteen trees that lined the roadside. And then, impelled by a longing to unburden his heart of its load and pour out his troubles to some sympathetic ear, though he knew no help could come from it, he told Teng Po everything. The speculation in Jelebu mining stock the Chinaman easily understood, and the wasting grip of the Hindoo money lender was no new experience to him; but when Smith spoke of England and the beautiful old house at the end of the lane, and the hawthorn hedge in blossom, the coolie no longer saw the picture.

And then Smith told also how his old father and mother had saved for the children, how he had left home with two hundred pounds—which he had squandered—how Tom must leave school soon, and Arabella become a broken spirited wife in some

obscure country home. But here again Teng Po failed to understand, though he saw from the fervor and emotion of his friend that the case was desperate.

During the next few weeks writhed under his load. He grew thin and hollow eyed from worry and despair. There seemed no relief either for him or for the folks at home. With close economy he might hope to pay the chettie in a year or so, but to raise a hundred pounds now—as well

try to borrow a million!

So harassed was he that he no longer noticed that Teng Po did not wait for him at night or come for him in the morning; there were always enough rickshaws around. But one night as he sat on the veranda of his bungalow, moody and tired, he sud-denly recollected the fact. "The poor beggar has forsaken me-like the others," he said aloud. Half an hour later the servant appeared and announced that an old Chinaman was waiting below and asking for him.

"Let him come up here," Smith rejoined

petulantly.

The attendant withdrew like a shadow, and soon afterward an old man crept up the

"Tabeh Tuan!" he said humbly.

Smith stared at him, and the man seemed to grow more and more abject under his gaze. He was old, very old, and little, and dressed like a coolie. His hands were long and horny, and he wore sandals instead of shoes. He came forward slowly, and held out a package. "From Teng Po," he said.

"From Teng Po!" speculated Smith, in

surprise, taking the parcel.

He unwrapped it slowly, while the old man watched him eagerly. At the last turn of the paper Smith jumped from the chair. He held a roll of bank notes in his hand. He turned them back with his fingers and counted them mechanically-six hundred dollars in good Straits money. He glanced at the old man helplessly. "I don't understand," he gasped.

"From Teng Po," repeated the old man, with shining eyes; then, as the other said

nothing, he continued:

"For twelve years I have been bound to a rich towkay in Pahang for debt. Teng Po has worked all this time to save money to release me, for I am his father. Last year he sent word, 'One year more and I have money enough!' Ten days ago he came to me in Pahang and said: 'I have money enough, but I must help my friend.' My heart sank at that, for I am an old man, and time has been long in Pahang; but Teng Po said: 'I take your place. I am strong. You go back and give this to my friend.' I said, 'I am an old man and will

not last long; let me work on.' But Teng Po went to the towkay and made out a paper. and I have come with the money.

The old man paused, dismayed at his own loquacity. Smith stood as if turned to stone. Finally he spoke: "Do you suppose I'll let him go into slavery for me?'

"Teng Po said you would refuse," answered the old man, "but he made me promise to leave the money—never to touch it again after giving it into your hands. I shall do so, Tuan; I am an old man, but I have promised;" and before Smith could stop him he was gone.

That was a trying night to Dan Smith. He was writing a letter home, but not till daylight did he bring himself to add this

postscript:

I send draft for a hundred pounds. A friend advanced it to me.

The next morning, on his way to the godown, a messenger in the livery of a down town firm met him and handed him a chit. He opened it carelessly and read:

DAN. SMITH, ESO. :

Dear Sir-I have the honor to inform you that Jelebu mining stock is worth today 150%.

Very truly, JOHN W. CONELLY, Sec'y.

Jelebu Development Company, Limited,

Smith gave a yell of joy, and hugged the messenger in his exuberance of feeling. Then he called a rickshaw and tore off to town like mad. The tide had turned at last. That night he called upon Kushdoo Rhoosab, the money lender, whom he found sitting tailor fashion on a raised seat in his dingy office.

"I've come to settle," said Smith.

"So soon?" asked the chettie, startled. It was very unwelcome news, for in spite of all his threats, he knew Smith was his best paying victim.

"Take that, will you!" As he spoke the caller threw a bag holding a hundred Mexican dollars very near the Hindoo's head, and the fusillade continued until four more bags had plumped against the wall or his flabby ribs.

"Did you ever see money paid in so rapidly?" Smith asked sardonically. "Give

me my note now;" and he left the shop; tearing up the ugly paper.

"Great Krishna!" stammered the money lender to himself. "And such are the men who rule this land."

From Kushdoo Rhoosab's, Smith hurried to the cable office and wired the British Resident in Pahang as follows:

Six hundred dollars sent to release a Chinaman held for debt by rich towkay at Serapi. The man's name Teng Po. He is a prince.

## OUR FLYING SQUADRON.

The Brooklyn, the Massachusetts, the Texas, the Minneapolis, and the Columbia as they appeared when stripped for battle and in their war paint—Commodore Schley's formidable fleet that composed the Flying Squadron.



THE MINNEAPOLIS. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1891; 20,862 HORSE POWER; 23.7 KNOTS; COST \$2,690,000; CARRIES ONE 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE, TWO 6 INCH, EIGHT 4 INCH,

AND TWELVE 6 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR I POUND RAPID FIRE

CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES.



EIGHT 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWELVE 6 POUND AND FOUR I POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES. From a photograph-Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.



THE COLUMBIA. PROTECTED CRUISER; BUILT IN 1890; SPEED 22.8 KNOTS; COST \$2,725,000; CARRIES TWO 6 INCH AND EIGHT 4 INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, ONE 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLE, TWELVE 6 POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR I POUND RAPID FIRE CANNON, FOUR GATLINGS, AND FIVE TORPEDO TUBES. From a photograph-Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.



THE MASSACHUSETTS. FIRST CLASS BATTLE SHIP; BUILT IN 1891; SPEED 15 KNOTS; COST \$3,020,000; CARRIES FOUR 13 INCH AND EIGHT 8 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, TWENTY 6 POUND AND SIX I POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR GATLINGS, AND SIX TORPEDO TUBES. From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.



THE TEXAS. SECOND CLASS BATTLE SHIP; BUILT IN 1889; SPEED 17 KNOTS; COST \$2,500,000; CARRIES TWO 12 INCH AND SIX 6 INCH BREECH LOADING RIFLES, SIX I POUND RAPID FIRE GUNS, FOUR HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON, TWO GATLINGS, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES. From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

## HAVANA.

Views of the Plaza de Armas, palace of the Governor General, the Prado, Morro Castle, and the fortress at La Cabanas.

WITH all eyes centered on Cuba, Havana becomes to Americans a city of surpassing interest. The pictures presented herewith for the most part tell their own story. Havana harbor, where the tragedy of the Maine was enacted, has the capacity for a thousand ships and is guarded at one side by the much talked about Morro Castle. This was a fortress which the Spanish considered impregnable before it was captured by the English over a hundred years ago. After they regained possession of it through an

exchange with England, they built Cabanas, on the same shore to the south. The bill was sent to Charles III, in Madrid. He studied it carefully, then took up a small telescope lying near by, and pointing it toward the west, remarked: "If that fort cost as much as this bill claims, it ought to be big enough to be visible from here."

At this writing Morro is little more than a prison and a signal station, with a great stone lighthouse towering high above it. Adjoining the castle is the Velasco bat-



PALACE OF GOVERNOR GENERAL BLANCO, ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, IN THE OLD CITY—A STUCCO HOUSE WITH OFFICES UNDERNEATH, LIKE A HOTEL.



MORRO CASTLE, WHICH GUARDS HAVANA. IT CONTAINS, BESIDES BATTERIES AND PRISONS, THE O'DONNELL LIGHTHOUSE. ITS WATER BATTERY IS KNOWN AS THE "TWELVE APOSTLES."



THE CHAPEL IN THE CAMPO SANTO, THE CHIEF CEMETERY, THREE MILES FROM HAVANA. THE CEMETERY CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF OVEN-LIKE TOMBS.



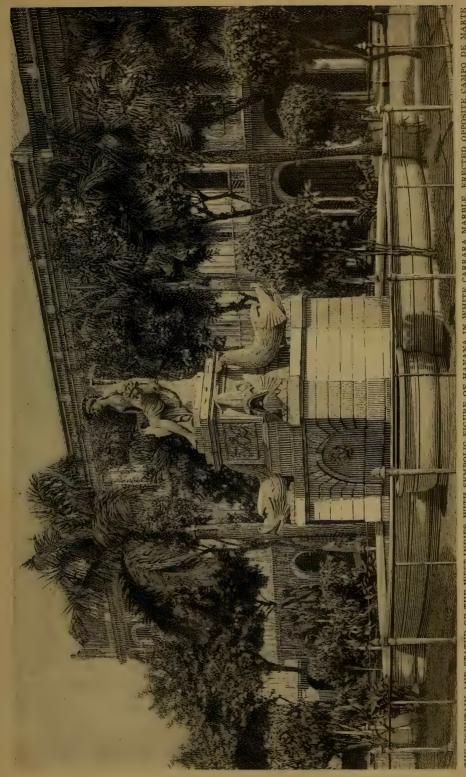
THE CATHEDRAL DE LA VIRGEN, MARIA DE LA CONCEPCION, AT THE CORNER OF EMPEDRADO AND SAN YGNACIO STREETS. THE OLDEST CHURCH IN HAVANA WITH VERY ANCIENT CHIMES.

tery. La Cabanas, too, has deteriorated. an imposing structure fronting on one of It has a jail and a place of execution. an imposing structure fronting on one of the city's squares. Another parkway is

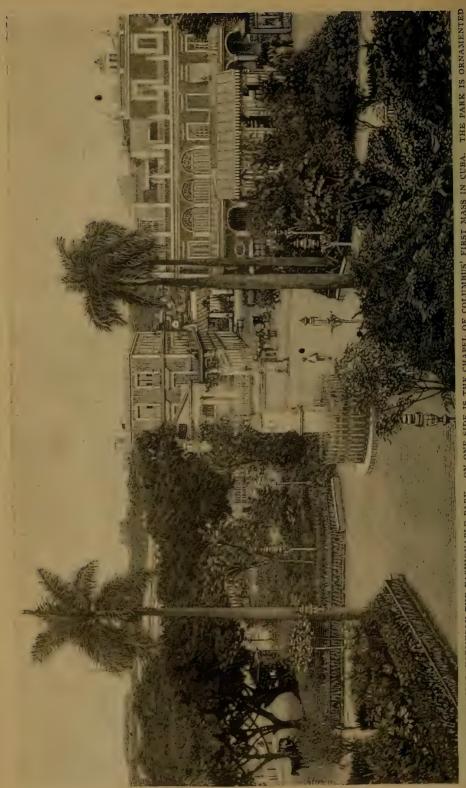
Governor General Blanco's residence is called the Prado, and here guard mount



THE PRADO, THE AVENUE OF PALMS, WHICH BEGINS AT THE SEA AND RUNS THROUGH THE CITY, MAKING THE LINE ALONG WHICH SQUARES AND PARKS ARE LOCATED.



THE FOUNTAIN AND STATUE OF THE WEST INDIES, WITH SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF HAVANA IN WHITE CARRARA MARBLE, ERECTED OPPOSITE CAMPO DE MARTE SQUARE BY THE COUNT DE VILLANEUVA.



THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, FORMERLY THE FASHIONABLE PARK. ON ONE SIDE IS THE CHAPEL OF COLUMBUS' FIRST MASS IN CUBA. THE PARK IS ORNAMENTED BY A STATUE OF FERDINAND VII OF SPAIN.



THE PRISON AND FORTRESS OF CABANAS, ONE OF THE GUARDS TO THE CHANNEL TO HAVANA. IT WAS BUILT AFTER MORRO WAS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH IN 1762.

in the morning is one of the events of the Prado three times during the week, and been in the habit of playing in the evening.

day, designed to impress the populace fashionable Havana was supposed to walk with Spain's importance. The band has there from eight to ten o'clock in the



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL ON EMPEDRADO STREETS. ON THE RIGHT OF THE ALTAR IS THE TABLET TO COLUMBUS, CONTAINING HIS EFFIGY. IT IS HERE HIS BONES WERE LAID IN 1796.



WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

From a photograph by Marshall, Boston.

## SCULPTOR AND STUDENT.

William Ordway Partridge, whose reputation as an artist is rivaled by his fame as a poet and literary man—A glance at the creator of some of the best specimens of American sculpture, who is also professor of Fine Arts at Washington University.

"A N artist cannot do his best work in a foreign country. If a writer cannot accomplish his masterpiece in the language of another race, why should a sculptor or a painter think that he can live in Rome or Paris all his life competing with native artists, while he is continually handicapped by the fact that the Italians and Frenchmen are working in

atmospheres and towards ideals that have been theirs for all time?"

Mr. William Ordway Partridge has in his own life followed this idea of his concerning the influence of an artist's native environment. Though born in Paris, he is an American, and his sentiment for his country brought him home to be educated at Columbia. With his natural love



STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, IN FRONT OF THE HAMILTON CLUB, BROOKLYN.

Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

of art stimulated by his college training he determined to carry out his dearest ambition and become a sculptor. He wanted to go abroad and study, but the Hale, he began to read in public from Keats and Shelley. Partridge's personality and the perfect harmony of his temperament with that of the poets, would

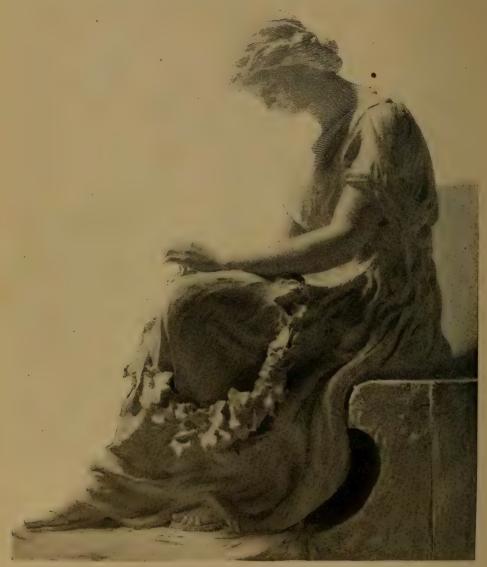


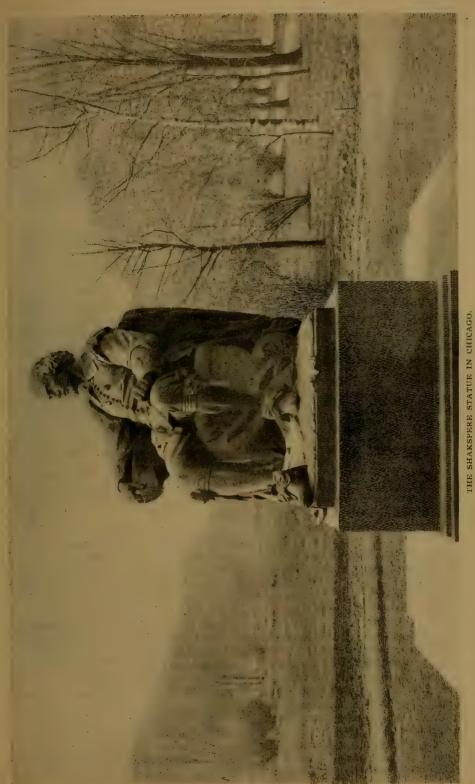
FIGURE OF "MEMORY."

Modeled by William Ordway Partridge.

means were lacking. Consequently he was drawn to the stage, whose outward attractions charmed his artistic nature. But the life soon proved too great a strain on him, and he sought solace and a means to accomplish his one ambition in the poets.

Encouraged by Phillips Brooks and Dr.

have sufficed to have immediately interested the coldest audience; but when there was added to these qualities his careful stage training, to hear him read was, as one woman said, "As if the youth was filled with the spirit of Shelley and Keats sanctified by coming from Heaven."



THE SHAKSPERE STATUE IN CHICAGO Modeled by William Ordining Partridge.



STATUE OF GRANT BY PARTRIDGE, ERECTED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn.

"The Song Life of a Sculptor" shows that in taking up his profession Mr. Partridge robbed the world of a poet of sympathy and tenderness; yet what is literature's loss is sculpture's gain. After years of study abroad we find the young reader and poet a great artist, and above all things a true American, as can be seen by his answer to a question concerning American artists abroad, at the beginning of this sketch.

So much for the man. As for the sculptor, the statues here shown are some of the most representative of Partridge's work. Two features are immediately apparent, individuality and nationality. Alexander Hamilton is represented as delivering to the patriots the famous Poughkeepsie oration that saved New York, and possibly the cause itself. The conception of the statue shows the nationality of the sculptor, and the way

in which he has worked it out expresses his individual qualities of strength and virility.

In the Grant monument there is shown another phase of Americanism: determination and tenacity of purpose. Critics both here and abroad join in commending Mr. Partridge in having created an artistic triumph, as well as a lasting memorial, in this statue of the hero of Appcmattox.

In his estate at Milton, Massachusetts, with its old colonial mansion and gardens laid out in the Italian style, Partridge has a studio where he can work at all times. When the sun is shining, or when it is raining, the interior of the studio is the sculptor's workshop; but on a cloudy day, when there are no shifting shadows, the statue is run out of doors on a railway, where it is possible to see the work under the same conditions as when it is completed and set up.

Charles Chapin Sargent, Jr.

## THE PENSION PROBLEM.

### BY HENRY CLAY EVANS,

United States Commissioner of Pensions.

How the cost of the pension system has grown to more than a hundred and forty two million dollars a year, with the prospect of a still further increase—Interesting facts about the pension rolls, and a plea for their publication.

THERE are now more war pensioners on the rolls than ever before, and it is probable that the number may be slightly increased during the present year. But high water mark has been nearly attained, and it can be predicted with safety that we shall never have a million pensioners on the rolls of the Pension Bureau.

In this statement I am in no sense endeavoring to prophesy what future legislation regarding pensions may be. We have practically a service pension law now on the statute books in the Act of Congress passed in 1890; almost any one under the provisions of that Act can obtain a pension by proving service in the Federal forces during the Civil War, so that the bars could not be let down much lower by future legislation. If I were to hazard an opinion on the subject, it would be that future legislation by Congress would restrict, rather than facilitate, the granting of pensions.

It is apparent that we are approaching the beginning of the decline in numbers of pensioners. And when this decreasing process starts, it will be very rapid.

During the fiscal year 1897, an army of nearly thirty five thousand pensioners passed from life's battle to the bourn that knows no returning. Three fourths of these, approximately speaking, were veterans of the army and navy. It is estimated that fifty thousand more will pass away this year, and that the number of deaths will steadily increase for several years to come. There will also continue to be a diminution of the pension list from other causes, such as remarriages of widows, expiration of minori-

ties, and failures to claim pensions within stated periods.

Notwithstanding a reduction of the pension rolls in 1897, which amounted in the aggregate to 41,122 names, there was no actual declension in the total number of pensioners. There were enough new pensions, reissues of certificates, and restorations of names previously dropped, to make a net increase of 5,336, bringing the total up to 976,014, the largest recorded.

The inquiry is often made whether our annual pension appropriations have yet reached their maximum figure. dent Garfield, while a Member of Congress, more than twenty years ago, declared that at that time, when we were paying something like thirty millions annually in pensions, they had already nearly attained their highest total. But this was long before the passage of the Act of 1890, under which more than forty five millions of dollars were paid during the last fiscal year to half a million pen-The total expenditure for the year, for pensions and expenses of the department, was a few thousand dollars less than one hundred and forty two millions.

From the operation of the pension laws and the work of the Bureau of Pensions since they came within my closer observation, I am inclined to the belief that while the number of pensioners has nearly reached the highest possible limit, considerably larger appropriations will yet be made before the maximum of annual expenditure will be attained. This will be due to the heavy arrearages carried with many of the new claims

allowed. The depletion of the rolls by death, or by dropping of names for other causes, only carries with it a stoppage of annual pensions, while new claims often carry many years' arrears. In fact, we may for two or three years witness the apparently anomalous condition of steady reductions in the number of pensioners, and increases in the annual expenditures for pensions. And yet it is improbable that the total annual appropriations will rise above one hundred and fifty million in their highest year.

This estimate, of course, does not consider the possibility of future legislation dealing with the veterans of the Civil War, or possibly with the soldiers of the present war with Spain. Speculation on that subject is not profitable. Some of the estimates that have been made by experts indicate that some of the additional legislation that has been proposed would swell the appropriations beyond the two hundred million point. It has been estimated that it would take sixty million dollars a year to meet the lowest of the service pensions which have been projected and discussed.

Of the pensioners now living, 733, 527 are war veterans. The remainder are widows, minor children, and other dependents. Among the veterans are six soldier patriarchs who are now the only survivors of the quarter of a million men who were engaged on land and sea in the young republic's second war with Great Britain.

Three of these aged warriors are more than a hundred years old. The venerable Hosea Brown, of Oregon, who is the eldest of these antique heroes, was of age when the war began, and was able to cast his first vote for President James Madison during the very dawning of the struggle. One of the younger of the six is James Hooper,\* of Baltimore, the last survivor of the brave sailor lads who humbled the mistress of the seas on the very waters over which she claimed

dominion. Senator George F. Hoar in a recent speech called attention to the fact that, except for the brilliant exploit at New Orleans—achieved after the conclusion of peace—the land operations of the American army in the war of 1812 were generally characterized by failure, while the naval engagements in which American vessels were victorious were so brilliant that eighteen of them are still considered to be worthy of appearing in standard British books on naval warfare as examples of tactics in battle on the high seas that British sailors can well afford to study.

The last sailor of the war of 1812 and the five surviving soldiers of that struggle draw from the Treasury, altogether, only \$1,080 a year. There are about eleven thousand survivors of the war with Mexico on the rolls, and 2,373 survivors of the old Indian wars.

It is an interesting fact that there are pensioners of the United States living under nearly every foreign flag, and in the most unfrequented byways of the earth. It will surprise no one to learn that Canada, Germany, and Ireland, in the order named, lead in the number of foreign pensioners. But some of the six hundred and twenty thousand dollars which we pay to pensioners abroad finds its way to the very ends of the earth. Vouchers go alike to the Land of the White Elephant and the lone rock of Saint Helena; to the plains of the Transvaal and the steppes of Siberia; to every continent as well as to the isles of the There are pensioners of the United States in Malta and Cyprus, Madeira and Mauritius, New Zealand and Tahiti, and many other remote islands. Although so widely scattered, the pensioners who reside abroad are not numerous. There are something like four thousand in all, one half of them in Canada.

It has been noted by some of my predecessors, and it has also come to my attention, that the longevity of these self expatriated pensioners is quite remarkable. The difficulties attending access to information from some of these distant places may be responsible for some of this persistent adherence to life on their part. I shall at an early date take steps to have the foreign pension

<sup>\*</sup> James Hooper, a soldier of the War of 1812, made an application for pension on February 21, 1874, at which time he was 69 years of age and residing at Baltimore, Maryland, and his pension was allowed for 63 days' actual service as a boy on board the United States Ship Comet, under the command of Captain Boyle. He enlisted at Baltimore, Maryland, on July 4, 1813, and was discharged at the same place September 4, 1813.

rolls overhauled and verified. This can be done, I think, through our consular agents.

There are still living and drawing pensions seven aged ladies who are the widows of soldiers of the Revolution. These draw pensions under the general act covering all Revolutionary soldiers and widows. The oldest of these ladies is Nancy Aldrich,\* long a resident of Michigan, but now of Los Angeles, California. She is the relict of Caleb Aldrich. who saw service in the New Hampshire and Rhode Island line in the Revolution. She is of even age with the nineteenth century, and may live to see the early twilight of the twentieth. The youngest Revolutionary war widow is Mary Snead. of Parksley, Virginia, whose husband served in the Old Dominion's troops under Washington. She is now eighty one years old. If she were to live to the present age of Mrs. Aldrich, the United States will still be paying Revolutionary pensions one hundred and thirty four years after the surrender of Cornwallis.

If women are to be pensioned who marry soldiers of the Civil War forty or sixty years after that struggle closed, as these venerable ladies married their husbands many years after the Revolution, the United States may be paying Civil War pensions well into the distant twenty first century. It was with no wish to disturb aged widows who now draw pensions that I officially recommended the passage of a law to the end that no pension shall be granted to the widow of any soldier who shall marry hereafter. As I said in that recommendation, there should be no discrimination, and a woman that marries a soldier now (nearly thirty three years after peace was declared) takes him for better or for worse. She was not his wife during the war; she experienced none of the hardships, deprivations, and anxieties incident to the life of the wife of a soldier, and should not be placed on

the roll as such. If there should in the far future arise specially needful cases of such widows who have reached extreme old age, their pensions could well be left to special acts of Congress in individual cases, as has been done with the several daughters of Revolutionary soldiers whose names now appear on the pension rolls.

As for the venerable survivors of the old wars themselves, "Hands off these best beloved of our household!" It is these we should most delight to care for and honor. The last survivor of the Revolution, Daniel F. Bakeman, + of New York, died on the 5th of April, 1869, eighty eight years after Yorktown, aged one hundred and nine years. The survivors of the war of 1812 now borne on the rolls have only to live five years longer to have survived the battle of New Orleans for the same period. If the same relative longevity can be counted on in the cases of the venerable men who will be the last survivors of the Boys in Blue, there will be a handful of the lads who followed the Stars and Stripes into the great American conflict still on the pension rolls in 1953.

It is an interesting fact that at least one pension for actual service in the Revolutionary War was drawn by a woman.

As to my recent suggestion that the names on the pension rolls should be published to the world, I believe their publi-

<sup>\*</sup> Nancy Aldrich, widow of Nathan Aldrich, who was a soldier in the War of 1812, made an application for pension on July 9, 1874, at which time she was 84 years of age and residing in Williamson County, Tennessee. Her pension was allowed for the actual service of her husband as a private in Captain Gault's Company, Tennessee Militia, War of 1812, for a period of 182 days. He enlisted November 13, 1814, and was discharged May 13, 1815. The widow's maiden name was Nancy Plummer.

<sup>†</sup> Daniel Frederick Bakeman, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, made an application for pension on the ryth day of June, 1867, at which time he was 107 years of age and residing at Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York. In his application for pension he alleged that he enlisted and served in the Revolutionary War in a company commanded by Captain Varnum, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Willett; but owing to impaired memory he was not positive as to length of service, though knew he served at least four years. His pension was granted, under a special act of Congress, at the rate of \$500 per annum. This soldier has the distinction of being the last survivor of the Revolutionary War. He died April 5, 1869, aged 109 years.

<sup>‡</sup> Deborah Gannett, a woman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War under the name of Robert Shurtleff, made an application for pension on September 14, 1818, at which time she was 59 years of age and residing at Sharon, Massachusetts, and her pension was allowed for two years' actual service as a private in the Massachusetts troops, Revolutionary War. It appears that she enlisted in the month of April, 1781, and served in Captain George Webb's company, in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Colonel Shepherd, afterwards by Colonel Jackson, until about the month of November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged. During the time of her service she was wounded at Tarrytown (probably in the second battle of that place), and was also present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

cation would lead to the dropping of a number of pensioners from the rolls. Whether the saving by this means would be sufficient to offset the expense of the publication of the lists is not easy to estimate.

Sentiment has in the past figured largely in preventing the publication of the names of pensioners. It has been assumed that the worthy pensioner would object to having the fact that he was drawing a pension from the government paraded before the world.

Personally I do not sympathize with this sentiment. The pension roll ought to be a roll of honor. No man need be ashamed to have his name on it if he is entitled to have it there. It is highly important to eliminate the frauds, if there be any, from the pension rolls, but it is equally important, if not more so, to prevent the dropping of worthy and deserving men who are actually dependent on their pensions for their sustenance. Let us all wish long life still lengthened to the veterans.

#### THE SHELL.

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch, Of the kind that never flinch, Never slacken, never sway, When the quarry blocks the way.

Silent in the belted breech, Peering thro' the rifled reach, Waiting, while I scan the sea, For a word to set me free.

As my eager eyes I strain, Heaves in view a ship of Spain. Hark! the wild alarums ring, As the men to quarters spring;

Then the word of sharp command, On the lanyard rests a hand, "Fire!" From out the rifled core, On the cannon's breath I soar.

Twice five hundred pounds of steel, Where on high the eagles reel, For my mark the nearing foe, Messenger of death I go!

Hark! the shriek of unleashed hell! 'Tis the speech of shell to shell: Brother, shall I kill or spare? "Mark the faces blanching there!"

Brother, shall I strike or swerve? "Death to them that death deserve! Mark the vessel onward come!" Mark the thirteen inch strike home.

Crash! I feel the steel clad ship Split and stagger, rend and rip; Then a shriek and then a hush, As the dark'ning waters rush

Thro' the torn and gaping side Of the foeman's hope and pride. To the bottom of the sea Go a thousand lives with me!

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch, Of the kind that never flinch, Never slacken, never sway, When the quarry blocks the way.

# AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

## BY ANNA LEACH.

The American marriage that her aunt the duchess arranged for Mlle. Berthe de Berneville, and the American marriage that she arranged for herself.

CULBERTSON saw her first at a garden party near Paris.

It was at one of those charming old places into which the tourist never peeps-of which, indeed, he never so much as hears except in the vaguest way. The American of the "colony" knows that there is a society in Paris into which he or she never penetrates, but that class is rather inclined to consider the old noblesse stupid. Complacent French counts and princes, who accept invitations to the tents of the "colony" to meet American heiresses, tell the residents there that they admire American so much more than French ways; that there is a lack of conventionality, a domesticity, about the American ménage which is quite unknown to the French. "It can be expressed," one of these said, "by the way in which the chairs are placed. In the old houses here they are in a row against the wall. In the American houses they-stand about anywhere." He added, "It is delightful."

When by chance—by the rarest chance—an American found herself near one of these exclusives whose chairs were formally placed, she was chilled, and not much inclined to seek the privilege a second time.

But Culbertson was different. He went everywhere. It began with his father, who went to Europe at the time of the American Civil War. He vas a delightful gentleman, who saw no earthly reason why he should stay at home and fight on either side. He was a man from the western part of Virginia, whose own father had had an idea that slave holding was degrading to the owner, and who had freed all the blacks he owned. His son considered that the family had done their part before the war, settled their attitude toward the question forever, and might leave the rest of the world to fight over what they had given up for reasons of taste. It had left the Culbertsons with a hampered income, for lavish living Southerners, and Europe was the place in which most could be obtained for the money that was left. So to Europe he went with his own son, still in the nursery governess stage.

When Culbertson, Jr., was fifteen he performed the feat of going blindfolded through the Pitti Gallery in Florence and putting his hand on every picture he was asked to touch. For seven years he had passed through it four times a day on his way to and from his school.

His father died when he was twenty two, and left him with a crowd of good acquaintances, a Latin education, and, fortunately, some of the economical habits of the Latins he had grown up among; for the income had become even smaller. However, Culbertson knew princes who were not so well off.

He was thirty eight now, and he knew everything—and went everywhere. His manners were the most beautiful in the world, having the frank sweetness of the American gentleman grafted upon all that is best to know in the ways of a diplomatic and punctilious society.

It was nothing strange to him to find himself in the ancient walled estate where the marchioness was entertaining her friends in the beautiful spring weather of France.

He had been talking to his hostess when he saw that beautiful girl. His eyes lighted and dwelt lovingly upon her with the same expression he gave to the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, although she was not at all like that inscrutable lady. When Culbertson looked at her he felt something stir in him which he must have inherited from the old Virginia patriarchs—heads of great families of children and dependents—who were his forebears. She was so tall and lilylike and young. He felt his knowledge of everything; that she was embodied innocence and to be protected.

"She is lovely," his nostess said, in answer to his unspoken admiration. "A pity, isn't it?"

"A pity? A pity to be the most exquisite human being on earth?" He lifted his brows, but his voice (Culbertson's gentle

baritone voice had been called "liquid velvet" by one of the young American heiresses) was still full of deference to the

opinion of his hostess.

"But the de Bernevilles haven't a sou." The marchioness threw out her hands. "Nobody in our class has any money. She certainly cannot marry out of it. There is nothing left for her but the convent. She is no longer a child. It is inevitable."

" May I be presented?" Culbertson asked,

after a moment.

She lost some of the tender look of early youth when he came closer. She was a white rose, not a bud. Culbertson had a fancy that she was a rose which kept its freshness from refrigeration, like those blossoms which the florists keep in the ice box.

She was quiet and had a delightful manner, but she was not shy. She could talk if she chose, he was sure. She did not recognize that he was an American. She was evidently accustomed to the cosmopolitan, and the man whose taste was that of a connoisseur found her interesting as well as beautiful. All the conversational straws swayed gently in the right direction.

"She has tremendous reserve," he said to himself admiringly. "She has the temper

of her race."

He thought of her in a convent, and then—he thought of other things. All the American spirit was not out of Culbertson. He was inventive, and, having been brought up without his American birthright of an occupation, he was still like that captive baby beaver which dammed a leak in a bucket, having never seen a stream.

He looked about for the girl's mother presently, and he found that she had only an aunt, who looked as though she was breaking under the burden of her chaper-

onage.

"A beautiful idea!" Culbertson said softly to himself, as he sat by the window of his little apartment that night and smoked his cigar. He could only afford one a day, but that was exquisite of flavor and blended perfectly with the perfume of the linden bloom which came from the garden across the street.

A long residence out of Anglo Saxon atmosphere is not to be desired for a man who is not of Latin blood and nerves. It plays some queer tricks with the conscience. The Latin has his standard, and the Englishman or American has his. When the boundaries of either are lost there is a wide field to play in.

The next day saw Culbertson at the most fashionable hotel in Paris, making a call upon a man whose name had been in every American paper every day for six months, and who had left his native land slapped on the back by his whole country. The farmers in Nebraska and Wyoming knew him by his Christian name. He was "Bob" Massey to everybody, the man who at twenty seven had gone into the speculative field with the shrewdest heads in the nation, and had bested them at their own game. He had bought, actually bought and stored. all the wheat in the country until he had brought the price up step by step, letting a little go to foreign countries now and then, then holding tight again, until wheat had "gone out of sight," and he had made so many millions that it made the head dizzy to think of it. The farmers called him a "smart fellow," and laughed. They had sold their wheat at a good price. It was nothing to them (they thought) if flour was higher. The brokers said, "Clever chap!" and the American lovers of shrewdness told each other anecdotes about him.

Culbertson had met Massey's sister in Rome one year, but it was only today that he thought of calling upon him. When he came into the room the expatriated American was most agreeably surprised, and he put forth more of that subtle charm of his, which he himself thought of as a part of his earthly capital, than he had expected, Bob Massey was a handsome, fresh faced, manly young fellow, with a hand clasp in which you could feel the red blood under his skin. He was frankly glad to see Culbertson, of whom all Americans with social aspirations had heard. Here was the one man in Europe who could show him around, and Massey wanted to see the best of everything. He wanted to buy some good pictures, to know where they were, to meet some of the men who made history in Europe as the men he knew made it in America. He thought it uncommonly kind of Culbertson to look him up, and he told him so.

It was two weeks later that Culbertson gave a dinner. It was the height of the Paris spring season, and he always gave a dinner every year at this time. This year it was a little smaller than usual, and one of the guests was an American-which was Whenever Culbertson looked unusual. back on that year (and as years went by he often went lingeringly back to some of its incidents-while to some he went back to be sure they were buried forever out of sight) he thought that the fortnight between the garden party of the marchioness and that dinner was the busiest of his life. It was the fullest of diplomacy, and it was crammed with a factor in diplomacy which is often ignored-boldness.

He had made his way into the very

sanctum of a great French family, and he had passed the portals of the mind of a French girl of the old régime, and his heart beat with exultation at his daring when he thought of it.

There had been letters from the archbishop in Rome, who had been his father's friend, to the old Duchesse de Berneville. He had told the story frankly to the archbishop-at least, the gist of it-and the archbishop had agreed with him that there were many nuns in the church, but few wives of great millionaires.

He had even been asked to dine in the dilapidated de Berneville hôtel, where raisins and nuts made the dessert. But afterward, he had heard Mlle. Berthe sing, and had seen her sitting before the piano in her thin, white gown, the candle light making an aureole around her flaxen head. And then after her voice ceased and her hands began playing tender, broken chords they two had talked.

It had not been sentimental conversation either. Her voice was low and sweet, and his was tender, but what she had said was: "I hate the thought of the church. That unspeakable slavery! It may have been all very well a hundred years ago, when there was faith; but who has faith nowadays? A vocation? I have more of a vocation for death. You can at least pass the time in the grave with less ennui."

"I wonder-sometimes," Culbertson had said-he was past fear now that he had brought her so far; he saw possibilities looming which he had so little expected that they were like the substantiation of air castles-"I wonder." he said. "why you Frenchwomen do not follow the example of your men and marry fortunes—American fortunes."

"An excellent reason: we have not the opportunity."

"But suppose you had?"

She turned her lovely face, and some of the mask of ingenuousness had fallen away. She looked into his eyes with a glance in hers which was almost shrewd, and there was humor, too, in the turned up corners of her flowerlike mouth, which parted to show sharp, even teeth.

"You are the only American I ever met; the only one I am likely to meet. You have no fortune. - You have been inquired about."

Culbertson laughed back at her in sympathy. He thought that she was the one woman whom he had ever met who altogether delighted him. "Human nature, you are still alive in France, then!" he said inside his brain.

"But if you were to meet one? A man richer than many kings in Europe have been; a man with a great, generous heart; a man who would give you the world, who would be glad that you came to him without a penny, who would be anxious to gratify every taste, every whim; who would leave you with your position and add to it; who would make you a queen indeed-

"Where is he?" "I know him."

And when she gave him her hand that night they exchanged a look of camaraderie. of understanding, which made the old duchess look startled, and then settle again into her knowledge of her niece and what the wily archbishop had written of the American.

Culbertson's task with Massey had been child's play to this. He had told him of a lovely French girl, "good family, but very poor, tremendously pretty, clever and well educated." Massey was in the state of social formation when he liked to hear that a pretty woman was well educated. He had known those who were not, and he was young enough, healthy enough, to be unable to hear of a pretty girl of whom another man spoke with gentle respect without being more than a little interested.

And when Culbertson had casually mentioned his annual dinner and asked him to come, he had found the information that Mlle, de Berneville was to be there the chief event in his near future.

Culbertson was almost frightened at the success of his plan. He had known it would succeed, he told himself. He had known, he said, that when fire and tow were brought together a conflagration was the inevitable result. But as he saw Massey's face when he was presented to Mlle, de Berneville, he had the feeling of one who had started an avalanche, and to save his life he could not rid himself of the vague idea that he was under it.

"It is a beautiful plan," he said over and over again. "She will be the veritable queen of American society. She will make him the happiest man on earth, and he will make her the happiest woman, for he is as good as gold-according to his lights,' he could but add.

By this time he and the archbishop together had primed the duchess. She had been in an agony for days. She had despised and spurned the thought to begin with, and then an old friend, a distant cousin, whose son had married a rich American, had come to see her, and they had wept over past glories-and concluded that nothing could be done but make the best of the evil times.

"These Americans are not really like the vulgar rich of other countries," the mother in law of the American millions had said. "They are very docile. They take advice and follow your leading quite blindly, and they become presentable presently. And I understand this M. Massey has billions. Does Berthe rebel?"

"She knows nothing," her aunt said, quite scandalized. "It is the thought of the archbishop. One of the Americans, a man who has been brought up quite like a gentleman, is the—the means.

"My son rebelled," the other sighed.

For a moment only, Culbertson saw Berthe before she left his dinner. He had taken a suite in which to give it, and there was a balcony which overlooked the Champs Elysées, banked tonight with roses.

All the evening, Massey had been beside her, looking at her, speaking to her with his heart in his eyes and trembling on his tongue. He was full of the poetry of an unspoiled American boy-for all his wheat; and she was like every ideal which had ever

been precious to him.

But for an instant she eluded him and passed through the draped window on to the balcony, and Culbertson followed her. The rows of lights with the dark lines of trees between led up to the Arc de Triomphe, which loomed high against the sky in that city of low houses. Fiacres. carriages, people who laughed, went by. It was gay Paris. Even in the dim light Culbertson could see that her cheeks were red, that there was a something in her face which does not belong in the face of a young French girl. He started to speak, and then he put his hand on the railing near hers, and they stood facing each other. The rose trees were around, behind her. Her beauty, and the spiritual vibration of her exquisite femininity struck his senses almost like a pain. The perfume of the roses seemed to be part of her. She laughed.

"Have you come to see if I think he will

do?" she said.

Culbertson turned his head and looked away to where the moon hung over a distant towered mount.

"You are singular for a French girl, after all," he said.

"You must have realized that when you

came to me with your—proposition."
"Yes, I think I did. If you had not been singular, if I had not felt that you were one to seize an opportunity, one to whom great things should come, one who would understand, who could use tools, I should never have come to you."

"Do you think it a great thing for me to

marry that-boy?"

"He is a man. Men have found him a man."

"I believe he is all you say. I can see

that he is good. But do you know how old I am? I am not a girl; I am twenty seven years old,"

"I must have known-that-too," Culbertson said slowly. All at once he had a sensation that he had been asleep and was

waking up to vague trouble.

That night Massey wrung his hand hard when he said good night. Then he hesitated, and clipped the end of a cigar, as though he would like to stay and smoke. He was the last, and Culbertson was anxious for him to go, but he was as charmingly interested as though he were welcoming his first guest instead of speeding his

think," Massey said deliberately, "that the French way of bringing up girls is right. It is-it must be-delightful for a man to know that the woman he marries has never been alone with another man; that she has read no bad books, has seen no vulgar plays, that her mind is white and sweet, and that it is his task to keep it so. I think it ought to make better men.'

"Yes," Culbertson said.

"I suppose you wouldn't like to walk

about a bit? It's a fine night."

"Not tonight," Culbertson said again. But after Massey had gone he did walk, away up to the top of that towered mount over which the moon hung.

He did not see her again for several days, and then it was at a great function. All the relatives had accepted Massey almost at once, and his wooing sped. The story of it was not yet in the American papers. The Paris Herald had not heard of it. Mlle, de Berneville belonged to the class of Frenchwomen whose friends do not advertise them.

The season was almost over, and people were flying out of Paris as the tourist came in, when one day Culbertson went to the de Berneville hôtel to call.

He did not know why. He went because he could not help it. Massey had called twice at his apartment that day, and both times he had sent word he was out.

He was not particularly surprised when Berthe came in to see him alone. She looked very girlish, very young, with her shirt waist and white collar like an American

"Have you come to congratulate me? To make the final arrangements?" she said lightly.

"Has it come to that?"

"Have you not heard? It was yesterday. It is to be announced immediately after we go to the country. M. Massey has not yet spoken to me. It has all been arranged with my aunt. I am to be spoken to in the country. He think he will like that."

There was little sunshine in the dingy old room, with its heavy, tarnished gilding, faded silk, and records of past splendors. Culbertson thought she looked white in the gloom.

"That is why I am allowed to see you alone. I am—in my aunt's eyes—betrothed, and you are the—friend."

"I am glad I am that."

"Mr. Massey has been most generous. He and my aunt spoke of settlements at once. They were the important thing—and must be finished before I am spoken to." There was a faint little smile on her lips, but none in her eyes. "His settlements will quite restore the family. They are splendid."

She spoke quite rapidly, with some hesitation now and then; and then, still not looking at him, "My aunt has been without a fortune so long that—that I am afraid she will be a little peculiar just at first." Culbertson wondered why she was telling him this.

"She will, of course, speak to you—and perhaps she will not be so generous. But I want you to know that Mr. Massey is going to give me a great income. I myself, afterward, will make any arrangement you—think proper." She was breathless when she stopped, and Culbertson was on his feet his eyes blazing and his face as white as death.

"Berthe!" he said. "Berthe!" and there was anger and agony in his tone. He had never dared to speak her name aloud before,

but he knew now that he must have said it over to himself thousands of times.

The girl stood, too, and her face also was white, and her teeth held a trembling lower

lip.

"Did you think—" He had to stop and swallow that the words might find a way through his dry throat. "Did you think that I was arranging a marriage for the woman I loved—for money?" The last word echoed with scorn.

"Why not?" she said wildly. "Why should I think better of you than you thought of me? What else could I think? You are all—selling me. What is it for except for money? Do you love Mr. Massey

so much that you-"

Their eyes were clinging to each other while they spoke. What did words mean? The meaning was there in each other's eyes for each to read. The training of a lifetime fell from Culbertson in his supreme emotion, and he was just a simple American man, with the absolute certainty that he had a right to the woman he loved so long as she loved him and was not the wife of another man. The primal instincts were strong in him, and as for her—a woman is always a woman. and she finished that sentence in an unintelligible murmur in Culbertson's neck. It was not fair to Massey, but it is not always the good whom fortune favors, nor the villain who is disappointed; for life is always

#### SURRENDER.

"AH, sweet, sweet heart, pray give me a rose
To carry with me today,
A white, white rose, like your own pure heart,
A talisman in the fray."

"I give you a red, red rose, dear heart, For my heart's true love, deep red;" Not the white rose for surrender, dear; Farewell!" she softly said.

On a bloody battlefield he lies
With his face turned to his foes,
And the withered rose is stained and dark
Where the life blood ebbs and flows.

And a maiden murmurs sad and lone Where the summer roses bloom, Filling the air with the spicy scent Of their subtle, sweet perfume:

"The red rose blooms for the noble heart, Pulseless beneath the sod, But the white is mine for surrender Of him I loved best to God!"

## OUR NATIVE ARISTOCRACY.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

The American millionaire, the "club man," and the "society woman," as pictured in the popular literature of the day, and how these familiar types of fiction differ from those of real life.

IF I could have this country made over to suit myself, I would fit it out with a complete set of titled aristocrats, not because I think that they would be of any public benefit, but simply because I could use them Whatever we may think in my business. about hereditary legislators and noblemen and caste and laws of precedence, there is no doubt that they are of enormous value to the writer of books or plays. Take those elements out of the fiction and dramatic literature of England, and see how much would remain. Then consider the condition of the Israelites who were compelled to make bricks without straw, and you will have an idea of the disadvantages under which American writers have been laboring since colonial

Having no recognized aristocracy of our own, we have been compelled to create one; or, to speak more accurately, a sort of nobility has grown up in the popular mind, and now, with the unanimous indorsement of all the society columns, actually seems to stand for something. This nobility consists chiefly of millionaires, club men, and the females of their species who are termed "society" women and belles.

Perhaps the most important of all these personages is the millionaire, who may be said to hold a place in the popular esteem not unlike that enjoyed by dukes and earls in Great Britain, while those within reach of the vast Vanderbilt or Astor inheritances may safely be compared to princes or dukes of the blood royal. A society woman is a woman who rides in a carriage with two men on the box, and does nothing except amuse herself: while a club man is one who is seldom without a silk hat, always has his trousers well creased, is never seen after six except in evening dress, and spends most of his waking hours in the window of his club, conversing with others of his kind. The "society belle" is, according to the popular estimate, always beautiful, generally frivolous, and invariably the possessor of gorgeous apparel and splendid jewels, which she wears at every hour of the day and night.

My objection to our aristocracy is that its different grades are not sufficiently distinct for literary or dramatic use, and that it is difficult for the writer to draw a picture of a man worth two millions that is in any essential particular different from that of the superior aristocrat who is worth twenty millions. This is strange, when we think of the vast gulf that lies between the millionaire and the unfortunate who has been able to accumulate only a paltry hundred thousand dollars or so, and especially when we recall the pitiful attempts that have been made from time to time to create a sort of brummagem aristocracy of "quarter millionaires," "half millionaires," and other equally contemptible persons.

But the lines are becoming more and more strongly marked with each succeeding year and, thanks to the efforts of the society reporter, information concerning our native nobility is so freely disseminated nowadays that it may not be long before native writers will have something tangible to work on in the way of American caste. About half a century ago, according to the chronicles of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, himself a member of one of the most illustrious families in our plutocracy, there was an "upper ten thousand" in New York. A decade ago Mr. McAllister put the number at four hundred, and of late there have been certain abortive attempts to limit the peerage to thirty five. But the term "Four Hundred" has taken such a strong hold on the popular fancy that it will be many a year before any other numerical limitation of social supremacy will be generally accepted.

In the serial fiction which found place in story papers like the New York Ledger a quarter of a century ago, Congressmen, Governors of States, judges, and bankers, with their immediate families, were put forward as embodiments of exalted rank. Bronson Howard was thus enabled to bestow upon one of his early dramas of American society the convincing and readily understood title of "The Banker's Daughter." But nowadays statesmen seem to have fallen into disrepute,

and the writer who desires to enchain the fancy of story readers must give them a hero who is either a millionaire three or four times over or else a member of the "Four Hundred." In view of the fact that these millionaires, club men, and "society" women and belies enjoy a distinct place in ephemeral American literature, it is perhaps worth our while to say a few words concerning their counterparts in real life, and to show how these differ in certain essentials from their representatives in fiction.

One of the strangest superstitions about the millionaire is one that is fostered not so much by story writers as by word of mouth. This relates to his prodigality in money matters. How often do people exclaim, "That man must be a millionaire twice over! I saw him pay for four bottles of wine in a Broadway saloon the other night without turning a hair "-when, of course, as a matter of fact, it practically never happens that a veritable plutocrat drinks champagne in a Broadway café. It is well known that half a dozen sanguine racing men will spend more money in that way in one evening than will all the members of the Standard Oil Company in the course of their lives. In short, what is known as "wine opening" is more likely to be a sign of pecuniary desperation than of long inheritance or great accretions.

In the popular mind, the gentleman of wealth and high breeding invariably keeps a valet, whom he talks about and parades before the gaze of his friends and acquaintances with an ostentation similar to that which characterizes a boy with his first silver watch. The Marquis of Steyne, one of the greatest swells as well as one of the most unscrupulous scoundrels in the whole range of modern fiction, and the character who, of all others, conveys to us a vivid and truthful idea of what English caste really is, may or may not have kept a valet, but certainly there is not a single allusion to that servitor to be found between the covers of "Vanity Fair." And nowhere in the whole volume does the real spirit of high station show itself more strongly than in his involuntary ejaculation when Becky tells him how much she is obliged to spend on her table in order to maintain her position in society. "Gad! I dined with the king yesterday, and we had boiled neck of mutton and turnips for dinner."

No, the man who talks about his valet among decent people, or anywhere, in fact, except in the literature of modern snobdom, is either voted a bore or else openly ridiculed. Nevertheless, in the minds of the vulgar, the "man" of latter day fiction enjoys a degree of distinction not unlike that which was accorded in Coney Island, some years ago, to

John Y. McKane's coachman, a functionary who received a warm welcome everywhere as befitting one who "rides every day in the same carriage with the chief."

In millionaire society the distinctions of wealth are not as sharply drawn as the writers of Ledger serials would have us believe. A great many persons of very limited means enjoy the very best standing in society, and are even eagerly sought by the families of plutocrats because of their superior connection. Nor is there any general disposition to snub poor young men in accordance with one of the most time honored of serial traditions. On the contrary, there is no place in the world where a poor young man can succeed better, provided he possesses any social qualifications whatever, than among these self same millionaires, club men, and society women who constitute our native aristocracy.

A great many story readers would probably be bitterly disappointed, were they to enter the realms of fashion, by the simplicity in matters of dress which prevails there. would dispel many a cherished dream were they to behold a "belle of Murray Hill" arrayed in a morning gown of gingham, and with no diamond necklace around her neck or emeralds in her ears. It is true that the making of her dress may have cost a great deal, but at least there will be no ostentation in its material. Her lover, who never appears in the pages of the weekly story paper except in a frock coat with long tails, or the conventional broadcloth prescribed for evening wear, and seldom without his high silk hat, goes out to walk with her in rough, well worn clothes, thick soled shoes, and a cloth cap, and looks anything but the popular ideal of what he really is.

The conversation at the breakfast table does not hinge altogether upon the amount of money possessed by the different friends of the family, nor does the mother urge upon her daughters the necessity for marrying money, certain weekly story literature to the contrary notwithstanding. In many old fashioned serials it was customary to represent the purse proud millionaire commanding his daughter to marry a foreign nobleman, pictured in the wood cut as a cross between a bandit and a bunco steerer, while the daughter declares her intention of wedding a mechanic who wears overalls and makes chairs and tables for a living. In real life the daughter will sometimes marry a foreign nobleman, but the millionaire is more than likely to prefer the mechanic for a son in law, because in that case he at least knows what he is getting.

The daughters of wealth and fashion, by the way, are far more particular now than ever before in regard to alliances with foreign noblemen. Those bearing French, German, or Italian titles are not looked upon with favor, and even the "well connected Englishman," who was once so eagerly sought after, is now expected to give some substantial reason for a butterfly existence before the doors of desirable houses are thrown open to him.

The exalted classes are never "agog"—whatever that may be—when one of their number opens a flower store, or sublets the family name to a dressmaker, or "goes into trade," as the society reporters put it. The fact is, so many of the best of our millionaires are, or have been, in trade of some sort or other themselves that they can endure the spectacle with a fair degree of equanimity.

The stage is largely responsible for the erroneous impressions that prevail concerning the ultra refinement and ivory polish that characterize the highly placed in private life. In what are known as "society plays" the manners of the actors are marked by a degree of flourish and exaggerated courtesy which is never seen in real life outside of a barber's shop. The stage aristocrat will gravely offer his arm to the lady whom he wishes to escort across the room; the actresses assume attitudes that they have seen in fashion plates. and the pretended members of the nobility vie with one another in the haughtiness of their demeanor. The result of all this is a portrayal of millionaire and society life that would awaken the ridicule of any one who had ever seen the inside of a decent house.

The late Dion Boucicault was once rehearsing a play of his which dealt with aristocratic society, when his attention was attracted by the antics of an actress who was assuming the airs and graces which seemed to her to be a part and parcel of drawing-room manners.

"And what are you doing?" demanded the dramatist, as he fixed his searching eyes upon her. "You're trying to play a lady, aren't you?" he continued.

"Yes, that is my part," she replied, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, aren't you a lady?" he demanded significantly. No further reproof was needed, and when the play was produced there was one woman in the cast, at least, who looked and acted as if she were accustomed to drawingrooms.

No, millionaires and society people are no more elaborate in their courtesy or particular as to their manners than are those who are less fortunately placed. Indeed, some one has said with considerable truth that "only middle" class people have good manners; smart people don't need them." But to their credit, be it said, they are not haughty in their treatment of acquaintances who are worth anywhere from forty cents to a hundred thousand dollars, or who do not get their names into the society chronicles of the day.

Nor are they in the habit of talking about their possessions. In fact, they are rather inclined to deplore hard times, and to refer in terms of pointed regret to the various economies that they are compelled to practise. The talk about money, and how much Mr. Oiltrust is worth, and how much Mrs. Oiltrust spends, and how many men in livery serve the guests at one of her dinner parties, is heard chiefly in cheap boarding houses. After a season of conversation of this sort, it is a positive relief, as I can personally testify, to meet people who are devoid of that ostentatious pride of purse of which we hear so much at boarding house dinner tables.

## THE OLD DAY DREAM.

The old day dream! Strive as I may, I cannot drive its shade away;
For tho' I seek where sunbeams fall,
Their glinting light her smiles recall
Till thoughts of her turn gold to gray.

Ah, vain regret! She was my day
In that far time. The pleasant way
Was where she led me in her thrall—
The old day dream!

Could it one constant pang allay,
Or to the empty heart convey
One thrill of pleasure at its call,
Such joy would recompense for all;
And I would welcome and bid stay
The old day dream.

## FIVE LETTERS AND A CALL.

### BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX.

The tangled love affairs, real and imaginary, of John Stockton Morrowby—A businesslike proposition, and an unbusinesslike change of plan.

JOHN MORROWBY sat in his room in Montrose, New Jersey, writing a letter. The room was large and pleasant, and from the two west windows one could look out upon trim lawns, pretty country places, and hard, white roads bordered with elm trees. In the distance was the long, blue green "brow" of the Orange "mountain." John was smoking a brier pipe, and his attitude showed concentration of thought. This is what he wrote:

Browview, August 3, 1897.

MY DEAR PRENTISS:

I know that, being engaged to Vida Lincoln, you are not supposed to have any secrets from her. Still, there is a matter which I should greatly like to discuss with you, which must be in strict confidence. I do not wish to be the cause of your having any secrets from her, but this case is of such vital interest to me and, I think, to you also, that I feel justified in asking your permission. Think it over and let me know.

How go the mines, and are you investing your savings in mining stock? If so, may they all prove small Klondikes to you and may your path of progress be lined with gold and glory!

Montrose is about as usual. The new Field Club house is popular as ever, and we hope to have some jolly dances there this winter. Am just off for a game at the tennis grounds, so farewell.

Sincerely yours,
John Stockton Morrowby.

Having finished his letter and his pipe at the same time, Mr. Morrowby stamped the one and hung the other up in the leather wall case. Descending to the lawn, he mounted his wheel and rode off for a game of tennis in the beautiful Montrose grounds. As he entered the inclosure he doffed his cap to the fair occupants of a pony cart, two buckboards, and a four in hand coach which had lumbered majestically in for a few moments on the way to Summit for dinner. On the green level in the center of the shaded grounds a dozen young men in white duck trousers and pink and blue outing shirts were playing. Their alertly moving figures contrasted sharply with the dark green background.

As John stood watching the final of a set

of doubles at his end of the grounds, Eliot Lincoln and his sister rode in on their wheels, with their rackets tied to the handle bars.

"Hello, John! Waiting for a chance?"

Eliot sang out as he dismounted.

"Hello, Eliot! Good afternoon, Vida," John answered, joining them and stacking his wheel with theirs. "I'm awfully glad you came. Yes, why can't we make up a four? This set is just finished."

"All right, I'll ask Miss Bloodgood over there; she has her racket, I see;" and Eliot went across to one of the pony carts.

"I've just been writing to him," said John, smiling at Miss Lincoln.

"Who is him?" she asked.

"There should be but one him to you," John replied banteringly. "To Wilkes Prentiss, of course. He's a friend of mine out at the mines, you know. I've just asked him if I could have a secret with him which you were not to be in."

Miss Lincoln colored a little and laughed

happily.

"How very aggravating!" she exclaimed.

"Of course, if you don't want to tell me I
don't want to know; but you are horrid to
tell me about it. I don't see why you can't
confide in me, too, John; you have never had
cause to regret doing so in the past."

"I know it, Vida," John said, more gravely. "You have always been a mighty nice friend to confide in, but in this case....."

"Shake it up, over there; here's the court!" cailed out her brother from the net, and in a minute more the quartet had added another picturesque group to the animated scene

Ten days later, John received the following letter:

CRIPPLE CREEK, August 8, 1897.

DEAR MORROWBY:

Of course you may. Go ahead perfectly frankly. Vida knows all my secrets, but there is no reason why she need know yours—unless you want her to. She and I have a perfect understanding about those things, and you know how sensible she is. Tell me all about it, old man, and I'll do the best I can for you.

Progress here is slow, and I have not made any investments for the simple reason that I have not been able to save anything. A student of mining engineering nowadays does not easily find the golden road to glory, and a comfortable berth in Denver with a modest salary is the best I can hope for for a good many years yet.

Your suggestion of Montrose gaieties makes me realize what a lucky dog you are to be among them. I get a little blue now and then, but what's the use? I know my road, and I'm going to stick in it. Give my regards to the fellows, And believe me,

Yours, pegging away,
WILKES PRENTISS.

In writing his reply to the young engineer, the attitude of Mr. John Stockton Morrowby showed even more concentration of thought than in his first communication. It was rather long, and John meant every word in it.

Browview, August, 15, 1897.

DEAR PRENTISS:

I am going to write you in absolute frankness, and shall keep nothing back. Whatever your feelings are in regard to what I say, I trust you will express them with equal honesty. I should feel very sorry, indeed, if I thought our regard for each other was to be in the least impaired.

As you know, Vida Lincoln and I are old friends. We have always been much together, and since you went away a year and a half ago, I have been with her neither more nor less than when you were here. We have so many interests in common that we naturally see each other often. When I want to fall back on a girl for a ride or a drive I take her, and when she wants a man to fill a dinner chair at the last moment, or take her to the Country Club, when her brother can't go, she calls on me.

Had I any idea of what was coming from all this, I never should have continued in this beautifully platonic but dangerous manner, but I have recently awakened to the fact that, from my side, the platonic part of it has entirely faded away. I am more in love with Vida than I had ever believed I could be with any one. In fact, Iwell, I won't go into harrowing details, when you know me well enough to believe that when I say I am in love, I am in love! You also know me well enough to understand that I have not given Vida the faintest suspicion of such a thing. That I am successful in this dissimulation is evident from the fact that she treats me precisely as she always has done. If she thought I was trying to take advantage of your absence, you know how she would recoil from me.

I realize perfectly well that she has promised to marry you, and I have no right to enter the lists, but I believe, Prentiss, old man, that this is a peculiar case, and, knowing your conscientious and analytical trend of mind, I am going to explain what I mean.

Neither your love for a woman nor mine is that selfish, blindly passionate kind that demands possession of its object under any conditions. We love in a way that wishes, first of all things, happiness to the woman, even if oneself has to

be sacrificed. I feel that this is the highest and most honorable kind of love, and the kind a woman such as Vida deserves. Now, if you feit that some one else could make her happier in life than you could, what would you do? Or, in other words, if I feel conscientiously that, should she love me, I could make her happier than you could, ought she to have the opportunity of changing? If she loves you wholly and devotedly, of course that settles it, for with her love is the only thing that is all important. But let us look at it for a moment in the abstract.

You and she were engaged almost before she entered society, and soon after that you went west. You are a scientist and a practical man. You will succeed in life, and are almost sure to do more useful work for the world than ever I shall do. But if Vida marries you, she must leave her home and all her friends, and begin life anew in Denver. You say your hopes are only for a modest salary for a good many years to come. You must be away all day, and she knows nothing about hydraulics or silver mine shafts.

On the other hand, I have plenty of leisure and money. Vida loves music, and I am working at composing and musical criticism. We have everything in common. Should she marry me, she could travel, hear the best music in Europe, study and live where she wished, and my own work would be directly in line with all her interests in life.

Shall I put the case before her? I will tell her that I have written you, and that you have given me permission, simply because you had her best welfare at heart. If you say no, it is needless to say that she shall never know of what has passed between us or within my own heart. You may depend upon my loyalty to you.

This has been a hard letter to write, and I could not imagine myself writing it to any one but your old dear self. Good by, old man, and, for Heaven's sake, write soon to one who is trying to see things in the right way.

Always your friend, JOHN MORROWBY.

When this letter was completed, the writer sealed and addressed it with elaborate care, then sat back in his chair and consumed three pipefuls of birdseye in solemn procession.

Then he went down, mounted his wheel, and rode over to the Lincolns'.

Two weeks later the following letter came to him.

CRIPPLE CREEK, August 24, 1897.

MY DEAR JOHN:

I have spent the last few days tramping furiously over these hills, trying in vain to calm myself and get into a mood in which a letter to you would be possible. I understand fully every word in your letter, and appreciate the situation absolutely. I honor you for the honorable—yes, noble—way you have met a situation which I can only regard as a catastrophe.

Ever since Vida came into my life, she has been the end and aim of all my ambitions and

hopes. I have had a hard life of it here, John, harder than I should like to admit, and the one thing that has cheered and encouraged me has been the love that girl has given me and the adoration I have for her. Your own life is so rich and so full of happiness-you have home and friends and everything that wealth and culture can give you—that you cannot, perhaps, appreciate and understand just what this means to me. The mere thought of a possibility of Vida going out of my life has completely unnerved me. For two days I was almost ill over it. Then I grew calmer, and tried to realize the question from her standpoint. You say my love for her is unselfish. Of course I wish her to be happy above all things—yes, even at the sacrifice of myself; and yet I fear I have been all too selfish in my love for her, for I find that I had never quite realized all that her marriage to me might mean to her till you put it in-pardon the expression-cold blood on paper before me. What you say may be true, though that thought almost kills me. Heaven knows I want to do what is right for her and for myself and-for you.

As I work here drearily day by day, it is the constant vision of her that inspires me with courage. I feel her spirit always with me and—but, as you say, I will not go into harrowing

ietails.

Yes, John, speak to her. Tell her I told you to put the case before her. I know how she loves music, and how she would delight in travel and opportunity for study, and—God help me!—let me know at once the result. I will not write her again till I hear from you—will say I have a pinched hand or something. Let me know at once, John.

Yours,

WILKES.

This letter came in the morning delivery, and John Morrowby found it at his breakfast table. He read it in the quietness of his room, then read it again, and then finally put it carefully in his pocket. Then he mounted his wheel and rode to Milburn and Short Hills, and after circling among the picturesque stone residences there struck across to the main road and climbed the long hill toward Summit. When he reached Chatham he turned and rode quickly back to Summit, made a detour down to Beechwood, coasted to Milburn, then rode slowly home. He had ridden, perhaps, twenty five miles.

He spent the afternoon in his room, and that evening he wrote the following letter to Cripple Creek, putting on the envelope a

special delivery stamp.

Browview, August 29, 1897.

DEAR WILKES:

It's all right!—for you, I mean, not for me. I have been around there this afternoon, and, without committing myself in any way, found that my case was absolutely hopeless. We talked about you and your work and prospects, and she in her confidential way—heaven bless her!—told me in a

beautifully sweet and simple manner how your love had come into her life and glorified it, and how all her future hopes and plans were with you, and how—but again I will refrain from harrowing details. She little suspected what all that meant to me, and I got away as soon as I could. I hope she didn't think me bored or unsympathetic.

And now, my dear fellow, I feel that this has been a somewhat remarkable correspondence of ours, and I grieve that I should ever have been the cause of putting you to the agony you evidently have suffered. We have both acted up to the light that we could get, and have been honest

with ourselves and with each other.

You wrote me a letter that I appreciate with all the feelings of honor and duty within me, and I can only say that all the work and hardship that will ever come to you out there alone among the mines or anywhere else will be more than paid for by the love Vida Lincoln has for you and for you alone.

I am thinking of going away somewhere for a

rip.

God bless you both!

Faithfully your friend,

JOHN STOCKTON MORROWBY.

John Morrowby had not been near Miss Lincoln for three days.

The afternoon of the 1st of September was bright and summery. Vida Lincoln, seated in a shady corner of her porch, where honey-suckle vines screened her from the avenue across the wide lawn, was embroidering "sunbursts" upon a white linen cover for her tea table. Skeins of glossy, pale colored silks lay on the table beside her.

Presently John Morrowby walked leisurely across the lawn, wheeling his bicycle, and she rose delightedly to greet him, dropping the scissors which were in her lap. He greeted her in his affectionate, friendly way, picked up the scissors, and seated himself luxuriously in the large wicker chair near her. As has been seen, John was a conscientious fellow, and yet while the last letter he had written to Prentiss, as far as the conversation he had described with Miss Lincoln went, had been pure fiction, his conscience was seemingly not troubling him in the least.

Soon he lighted the kettle for his companion, and while they were sipping their tea he remarked quietly.

"Vida, do you remember that girl I met in the woods last summer? I told you about her the day you drove me to Montclair."

Vida put down her cup and took up her work. She knew he was not expecting any particular response, so she simply waited. She did not remember the girl, but John was always having girls. She must have forgotten, she thought. But the real reason why she did not remember her was because there never had been such a girl.

"I had a letter from her this morning," he continued. "She spoke most affectionately of our friendship, and——"

Vida bit off the pink silk and looked up

sympathetically.

"And she said she knew I would rejoice with her in a great happiness that had just come into her life."

Vida put down the tea table cover on her lap and rested her hands quietly upon it.

"They will be married during the holidays," he continued slowly, his imagination now in active working order. "By the way, Vida," he went on, with an air of relief at having finished a somewhat dangerous subject, "I have an uncle out in Denver, a mining expert and capitalist. He wants a young man to help him in his personal affairs, and I have written him about Wilkes. If he likes

him, it will mean simply everything to—to you both."

"John dear!" Vida exclaimed, jumping up impulsively and again dropping her scissors; "that's just like you; you always are doing nice things for people. Oh, I do hope your uncle will like Wilkes!" she added wistfully.

John held her hand for a moment, and then descended the porch steps and picked

up his wheel.

"I decided a few days ago to run over to Dresden for the winter," he said. "I want to see if I can't compose something decent."

"Was it a few days ago or this morning?"

she asked archly.

John grinned and prepared to mount.

"Vida," he said, "don't presume upon old friendship. You ask too many questions."



## CLORINDA'S VIOLIN.

CLORINDA took it from its case,
That stolid thing of wood;
She lifted it anear her face—
How well it understood!—
Then, while I burned with envious ire,
She laid her dimpled chin,
All pink with girlhood's first faint fire,
Upon her violin.

No wonder that it sudden woke
To ecstasy of life.
Such touch from granite might evoke
Love's rapture and love's strife.
No wonder that Clorinda's bow
Drew from each pulsing string,
Such harmony as Heaven must know,
When choired angels sing.

Oh, I am but a stolid thing,
With lips that mutely fail
My heart's pent melodies to sing
In passioned plaint or wail;
But if Clorinda once should rest
That little dimpled chin
Against my stupid wooden breast,
I'd shame her violin!

## THE RISE AND FALL OF SPAIN.

## BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

A GREAT HISTORICAL ROMANCE IN BRIEF—HOW SPAIN SUDDENLY ROSE TO THE FIRST PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS, AND HOW HER DAYS OF GREATNESS AND GLORY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THREE CENTURIES OF STEADY DECADENCE.

THERE is no more remarkable and romantic chapter in the history of the world than that which tells the story of modern Spain—of her sudden and tremendous expansion, of her rapid and seemingly irremediable decay. It is one of the most tragic of historical dramas, though among its dark passages of blood and crime, of cruelty and treachery, of persecution and oppression, there are bright pages of loyalty, heroism, and enterprise.

Every historian, every poet, every traveler has felt the fascination of the strange land that nature has cut off from the rest of Europe by the encircling sea and by the mighty mountain wall of the Pyrenees. Many another has known the spell that Longfellow voiced:

How much of my young heart, O Spain, Went out to thee in days of yore! What dreams romantic filled my brain And summoned back to life again The Paladins of Charlemagne, The Cid Campeador!

At the dawning of modern history—usually dated as beginning with the latter half of the fifteenth century—Spain, like Italy, was merely a geographical expression. Carthage had been her mistress, and then Rome. Her days of honor as the foremost province of the Cæsars' empire, the motherland of such great Romans as Trajan and Hadrian, Martial and Lucan, Seneca and Quintilian, had been followed by successive waves of barbaric invasion, by a Gothic kingdom that lasted three hundred years, and by the coming of the



THE GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE. THE ALCAZAR WAS THE PALACE OF THE MOORISH RULERS OF SEVILLE, AND LATER WAS FREQUENTLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE SPANISH KINGS. THE GARDENS WERE LAID OUT BY CHARLES V.



THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. THIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE GREATEST MONARCH OF HIS AGE—CHARLES V, EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, KING OF SPAIN AND NAPLES, AND DUKE OF BURGUNDY—IS ESTEEMED BY MANY CRITICS AS THE FINEST PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ANY OF THE OLD MASTERS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado, Madrid.

conquering Saracen from Africa. For seven centuries cross and crescent had made the peninsula their battle ground, the bloody frontier between them being pushed now forward and now back, but moving gradually southward as the Moorish power declined. Cordova had had its hour as the first city of medieval Europe, and the center of western civilization. The north and the center of Spain had been divided between the Christian states of Aragon, Navarre, and Castile, which latter had absorbed Leon and Asturias. Facing toward the Atlantic,

Portugal, once overrun by the Moors, and then tributary to Castile, had regained her independence. The followers of Islam still held their own in Andalusia, where they had set their last stronghold and most imperishable monument, the Alhambra, upon the citadel hill of Granada.

#### THE BIRTH OF A NEW SPAIN.

It was at this historical moment that modern Spain was to be born. From her division and isolation she was suddenly to become a nation, to be brought into contact with the outer world, and to assert her supremacy over almost half of it—all within a single generation. Almost as quickly she was to be dethroned, to see her power decay and her scepter pass into other hands. The great drama was to elements of strength and the seeds of decay. The sword was her weapon in the winning of empire. For seven hundred years Spain had been a school for soldiers, and had been breeding a race of them. Her nobles lived in the field, "warring,"



THE PALACE OF SAN TELMO AT SEVILLE. THIS RICHLY DECORATED PALACE, WITH ITS FINE GARDENS AND PICTURE GALLERY, IS NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUC DE MONT-PENSIER, A DISTANT COUSIN OF THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY.

have its heroine—a woman who has a far better title than Elizabeth of England or Catherine of Russia to be called the greatest queen of history; it was to have its villains—only too many of them—and its picturesque and stately figures.

The young nation that grew so suddenly to mighty stature, and whose hands reached out so swiftly for world wide dominion, had within herself both the as Burke says, "against their Moslem rivals as a constant duty, and against their Christian neighbors as a no less constant pleasure." Her armies, led by the Great Captain, Gonsalvo of Cordova, proved as irresistible in Europe as they were under Cortez and Pizarro in the new world. From the battle of Seminara, in 1503, for more than a century of almost constant fighting, the Spanish infantry



PRINCESS ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF KING EMMANUEL OF PORTUGAL, AND WIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado at Madrid.

never suffered a defeat. It was not until Rocroy, in 1648, that their prestige was finally shattered, and they learned that others had outstripped them in the arts of war.

THE WOOING OF A SPANISH PRINCESS.

If Don Pedro Giron, a nobleman of the court of Henry IV of Castile, had lived a few days longer, the later history of Spain

might have been differently written. Henry, the last prince of the ancient house of Trastamara, had insisted that his sister should marry Don Pedro; and although the young Princess Isabella protested, preparations were made for the wedding, which would probably have taken place had not the expectant bridegroom died. Thereupon the princess found refuge in a convent, where she was



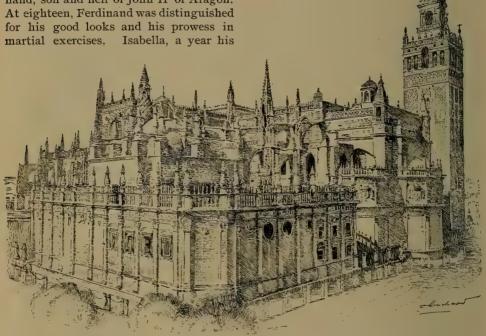
"CHARLES V AND FRANCIS I." FRANCIS I OF FRANCE, DEFEATED BY CHARLES AT PAVIA AND BROUGHT AS A CAPITUR TO MADRID, REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE OFFERED BY HIS CONQUEROR. AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT HE ACCEPTED CHARLES' TERMIS, BUT AFTER HIS RELEASE HE REPUDIATED THEM-A CURIOUS SEQUEL TO THE FAMOUS DESPATCH HE SENT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF PAVIA-"ALL IS LOST SAVE HONOR."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Adam Treidler.

not further molested, although, her brother being childless, many foreign princes would gladly have wooed the heiress to the Castilian crown. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards execrated as the hunchback Richard of England, was one of these tentative suitors.

But Isabella, who had a will of her own early in life, had fixed her fancies elsewhere—upon her young cousin, Ferdinand, son and heir of John II of Aragon. At eighteen, Ferdinand was distinguished for his good looks and his prowess in martial exercises. Isabella, a year his the battlements before the travelers were recognized. He met the princess at Valladolid, and there, in a private house, with very little of ceremony, they were married.

It is illustrative of the ethics of the



THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, THE GRANDEST MONUMENT OF MEDIEVAL SPAIN. THE CATHEDRAL, ONE OF THE THREE OR FOUR LARGEST AND GRANDEST IN EUROPE, WAS BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, FOLLOWING THE BROAD RECTANGULAR PLAN OF AN EARLIER MAHOMETAN MOSQUE. OF THE FINE BELFRY, THE GIRALDA—OF WHICH THE TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS A MODIFIED COPY—THE LOWER PART IS MOORISH, THE UPPER PART SPANISH, ADDED IN 1,668.

senior, had the blue eyes and golden hair of her English grandmother, a daughter of John of Gaunt, and was described by one of her household as "the handsomest lady I ever saw." The Aragonese king and prince welcomed the match; but they had enemies both in their own country and in Castile, and when Ferdinand set forth to meet his bride he traveled in disguise, with a company of merchants. He arrived at the castle of Burgo de Osma, which was held by adherents of Isabella, in the night, and had a narrow escape from being killed by a stone thrown from

country and the time to learn that there were some scruples about this marriage of cousins, and that, in order to quiet them, the King of Aragon, being on unfriendly terms with the Pope, forged, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Toledo, a papal bull authorizing the union. Years later, when Isabella discovered the forgery, another Pope, Sixtus IV, gave her a genuine document, which he obligingly dated back to the time of the marriage.

Isabella's wedding day was the 19th of October, 1469. Five years later her



PHILIP II OF SPAIN. TITIAN WAS THE FAVORITE PAINTER OF CHARLES V, WHO SUMMONED HIM FROM ITALY TO THE IMPERIAL COURT AT AUGSBURG,; AND THIS PATRONAGE WAS CONTINUED BY PHILIP II UNTIL THE GREAT PAINTER'S DEATH IN 1576.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado at Madrid.



DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN. THE BEST MONUMENT OF THE SPANISH COURT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IS THE SPLENDID SERIES OF PORTRAITS OF KINGS AND QUEENS, PRINCES AND PRINCESSES, NOW PRESERVED IN THE ROYAL GALLERY.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Coello in the Prado at Madrid.

brother's death left her Queen of Castile, Leon, and Asturias.

THE GREATEST QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The situation that this young queen of twenty four had to face was not an easy one. Castile had been unlucky in its rulers. The court was traditionally vicious; the treasury was empty; the church was corrupt—as was scarcely

strange when it had been a recognized practice for the king to appoint his cast off mistresses to high places in religious orders. The peasantry were sturdy but undisciplined; the roads swarmed with robbers. A great number of licensed mints, and others that dispensed with any license, were turning out debased money, and commerce was at a standstill.

Isabella undertook nothing less than



INFANTA ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN. THIS IS A VERY CHARACTERISTIC, BEAUTIFUL, AND DIGNIFIED PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH PRINCESS IN THE GREAT DAYS OF SPAIN.

From a photogravure by the Berlin' Photographic Company after the painting by Coello in the Prado at Madrid.

the entire reorganization of the government. She traveled everywhere and personally investigated every abuse. She instituted the famous police force of the Santa Hermendad, or Holy Brotherhood, whose value was proved by the fact that at the end of the century turbulent Spain was accounted the most orderly country in Europe. She razed fifty castles of robber knights, and exiled more than a thousand of the marauders. She deprived

many of the Castilian grandees of the privileges and grants of public property bestowed upon them by her spendthrift brother.

A disturbing element had been the prerogatives usurped by the three great military orders of Calatrava, Santiago, and Alcantara. Isabella extinguished their power by a neat stroke of diplomacy. She secured Ferdinand's election to the headship of all three, thus making



THE ARCHDUCHESS JOANNA OF AUSTRIA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Moro in the Prado at Madrid.



THE INFANTA JUANA (ARCHDUCHESS JOANNA), DAUGHTER OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

THE SUBJECT OF THIS PAINTING IS NOT POSITIVELY KNOWN, AND IT HAS ALSO BEEN

CATALOGUED AS A PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA ISABELLA, JOANNA'S SISTER.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rafael in the Louvre.

them mere appanages of the crown. She reformed her court. She made roads and bridges, and abolished the private mints. And all that she did was accomplished without bloodshed or civil disorder.

A new era of prosperity opened for Spain. Industry and commerce flourished; the steel of Toledo, the silverwork of Valladolid, the silk of Granada, the leather of Cordova, and the wool that was the peninsula's choicest product, went across the seas in the ships of Barcelona. And over all was a strong, centralized

government, with an overflowing treasury. When Isabella came to the throne, the public revenue was less than a million reales (\$50,000); in 1504 it had risen to forty two million reales.

## THE EXPANSION OF SPAIN.

In 1479, when King John died, Ferdinand and Isabella were rulers of all Spain except the little corner of Navarre, of which Ferdinand's sister was queen, and the Moorish kingdom of Granada. To the conquest of the latter they deliber-

ately set themselves. There were eleven years of war, in which, if Ferdinand was the leader of armies, Isabella was their organizer; years whose detailed story, with the first exploits of the Great Captain, the romance of Boabdil, and the

pared to the tremendous expansion that followed.

On the 2nd of January, 1492, Isabella entered Granada. On the 12th of May, in the same year, Columbus left the old Moorish city with his commission as



PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. THIS PORTRAIT, SHOWING KING PHILIP IN CORSELET AND PLUMED HAT, WITH A BATON OF MILITARY COMMAND IN HIS HAND, IS CONSIDERED TO BE THE FINEST OF VELASQUEZ' PORTRAITS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

tragedy of the Abencerrages, may be found in the histories; years that end with "the last sigh of the Moor" as he turned, on his journey toward exile, for a farewell look at the white minarets of the Alhambra.

The Spaniards' conquest of their ancient foes echoed through the world. It was celebrated by a "Te Deum" sung in St. Paul's Cathedral by order of Henry VII. But it was a small success com-

"admiral of the ocean," and set forth to win a new world for Spain. This, too, was the queen's doing, for when, after long consideration of his plan, Ferdinand finally dismissed the Italian sailor, Isabella summoned him, and promised the ships and money he needed, assuming the undertaking "for her own crown of Castile," and declaring herself ready to pawn her jewels if her treasury had been emptied by the war with the Moors.



QUEEN ISABELLA, WIFE OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. DURING THE LONG REIGN OF PHILIP IV (1621-1665) VELASQUEZ WAS BOTH COURT PAINTER AND QUARTERMASTER GENERAL OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD. HE PAINTED ABOUT FIFTY PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

When the Italian sailor returned from his first memorable voyage, neither he nor the sovereigns who welcomed him had any conception of the epoch making magnitude of his discovery, or of what it meant to Spain and to civilization. This was gradually unfolded, as Columbus was followed by Vespucci, Magalhaes, Sebastian Cabot, Cabeza da Vaca, and the other navigators who have put Spanish names upon half the great headlands of the eastern and western seas. "Are there no regions yet unclaimed by Spain?" asked an English poet. The question was no idle one, for the Catholic Kings regarded almost the whole extra European world as their domain: and its richest parts they systematically and unscrupulously drained of treasure.

The result, to Spain, was a sudden and immense increase of the nation's wealth, with a baneful effect upon the national character. Gold and silver were sent across the Atlantic literally in hundreds of tons. The native rulers were mercilessly plundered of their possessions. Their people were enslaved and set to labor in mines that poured forth precious metals to enrich the conquerors. Adventurers went out to America, and in a few years returned as millionaires. Countless stories are told of the wild extravagance of the nouveaux riches. A soldier who married the daughter of a nobleman in Barcelona



DON BALTHASAR CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. THIS YOUNG PRINCE, WHO AFTERWARDS

CAME TO THE THRONE AS CHARLES II (1665-1700), WAS THE LAST OF THE HAPSBURG

LINE OF SPANISH KINGS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

gave away twelve million reales in alms on his wedding day. Another returned Spaniard stood at a window in Madrid and threw two barrels of coins into the street, to watch the populace scrambling for the money.

### THE CHAMPION OF SLAVERY.

But other causes were more directly at work to effect the downfall of Spain. Her

ruin was already beginning when her greatness was new, and both the greatness and the ruin were the work of the same hands. Strong and far sighted empress as she was, Isabella was a typical Spaniard. She belonged to modern history in date, but not in spirit. She represented systems and ideas that had had their day. She had no vision of the dawning of liberty as the light of the world. Her



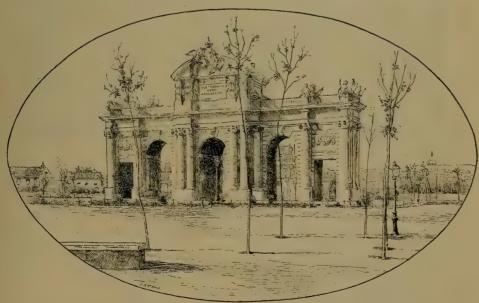
MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN. From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.



ALFONSO XII, THE LATE KING OF SPAIN. From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

eyes were turned to the sunset—to which Spain has been looking ever since.

greatness and military glory-say from the conquest of Granada to the destruc-During the century of her material tion of the Armada—Spain stood forth as



THE ALCALA GATE, MADRID. THIS TRIUMPHAL ARCH WAS BUILT BY CHARLES III (1759-1788), WHO WAS PROBABLY THE MOST CAPABLE RULER SPAIN HAS HAD SINCE THE DEATH OF THE GREAT ISABELLA. HE RESTRICTED THE POWER OF THE INQUISITION, EXPELLED THE JESUITS FROM SPAIN, AND RECOVERED MINORCA FROM THE ENGLISH.



ALFONSO XIII, THE BOY KING OF SPAIN. ALFONSO WAS BORN MAY 17, 1886, SIX MONTHS AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH, AND WAS PROCLAIMED KING OF SPAIN ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH, WITH HIS MOTHER AS REGENT.

From his latest photograph by Valentin, Madrid.

the great champion of slavery for the minds and bodies of men. There was no Rennaissance, no Reformation, south of the Pyrenees. While thought was striking off its shackles elsewhere, the Spanish primate was publicly burning manuscripts suspected of hostility to the church. When strangers were welcomed in the intellectual and commercial world of every other civilized land, Spain was banishing the Jews, who constituted her financial

strength, and persecuting the Moors, her most industrious and inventive citizens. In her stubborn loyalty to dying ideas, she poured out her blood in a disastrous struggle against the forces of the modern world. "She remained," says Burke, "an old fashioned tyrant, odious, if dreaded, in the day of her power, merely contemptible when that power passed."

Of all the nations, at the opening of modern history, Spain had the grandest

opportunity, and most signally wasted it; and as her own most famous writer has said: "There are no birds in last year's nest."

Something somber and austere
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned—
A terror in the atmosphere,
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada the austere
His ghostly sway maintained.

There are Spanish writers who dare to defend the Inquisition—a fact which proves that courage is not extinct in the land of the Cid. Yet even the devout Isabella, who permitted the awful institution to be planted among her people, did not view it with entire equanimity when she lay on her deathbed. "I have caused great calamities," she said; "I have depopulated towns and provinces and kingdoms, for the love of Christ and of his Holv Mother: but I have never touched a maravedi of confiscated property. I have used the money in educating and dowering the children of the condemned "the truth of which latter plea is questioned by historians.

#### THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

Spain, of course, is not the only country in which unspeakable cruelties have been done in the name of a God of mercy. Other lands had their Sicilian Vespers and their St. Bartholomew's Eve, their massacres of Muret and Carcassonne, their fires of Smithfield, their harryings of Waldenses or Hussites; but it is not strange that the Inquisition should be specially identified with Spain. It grew out of the work of a Spaniard of Castile— St. Dominic, who founded the order that bears his name as a weapon for the reclamation of the heretic. It was a Spanish pope—the masterful and unscrupulous Borgia, Alexander VI-who did most to spread its power. It is the Spaniard Torquemada, a member of Dominic's order, who is pilloried in history as the minister of its most hideous excesses.

To Isabella and her money loving consort, the establishment of the Inquisition was to a great extent a revenue measure. A very important feature of the system was that while one third of the convicted heretic's goods were forfeited to the church, two thirds went to the state. But

this addition to the public revenue was dearly bought. The inquisitor's reign was one of terror. No citizen was safe from the secret denunciation that led to the secret trial and the almost certain conviction. The flimsiest and most far fetched charges were enough to forfeit the victim's life; or if his life were spared, his property almost never was, for there was not an acquittal in a thousand cases. Two bishops were accused on the ground that their fathers, rich Jews, had recanted Christianity on their deathbeds. One was condemned for this paternal offense; the other escaped only by a direct appeal to Rome.

#### HOW SPAIN SHED SPANISH BLOOD.

So widespread was the fear of the Inquisition, that nobles, to insure their personal safety, would assume the sable liverv of the "familiars" of the Holy Office. That it profoundly affected the national character, there can be no doubt. Burke sums up its results as "a rapacious government, an enslaved people, a hollow religion, a corrupt church, a century of blood, three centuries of shame." As to its actual number of victims, authorities differ widely. They must have been shockingly numerous, for it is recorded that in the first year of its operation -1481—in the province of Seville alone, more than two thousand people perished at the stake as heretics. And where Torquemada slew his thousands in Spain, his disciples in the New World relentlessly slaughtered their ten thousands.

Nor is this the whole tale of the disastrous bigotry of Spain's first great mon-The year 1492, which saw Isabella enter Granada and despatch Columbus to the discovery of America, witnessed a third event pregnant with meaning for Spain and the world—the expulsion of the Spanish Jews. This was the most barbarous and disastrous persecution of the Hebrew race in the history of Europe. Two hundred thousand people, who, as has been said, constituted Spain's commercial backbone, were consigned nominally to banishment, actually to spoliation and death. They were allowed to sell their property, but forbidden to carry the money out of the country; and while to stay in Spain was a capital offense, the

Pope passed a bull enjoining all foreign governments to arrest "fugitive Jews" and return them forthwith to the Spanish authorities.

In the same spirit, ten years later, another royal edict declared Islam abolished in the Spanish dominions. As much mercy was shown to Isabella's Mahometan subjects as to the Jews. The decree that exiled them forbade them to seek refuge in Africa or any Mussulman country.

Such was Spain in her day of greatness. A blight was upon her growth; she was self doomed to decay. Her expansion was to continue for a time, for in the year of Isabella's death, her Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, gave Ferdinand, as the spoil of war, the crown of Naples and Sicily. The conquest of Navarre, a few years later, pushed the same king's frontier to the Pyr-To his grandson there came the sovereignty of Burgundy and the Netherlands by inheritance, and the imperial crown of Germany by election. His great grandson secured a temporary hold upon the duchy of Milan and the kingdom of Portugal; but this aggrandizement of her rulers brought weakness rather than strength to Spain.

#### SPAIN'S FOREIGN DYNASTIES.

Indeed, with Ferdinand ends the history of Spain's Spanish kings. She was to be ruled, henceforth, by two foreign dynasties—the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Bourbons of France.

Marvelously fortunate in other respects, Isabella and her consort were unlucky in their children. Their only son died a few weeks after his marriage to a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. Their eldest daughter, her mother's namesake, married two princes of Portugal successively. To her second husband she bore a son, heir to both the peninsula's crowns, but she died in childbirth and her son followed her to the grave in infancy.

Another daughter was the unhappy Catharine, the wronged wife of Henry VIII of England. Another—Juana, or Joanna—lived to be the mother of a long line of kings, and to endure a fate far worse than early death. For her Isabella arranged a marriage with the Archduke Philip of Austria, son of the Emperor

Maximilian, thus forging a double bond between her royal house and that of Hapsburg. The young archduke inherited the sovereignty of Burgundy from his mother, Mary, the only child of Charles the Bold. After Isabella's death he and his wife left Brussels, then the capital of their duchy, for Spain, to assert Joanna's rights as heiress to the Spanish crown. Not far from the frontier, at the village of Vallafafila, Ferdinand met them.

#### A CHAPTER OF SPANISH DIPLOMACY.

The story of the meeting at Vallafafila is characteristic. The only building in which the princes could confer was the village church, and there there was a long interview with closed doors. When the doors opened, a treaty was publicly proclaimed, by which Ferdinand not only recognized the prospective rights of "his most beloved children "; he ceded them the throne of Castile absolutely and immediately. He had decided to betake himself to his Italian kingdom of Naples. Such was the announced settlement; but Ferdinand and Philip had also made a private agreement that the archduke alone should have power in Spain, and that Joanna and her adherents should be excluded from all share in the government by the forces of both the contracting And at the same time and place this veteran master of Spanish diplomacy had executed a formal document before an apostolic notary, setting forth that "unarmed and attended by only a few servants he had fallen into the hands of his son at the head of a great armed force; that all his acts were void, and that he solemnly protested against the wrong done his daughter."

But Joanna's fate was sealed; and so was her husband's.

Ferdinand said a tender farewell to his "beloved children," and sailed for Naples, leaving a trusted familiar to be Philip's personal attendant. Within three weeks Joanna was shut up in the fortress of Tordesillas, it being announced that she had lost her reason; and Philip was dead—of a sudden chill, the court physicians said; but there were not unnatural suspicions of poison. Ferdinand came back to Spain, to die there, and to recognize his grandson, Charles, as his heir; but there was

no mercy for Joanna from father or son, and she remained a prisoner at Tordesillas for forty six years, to the day of her death.

THE HAPSBURG KINGS OF SPAIN.

Born at Ghent, brought up at his father's court in Brussels. Charles never saw Spain until nearly two years after he became its king. Two years later, he left it to take the imperial crown of Germany, and thenceforth his interests seemed to lie beyond the Pyrenees. He waged his wars as a German and Italian sovereign, and as the self constituted arbiter of Europe; Spain was but the storehouse from which he drew his revenues and the material for his armies. He never was much more than a visitor to the peninsula till, a worn out old man at fifty five, weary of the world and all it had to offer, he gave up his thrones and retired to his sybaritic cell in the monastery of Yustea fruitful text for sermons upon the vanity of human ambition.

For four more generations the crown of Spain passed from father to son in the Hapsburg line. Of these four monarchs -Philip II, Philip III, Philip IV, and Charles II—the first named is familiar in history as the husband of Mary of England, who lost Calais by being drawn into his quarrel with France, and as the king who sent the Armada to crush the insolence of his dead wife's sister, Elizabeth. The Armada's disastrous failure. shattering Spain's maritime prestige, and leaving the command of the sea to be fought for by Holland and England, and to be won by the latter, was merely an incident in the country's steady decline.

It has been the unique ill fortune of Spain that of the thirteen sovereigns she had between the great Charles and the boy Alfonso, scarcely one possessed even the average of character and ability. A beneficent autocrat might have arrested her decay; these were autocrats—for two centuries the tribute of the colonies rendered them independent of representative bodies, and from 1713 to 1789 the Cortes never met; but they were almost uniformly weak, cruel, and utterly immoral and incapable. Two or three were notoriously tainted with insanity.

Ruled by such men, and by the ministers they chose, it is no wonder that since the sixteenth century Spain's history has been a long catalogue of disasters. Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily passed from her; Portugal and the Netherlands revolted and regained their independence. When her last Hapsburg king died childless, bequeathing his crown to a French prince, the grandson of Louis XIV—who thereupon declared that "the Pyrenees no longer exist"—she was harried in the long War of the Spanish Succession, which ended with further losses of territory, and with the English flag posted at Gibraltar.

SPAIN AS THE SPORT OF NAPOLEON.

Then Europe was upheaved by the French Revolution. Spain at first joined the powers allied against France, and a French army invaded her; then she took sides with France, and England captured Trinidad, and cut off her commerce with America. Promising to drive the British from Gibraltar, Napoleon took Louisiana from her—to sell it to Jefferson three years later—and compelled her to contribute to the expenses of his grand project for invading England. Trafalgar followed, forever ending the sea power of Spain.

Next Napoleon and the reigning Spanish Bourbon, Charles IV, signed an agreement for the invasion and partition of Portugal. To carry it out, a French army crossed the Pyrenees, marched to Madrid—and stayed there. Charles found himself ousted, and Napoleon ordered his brother Joseph to the vacant throne.

But there was unexpected resistance. Spain's navy was destroyed and her army crushed, but her peasantry had still the sturdy loyalty and the fierce fanaticism of their medieval forefathers. A desperate and merciless guerrilla warfare followed.\* "I will cut down the

<sup>\*</sup>The Spanish partidas, or guerrilla bands, constantly hovered about the French armies, shooting stragglers, murdering the wounded, and giving no quarter to prisoners. Nor were the commanders of the regular forces much more scrupulous. Of the army corps of Dupont, which surrendered to the Spaniards on condition of immediate return to France—which condition was utterly disregarded—only a remnant survived after four years' terrible suffering. And the French, in turn, repaid these cruelties in kind. After the battle of Ucles (Jan. 13, 1809), sixty eight of the leading inhabitants of the town were tied two and two together and slaughtered in cold blood. At Tarragona, in 1811, the French troops massacred more than five thousand unarmed citizens.

people with grapeshot," Napoleon said. "Spain is already in most places a solitude, without five men to a square league." There were enough Spaniards left, however, to inflict upon him the most serious losses he had ever suffered: and England repaid his intended invasion of her inviolate isle by sending Wellington to drive his legions out of the peninsula. From the battlefield of Vittoria, where the French were routed as signally as they were two years later at Waterloo, King Joseph fled over the frontier with nothing except the clothes he wore, leaving behind him a great baggage train of treasures stolen from the palaces of Madrid.

THE BOURBONS, TWICE EXPELLED, TWICE RETURN.

Little did Spain profit by the expulsion of the Bonapartes. She went back to the Bourbons—with a new constitution, which the restored king, Ferdinand VII, disregarded as soon as he was reëstablished in his throne. Since then, in eighty years, there have been six more new constitutions, all equally good—on paper.

Meanwhile, during the peninsula's domestic troubles, the vast provinces of Spanish America had fallen into the political unrest which has ever since been their normal condition. In one after another of them, patriots or adventurers seized their opportunity to set up the standard of revolt, and Spain's efforts to restore her rule were feeble and futile.

After 1821 she retained not a foot of ground upon the mainland of America.

The scandals of the reign of Isabella II-an unworthy namesake of the patroness of Columbus-are within living memory. They culminated in a revolution, and an invitation to an Italian prince—Amadeo, the brother of King Umberto—to take the vacant throne. After three years he found his position at Madrid intolerable, and resigned. It was only to be expected, with a people so utterly devoid of training in self government, that the republic which followed should prove a worse failure than the monarchy; and the restoration of the Bourbons, in the person of Isabella's son Alfonso, the father of the present king, was welcomed as a relief after two years of anarchy, even at the cost of a civil war with the adherents of his cousin, Don Carlos—unquestionably the rightful heir to the throne by the old Salic law.

Of Spain's present troubles, of the losses and disasters now threatening her, it is unnecessary to speak here. Her Hapsburg dynasty lasted a hundred and eighty three years; her Bourbon kings have governed her, with two brief intervals, for a hundred and eighty eight. Whether their rule will complete its second century seems very doubtful; but whatever régime may be in power at Madrid, it is difficult to discern on the political horizon any dawning star of hope for Spain. Her ancient glories have passed away, never to return.

### SUMMER NIGHT.

Long have they battled, Night and Day,
Which one shall hold the sway supreme.
From Day's last stand the sunset gleam
With golden arrows holds the way,
And rainbow banners lend the fray
Their glory—till the last fair beam
Is quenched, as fades a broken dream,
Or sunshine of a storm swept day.

Long has the struggle been, but Night,
The victor, strikes the final blow;
Then, generous to a vanquished foe,
Hangs 'mid the shades soft orbs of light;
So all his hours so darkly gray
Wear still some presage of the Day.

beak until, that it might have its talons free to defend itself, it let go the swallow, which, followed by its mate, came fluttering to the earth, while the crow and the falcon passed away, fighting, till they were lost in the blue depths of air.

Springing from the stoep I ran to where the swallow lay, but Sihamba was there be-

fore me and had it in her hands.

"The hawk's beak has wounded it," she said, pointing to a blood stain among the red feathers of the breast; "but none of its bones is broken, and I think that it will live. Let us put it in the nest and leave it to its mate and nature."

This we did, and there in the nest it stayed for some days, its mate feeding it with flies as though it were still unfledged. After that they vanished, both of them together, seeking some new home, nor did they ever build again beneath our eaves.

"Would you speak with me, Sihamba?" I asked, when this matter of the swallows

was done with.

"I would speak with the baas, or with you, it is the same thing," she answered, "and for this reason. I go upon a journey; for myself I have the good black horse which the baas gave me after I had ridden to warn you in Tiger Kloof yonder, the one that I cured of sickness; but I need another beast, to carry pots and food and my servant Zinti, who accompanies me. There is the brown mule which you use little because he is vicious, but he is very strong and Zinti does not fear him. Will you sell him to me for the two cows I earned from the Kaffir whose wife I saved when the snake bit her? He is worth three, but I have no more to offer."

"Whither do you wish to journey, Si-

hamba?" I asked.

"I follow my mistress to the dorp," she answered.

"Did she bid you follow her, Sihamba?"

" No! Is it likely that she would think of me :t such a time, or care whether I come or go? Fear not, I shall not trouble her, or put her to cost; I shall follow, but I shall not be seen until I am wanted.'

Now, I was about to gainsay Sihambanot that I could find any fault with her plan, but because if such arrangements are made, I like to make them myself, as is the business of the head of the house. I think Sihamba guessed this; at any rate, she answered me before I spoke, and that in an odd way, namely, by looking first at the swallows' nest, then at the blooming bough of the peach tree, and lastly into the far distances of air.

"It was the black crow that drove the hawk away," she said reflectively, as though she were thinking of something else, "though I think, for my eyes are better than yours, that the hawk killed the crow, or perhaps they killed each other; at the least, I saw them falling to the earth beyond the

crest of the mountain."

Now, I was about to break in angrily, for if there was one thing in the world I hated it was Sihamba's nonsense about birds and omens and such things, whereof, indeed, I had had enough on the previous night, when she made that lump Jan believe that he saw visions in a bowl of water. And yet I did not-for the black crow's sake. The cruel hawk had seized the swallow which I had loved, and borne it away to devour it in its eyrie, and the crow it was that saved it. Well, the things that happened among birds might happen among men, who also prey upon each other, and-but I could not bear the thought.

"Take the mule, Sihamba," I said; "I will answer for it to the baas. As for the two cows, they can run with the other cattle till your return."

"I thank you, Mother of Swallow," she answered, and turned to go.

(To be continued.)

#### THE THUNDERSTORM.

A MUFFLED cannonading! Boom on boom Aquiver in the air! A warning hush-Now broken by a loud and louder roll Of fast oncoming conflict through the clouds Grown black with fury!

Hist !—the charge, the charge! The shock of meeting legions—peal on peal Of terrible artillery, cutting through The inky murk in jagged lines of fire!

# WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

NOTES AND PICTURES OF THE CAMPAIGN ON SEA AND LAND—A GALLERY OF MEN AND SCENES FAMOUS IN CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

SOME HEROES OF SANTIAGO.

It certainly was not strange that Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, as he stood on the bridge of the Gloucester, and saw the flames roaring through the shattered decks of Spain's finest ships, should have remarked, as the newspapers say he

did, "The Maine is avenged!" Five months before, Commander Wainwright was in Havana harbor as executive officer of the doomed American vessel; and it was one of the strange ironies of fate that he should be in the thick of the struggle that ended in so terrible a retribution for



ADMIRAL MONTOJO, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY MAY 1, 1898.



ADMIRAL CERVERA, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY SAMPSON AND SCHLEY JULY 3, 1898.

her destruction, and should be the man to receive the surrender of the foremost Spanish admiral.

The captain of the Gloucester has had little love for Spain since the fateful 15th of last February. For two months after the explosion that sank the Maine he stayed at Havana, in charge of the wreck, but he never set foot in the city, making his quarters aboard the despatch boat Fern. He declared that he would not go ashore until he did so at the head of a landing party of American bluejackets.

Nevertheless, Commander Wainwright can recognize a gallant foe, and when Cervera came on board his ship as a prisoner he generously congratulated the veteran admiral on the gallantry he had displayed. For suicidal as it proved, the Spaniards' dash for escape deserves the honor that attaches to a forlorn hope. Hemmed in by an overwhelming force, they might have surrendered without a fight, they might have blown up their ships, they might have clung ingloriously to the temporary safety that the fortified harbor of Santiago still offered them; but they deliberately chose to make their last fight "under the clear sky, upon the bright waters, in noble,

honorable battle." And the admiral, who—if the reports at hand are correct—went into battle aboard his least efficient cruiser in order to give his fine flagship an added chance of escape, displayed a

open question over which experts waged wordy and heated battle. Now, however, her friends are sure that they were right. The Vesuvius' pneumatic guns charged with dynamite were repeatedly fired at



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, FORMERLY EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MAINE, AND NOW CAPTAIN OF THE GLOUCESTER, WHO RECEIVED THE SURRENDER OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

heroism worthy of Spain's best days, now long past.

#### TWO REMARKABLE SHIPS.

Brief as the war with Spain has been, it has thrown light upon several mooted and interesting problems. One of these is the use, with safety, of high explosives in naval warfare. The dynamite gunboat Vesuvius was completed and placed in commission so long ago as June, 1890, but until the blockade of Santiago her availability for practical service remained an

the Spanish batteries without harm to her officers and crew, and with tremendously destructive results to the enemy. It has long been said that it would be a momentous thing in war to be able to carry an effective dynamite gun from place to place on shipboard.

Another vessel whose career in Cuban waters has been watched with keenest interest by naval experts, is the English built cruiser New Orleans, formerly the Amazonas of the Brazilian navy. The New Orleans has proved herself a splendid



THE AUXILIARY CRUISER GLOUCESTER, FORMERLY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S YACHT CORSAIR, WHICH SUCCESSFULLY ENGAGED TWO SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS IN THE BATTLE WITH ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment, New York.

fighting ship, and in rapidity and accuracy of fire she has shown herself to be perhaps the most effective of all the great fighting machines under Admiral Sampson's orders.

#### THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHARLESTON.

A typical officer of our navy is Captain Henry Glass, commander of the Charleston, who, while convoying the first American expedition to Manila, stopped long enough on the way to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the Ladrones. Those who met Captain Glass while commander of the Texas a year or so ago, and who recall his abounding love for his ship, are sure that the Charleston will

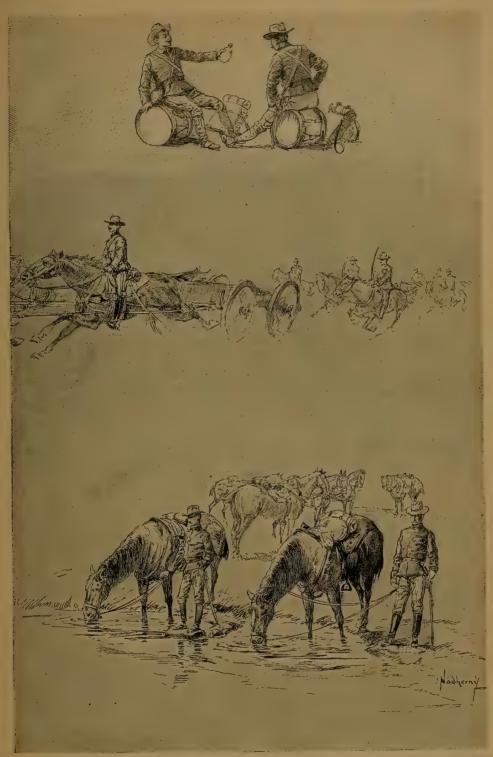
give a splendid account of herself in his hands. Captain Glass was the honor member of the famous class of '62 at Annapolis, which included Gridley, Barker, Evans, Crowninshield, Ludlow, Clark, Barclay, Coghlan, and Sigsbee, and saw active service in the Civil War. He has held the rank of captain since January, 1894.

#### COLONEL HOOD AND HIS IMMUNES.

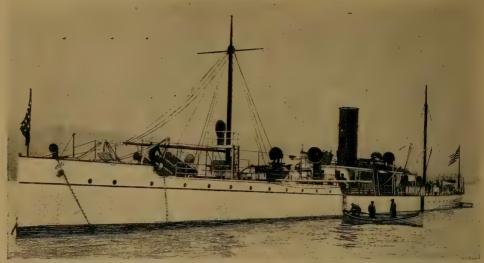
Colonel Duncan Norbert Hood, of the Second United States Volunteers, is probably the youngest commissioned colonel in the American army. Herein he is the son of his father, the celebrated Confederate general, who, when he faced



SOME TYPICAL SCENES FROM THE DAILY CAMP LIFE OF OUR AMERICAN VOLUNTEER SOLDIER BOYS-



-there is more work than play in it, as is shown in these sketches, drawn by E. nadherny.



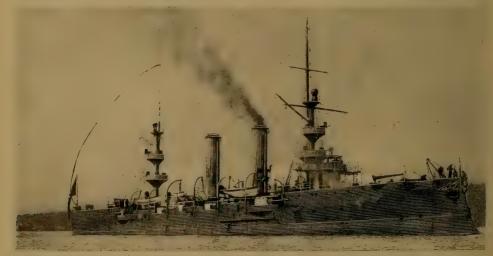
THE VESUVIUS, WHOSE THREE DYNAMITE GUNS HAVE BEEN "THROWING EARTHQUAKES" INTO THE SPANISH DEFENSES OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

From a photograph by Johnston, New York.

Sherman in Georgia, was the youngest officer who commanded an army in the Civil War.

Both of Colonel Hood's parents, and two or three other members of his family, died of yellow fever in the great epidemic of 1879. Young Hood was adopted by the late John A. Morris, well known in New Orleans and New York. He graduated at West Point with honor in the class of 1896, but resigned from the army

to take up the profession of mining engineering. It was no doubt the remembrance of the terrible ordeal of his boyhood days that inspired him with the idea of raising a regiment of immunes from yellow fever, when hostilities with Spain seemed imminent. He went at once to Governor Foster of Louisiana. The Governor at the time had his hands full in organizing the State militia into two regiments of infantry, according to



THE NEW ORLEANS (FORMERLY THE BRAZILIAN CRUISER AMAZONAS), WHICH HAS DONE ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE WORK IN BOMBARDING THE SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by A. Loeffler, Tompkinsville, New York.

orders received from Washington, and advised young Hood to abandon his plan and accept a commission as lieutenant in the State troops. Hood declined, went straight to Washington, and secured an interview with the President, who was so much impressed that he commissioned Hood as a colonel and promised to take

so often, and often so thoughtlessly, made in this country, than the recent conduct of a young man who is quite or nearly the richest living American. When the government, in the sudden emergency of a war for which we were utterly unprepared, issued its first appeal to the country, John Jacob Astor was one



CAPTAIN HENRY GLASS, COMMANDER OF THE CHARLESTON, WHO HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG
IN THE LADRONE ISLANDS ON HIS WAY TO JOIN ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA.

From a photograph by Millan, Vallejo, California.

up the matter of forming an immune regiment. The necessary bill was passed by Congress, and the Second United States Volunteers are the result. The regiment represents a thousand men who have lived through the disease that is so terrible a menace to strangers in Cuba, and who are regarded as "yellow fever poison proof." It is the colonel's own idea that they should be ordered to the most unhealthy post where men are needed.

A SIGNAL INSTANCE OF PATRIOTISM.

There could be no better answer to
the sneers at the "idle rich" which are

of the first to respond, and his response was a remarkable one. Not only did he proffer his personal services, but he offered to raise and equip, at his own expense, a complete battery of light artillery. Both offers were accepted, and as this is written the Astor battery is on its way to Manila, while Colonel Astor is in Cuba, serving on General Shafter's staff.

Colonel Astor first received his military title by peaceful service upon the staff of Governor Morton of New York. His present experience is very different, for though a commanding general's aide may not have to stand in the trenches or



COLONEL DUNCAN N. HOOD, OF NEW ORLEANS, ORGANIZER AND COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT OF YELLOW FEVER IMMUNES (SECOND UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS).

From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

charge the enemy's works, yet his duty involves the hardships and something of the danger inseparable from the life of an army in the field. But whether he finds an opportunity to win military laurels or not, John Jacob Astor is a man from whom his countrymen are likely to hear again. He is young, capable, ambitious—a multimillionaire who is not content to be nothing more than a rich man. He has often been credited with political

aspirations, and it would not be surprising to see them gratified.

TWO BRAVE YOUNG SOUTHERNERS.

Although each day of the present war has produced its hero, a grateful country has already set its seal upon the work and career of Ensign Worth Bagley. One of the torpedo boats lately authorized by Congress is to bear his name, and he will be held in such honor as has



COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO RAISED AND EQUIPPED A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY FOR THE GOVERNMENT, AND WHO IS NOW SERVING IN CUBA ON THE STAFF OF MAJOR GENERAL SHAFTER.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.



The late ensign worth bagley, of the winslow, killed off cardenas, cuba, may 12, 1898—the first american officer who fell in the war with spain.

been accorded to Winthrop and Ellsworth, those two brave spirits who were the first to perish in the Civil War.

When he fell in the gallant dash into Cardenas harbor, Ensign Bagley was only twenty four years old, and had been less than seven years in the service, but he had already learned how to face danger with a smile, and to die as became an American naval officer.

It is a speaking token of a reunited

country that Bagley, the first American officer to fall in Cuba, was a native of the South. The same section claims as its own another of the earliest heroes of the present war.—Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson. There is little that can be added to Admiral Sampson's official account of the sinking of the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor by Hobson and his men. "A more brave or daring thing," writes the admiral, a man



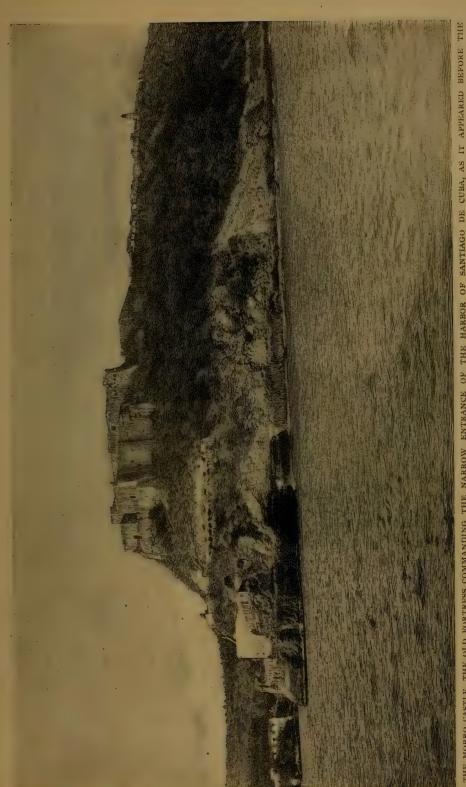
THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM LA CRUZ. THIS IS THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE AMERICAN TROOPS ADVANCED UPON SANTIAGO, AND THIS IS THE VIEW THEY HAD OF IT WHEN THEY CAPTURED THE HEIGHTS SOUTH AND EAST OF THE CITY.



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, WHO SUGGESTED AND EXECUTED THE DARING FEAT OF TAKING THE COLLIER MERRIMAC INTO THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO HARBOR AND . SINKING HER IN THE CHANNEL.

always rather sparing of praise, "has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle."

Nearly every illustrated periodical in America has published a portrait of Hobson, and almost invariably he has been represented as a smooth faced youth just out of Annapolis. Our engraving, made from a recent photograph, shows him as he is at the present time—manly and



THE MORRO CASTIE, THE OLD FORTRESS COMMANDING THE NARROW ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT.



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX, CAPTAIN OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER SCORPION OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

mature of aspect, and "bearded like the pard."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCORPION.

Few naval officers are better known in New York than Lieutenant Commander Adolph Marix, who served on the Maine board of inquiry, and who is now commanding the Scorpion in Cuban waters. The Scorpion, formerly the Sovereign, is the most heavily armed of the converted yachts, and has taken a lively and venturesome part in the task of peppering the Cuban coast, for Marix is a fighting captain with a fighting crew behind him. One day his ship was opposed to a small

battery at the mouth of the San Juan River. She quickly silenced the guns, but her own gun crews became so excited that when the order to "cease firing" was given, they did not obey it. The officers yelled themselves hoarse, but the guns continued to bark defiance at the Spaniards, until each crew had been separately informed that it must stop firing, because there was nothing left to shoot at.

Captain Marix, who is a native of New York, and the husband of Grace Filkins, the well known actress, has been thirty four years in the navy, and will soon reach the grade of commander.

# THEMUNSEY



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### LIKE SOLDIERS, ALL.

BY TOM HALL.

An incident in warfare with the Indians-The story that was told the civilian on the march, and what the civilian saw himself in battle.

SAT on the top of a flat boulder and watched while my saddle nag and pack mule nibbled at the sparse bunches of grass that may be found in Arizona-occasionally. Before me stretched the blue gray panorama of a mountain desert, and the same was on either hand and behind. Dots of greenish gray cactus pricked the sand at irregular intervals. Here and there bleached bones were slowly disintegrating, constant reminders of the serious end of life, and the frequent rattle of a snake's tail offered the means of exit. To make up for the quiescence of the rest, pink and green lizards scudded about as though the fate of the universe depended on their haste. was the God forsaken land of the Apache, with nothing to redeem it but its cold beauty.

To my left stretched a desert mirage, and from it I now heard the fall of the feet of many horses. A chill of fear ran down my spine, for I knew Cochise had "jumped" the San Carlos reservation with his band of Chiricahuas; but before I could reach for my rifle I heard a stern, martial voice shouting gruffly, "Close up in rear!" and I knew I had fallen in with pursuers, rather

than pursued.

Presently they emerged from the foggy mirage, mounted specters in single file. A boyish, worried looking officer rode at the head, and he galloped to my little elevation, clapped a pair of field glasses to his eyes; and looked anxiously ahead. Then he marched on without a word, and by that I knew that he was new to the business. the desert one greets a stranger as a long lost friend, and parts with him reluctantly. Following him went the troop, on whose felt campaign hats I read the legend "B-12," by which I knew that this was the second troop of the Twelfth Regiment of Uncle Sam's cavalry.

"Better jog along with us, sir, if you're moving south," said a voice at the rear. And thus I fell in and made friends with the second sergeant and the blacksmith of the

command.

"After Indians?" I asked, knowing perfectly well they were, but feigning a proper civilian ignorance.

"Aye, and a long ways after them, I'm taking it," answered the sergeant. "And it's all owin' to our bein' recently an orphan troop."

"An orphan troop?"

"A troop without commissioned officers. Our captain's on sick leave, our first lootinint detached on special duty, an' our old second recently promoted. Whereby we come to be commanded by this bloomin' red cheeked babe you see in front.'

"A wasp waisted idiot fresh from the military school," growled the blacksmith, "commanding men who fought

Sheridan."

"And a sick job he's having of it," added the sergeant, whereat the blacksmith laughed loud and uproariously, bringing down upon him the objurgations of many dusty files in front, and commands, devoid of authority, to "shut up and act like a soldier."

"Like a soldier it is," laughed the sergean . " Now, if you were in front with the little lootinint boy when he heard that, you'd a seen him blush like a fresh kissed girl. It's a phrase we tantalize him with."
"Why that?" I asked.

" Because he used it to admonish us when he took over command, not liking our looks or our ways-us, who were soldiers when he wore dresses. We weren't clean enough to suit him, not having drawn clothing in half a year, having been scouting that time in the mountains with the orderly sergeant in command."

And we weren't set up quite as straight

as the cadets he was used to."

"And swore."

"An' got drunk and fought."

"An' chewed tobacco, an' used bad lan-

guage of other kinds.'

"Yes, he didn't like the looks of us, an' we didn't like the style of him. So we made his life a living hell, which the private soldier can do with his officer when he has the mind.'

"And your orderly sergeant?" I asked.

"Looked on without a word. He's the maddest of 'em all, 'cause he's working for his shoulder straps an' looked to command the troop on this campaign himself, and

win much glory."

"Yes, we nearly lost the campaign altogether, for they kept us in post with the doughboys all on account of him, until necessity compelled them, and now we'll be the laughing stock of the regiment, just as he has been of the doughboys and their officers.'

" Whv?"

In answer the blacksmith simply held up his saber with scorn.

"He made us take these pig stickers with us, as though we were going to charge squares of civilized infantry. It's the first time they've been carried on an Indian campaign, but, faith, we must needs be like the soldiers he has been reading about in his books at West Point-an' it'll nickname the regiment, see if it don't."

The slender trail stretched ahead, visible for miles, and I let them tell their story. And ere the end was reached my heart went out in sympathy to poor little, bewildered Lieutenant Raines, who was riding so man-

fully and silently at our head.

This poor fellow, filled with the ideals of soldier life, had stumbled out into the desert to command this grumbling troop of human devils, without the aid or counsel of an older officer, for well I knew the infantry officers associated with him would help him not at all. He had fallen from the highest ideal to plainest real in a day, and the descent had not been made easy for him.

"He proceeded to jump on us at the very first parade he attended," continued the sergeant, "and he was not sparing in his remarks, which we considered impudent, not to say imprudent. He told us flatly that we looked like a lot of cowboys, and bade us brace up and look like soldiers. He found dirt in our guns and dirt in our quarters, likewise dirt in our mess and dirt in our stables—which was not surprising, as the dirt was surely there. But he did more than find it; he made us clean it up. He was very free with disparaging remarks concerning our personal appearance, and instituted certain regulations that pleased him, though it did not us, concerning the number of baths we were to take per week and the number of times we were to shave. Then he got us out every morning before breakfast for an hour of setting up drill, with the same end in view of making us look more like soldiers, and that was the needle that broke the camel's eye, or whatever the saying is. That made us the laughing stock of the doughboys, who looked on insolently from the porch of their barracks. 'Like soldiers' became a byword they taunted us with, and by the same token a byword we taunted him with, pretending, of course, that we did not expect to be overheard, which is a way all soldiers have.

"At mounted revolver practice we drove him near crazy. Oh, the scores we made! Never a man missed at all. Did a revolver go off in the air, 'Hit!' the scorer would roar, and gravely stick a paster on the target that like enough hadn't a hole in it anywhere. And the lootinint would compliment and wonder till it was a roarin' farce. But he found that out himself, and when he did he sent us back to barracks in a hurry and rode away to his quarters alone,

no doubt with his heart breaking.

"But the climax came at last, and then we quit for shame of ourselves. He's a willin' little fellow, God knows, and he started a night school for us, he to be the teacher and giving his time to it, when he might be flirting with the women or playing cards with the doughboy officers, which latter, no doubt, they wanted him to do, for he would have been easy plucking. had a tent pitched where it was quiet, and called for volunteers to attend school. Not a man went, though some might have been willing under other circumstances. when we discovered that the doughboy officers, the younger ones, any way, had hidden behind the tent to make the more fun of him, we got mad at them instead and let up. Then for a while we were model soldiers, although it was hard at times, during drill. You must know, sir, that it's a queer mixture of learning they put into a man at West Point; and when a cadet graduates he's as much of an engineer as he is of the line, and as much of an artillery officer as he is officer of cavalry or infantry. So we were never surprised to hear amazin' commands at drill; and when marching in column of platoons we heard him roar out such a command as 'On right into battery!' you can imagine it was hard work for us to keep our faces straight. But we behaved-like soldiers."

"Until he armed us with these pig stickers," grunted the blacksmith, never raising his eyes from the ground, for it was his

duty to look for lost shoes.

"It broke out, then, again," assented the sergeant. "Small wonder. to have us charge the red divils with cold We might start, but 'twould be riderless horses that would gallop through -and hardly them. O'Brien, our orderly sergeant, protested; but with new importance in his mind, the boy lootinint bade

the sergeant shut up and obey. And now O'Brien is mad clear through, and getting madder every minute of the march, for not once since we started has the boy asked his advice even about a camping place, which is quite customary and proper with shavetail officers."

"Shavetail?" I queried.

"The army equivalent for 'tenderfoot.' You must know that when an army mule comes fresh from the East its tail is properly shaved, all exceptin' a little bunch at the end. Afterwards that part of its toilet is not attended to, and the old ones have tails like worn out feather dusters. By that you can tell them apart."

"I should think he would have to ask more or less about the trails," said I.

"But he hasn't," the sergeant replied.

"By sheer good luck he is marching us in the right direction, but I'll lay me life that we're not within a hundred and fifty miles of those Apaches or any other troop that is after them, and this is our sixth day out."

Apparently from the bosom of the blue haze that lay on the horizon came an indis-

tinct tapping.
"What's that?" asked the blacksmith

sharply.

"By the powers, it's shooting or I'm a naygur!" answered the other. I could see a slight commotion at the head of the column, and by that I knew that the orderly sergeant had heard, also.

"It's off to the left," said the blacksmith.

"To the right, you half deaf idiot," returned the sergeant. "It's from around that point of rocky hill. It's a fight, sure. We'll be going in a minute, sir, and I advise you to stay with the pack train." I reined up, and fell back as he suggested, for I have a family to take care of, and am not paid to fight.

"Attention—column half right—gallop—march!" I heard the boy lieutenant cry out in a high pitched voice, and I saw him wave his saber over his head. The bugle repeated the command, and then for the first time I saw the cavalry of my country gal-

lop into battle.

"God be with you all, boy and men," I muttered to myself; and then took up the gallop with the slower mules of the pack train, now whipped up by their swearing drivers, and a guard of two men from the

We were not far behind when the troop formed left front into line on a little ridge, the continuation of the salient angle of the rocky hill which had before hidden the battle from sight. Before them stretched a sloping, sandy plain, dotted with blooming cactus and detached boulders. Among the

boulders I could see occasionally the red headband characteristic of the Apache, and from the rocks continuous spurts of white smoke. A few bullets now began to sing over our heads, for we were in plain sight of the Indian line and on its right flank. Off to the left I could indistinctly see the herd of Indian ponies being driven hurriedly away from the danger that this new body of troops threatened.

Eight hundred yards or more to the right, at the base of the hills, was the line of troops already in action. They, too, were protected by boulders, there more frequent, and by some straggling scrub trees hardly higher than bushes. From the top of the hill, also, there came now and then a stray shot at long range, showing where they had dismounted and left their horses.

The pack train was hurried into a little gully, out of sight, but I rode on, excitedly, to the motionless troop. The lieutenant was making a speech to them, in what I, and no doubt they, thought a childish way, and I caught the last two words of it—"like soldiers"—and I smiled to myself. Then I saw him wheel his horse slowly and face in the direction of the hidden Apaches.

"Draw saber!" he cried, his voice rising with excitement. "Forward, gallop—march—charge!" And suiting the action to the word he spurred his horse and galloped on—alone. Not a man had drawn saber. Not a man had stirred.

"It's certain death, and no good to come from it," said one.

"He's but a boy and unfit to command," said another.

"He's crazy," said a third, and there was a confused murmur from the rest to the same effect.

The orderly sergeant, big, burly, savage looking, sat on his horse in front of the right platoon, biting his lip and frowning.

Fifty yards away now, the boy lieutenant was galloping on alone with his saber raised over his head and never looking back.

Then I heard an oath that made my heart

jump with joyous anticipation.

"Fool boy or no, he shall not go to his death by himself." It was the orderly sergeant who both spoke and swore. "The man dies in his tracks who does not follow. Draw saber—gallop—charge!" And away they went, with a wild, shrieking cheer, boot to boot and with sabers flashing in the air—cuirassiers of Napoleon charging an English square, rather than American cavalrymen driving redskins from their chosen battle ground of rocks. I flung my hat in the air and shouted at the glory of it. And from the line on the right came an answer-

ing cheer as the men tumbled out from their rocks and charged on foot, taking wise advantage of the diversion, and no doubt soldierly joy in the unusual spectacle.

I saw men fall from their saddles and riderless horses gallop away, snorting with fear and pain. I also saw brown bodies jump into the air and fall back limply. There was a din of shouts and shots and a varying curtain of dust and smoke, but I saw the charge go through, saw the troop -what was left of it-reform beyond and charge back. Twice was this repeated, the troop of the boy lieutenant growing ever smaller, but the troops originally attacking coming nearer and nearer. After the second charge the boy lieutenant disappeared, and after the third the troop was led by the second sergeant, with whom I could now claim acquaintance. Then, with a despairing, angry yell, the Apaches broke and fled in a dozen different directions.

That night I camped with the victors and their prisoners. The foray of Cochise and his dreaded Chiricahuas was at an end. Long after taps had fallen from the brazen lips of the bugle a hand was laid on my shoulder as I was lying on my blanket, too

much excited to sleep.

"Did you see it?" queried the familiar

voice of my friend, the sergeant.

"All," I answered. "How is your boy lieutenant?"

"Alive, thank God, and like to live to be the pride of his regiment and the darling of his troop. Think of it! This morning

we despised him, and tonight we would charge into the infernals just to amuse him. if he asked it. Oh, man dear, it was grand! I am clean lifted out of my ordinary self. And I am not the only one. You should see old Black Jack Carpenter of ours. He is the captain of one of those three companies that were lined up over yonder. The other two are troops of the Eleventh that think themselves particular pumpkins and have always made more or less fun of us. Black Jack is walking on air. Billings to Black Jack (Billings is one of 'Why the devil the Eleventh's captains): don't they send youngsters like that to our regiment. We've got nothing but fops lately.' Oh, the compliment of it! We're the star regiment of horse now, I will have you understand. We did with one troop, led by a beardless boy, what three troops led by experienced captains were failing to 'Tis satisfaction enough for a lifetime. But the point I wanted to make with you is this: I was telling you some things on the trail that I had better have left unsaid. We'll not be thinking or feeling that way again, and I wanted to ask you never to tell any one the mean things that we did to that brave boy. You won't, will you?'

Perhaps I promised. But the boy lieutenant is a field officer now and will not care, and the men of the old troop are probably dead or pensioned; and I have concluded to tell at last, because it seemed worth telling. If I have done wrong I am sure they will forgive me-like soldiers, all.

#### REVOLT.

Is it for hearts to disobey? Down, you vagabond, down, I say! I have work to do, I have watch to keep; There is naught for you but to lie and sleep. I have chosen to work and to walk alone-Peace! Have done with your senseless moan!

Why are you clamoring long and shrill, Why do you leap when the road is still? Are there steps too distant for human ear, Steps that only a heart can hear? Heed them not, for my will shall rule-Curse you, then, for a restless fool!

I have hidden that none might find the way— Down, you vagabond, down, I say! Would you bring them around with your foolish whine? I have chosen the trail, and the trail is mine! I must go alone—but the path is steep And the dark has visions-I pray you, sleep!

Marian West.

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 6.

## WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

NOTES AND PICTURES OF THE WAR BETWEEN AMERICA AND SPAIN-MEN WHO HAVE CARRIED THE STARS AND STRIPES TO VICTORY ON LAND AND SEA.

#### A MICHIGAN VETERAN.

It is safe to say that the peril of Spanish bullets never gave the Washington authorities half the concern that was aroused by the report of the appearance of yellow fever among the troops at Santiago. One of the first to fall a victim to the disease was Brigadier General Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan, guished veteran of the Civil War. A schoolboy fresh from college, he enlisted,

in the summer of 1861, as a private in the Ninth Michigan Volunteers. served for a time on the staff of General Thomas, and in the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans. He was also in the Atlanta campaign. He has long been a warm personal and political friend of Secretary Alger, and as a delegate to the Republican General Duffield is a lawyer of high national convention in 1888 had charge standing in the West, and a distin- of his canvass for the presidential nomination.

A few months ago General Duffield



THE ARMY HOSPITAL SHIP RELIEF, PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.



union general position whereher companions the cavally division of general substream and  $\bar{\nu}$ 

From the latest photograph by W. F. Tarrow, Botton.



BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY M. DUFFIELD, A MICHIGAN VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, WHO SERVED WITH SHAFTER AT SANTIAGO, AND CONTRACTED YELLOW FEVER THERE.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

volunteered for service in Cuba, was appointed a brigadier general in June, and soon afterward sailed from Newport News in command of the Thirty Third Michigan and other troops, reaching Santiago in time to participate gallantly in the closing operations of Shafter's army. Quickly following came the attack of fever, from which, happily, he is now recovering.

#### GENERAL MERRIAM'S RECORD.

There are several officers of high rank who, when the present war closes, will figure in its history as "organizers of victory." One of these is Adjutant General Corbin; another is Major General Henry C. Merriam, who, as commander of the department of the Pacific, has borne an important part in the organization, equipment, and prompt despatch of the army sent to Manila, General Merriam, who is now sixty one years old, boasts a record of which any soldier might well be proud. Born and reared in Maine, he went to the front in August, 1862, as a captain of volunteers, and from March, 1863, till the end of the war served as major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of colored troops. Brevets for Antietam, the capture of Fort Blakely, and the campaign against Mobile, and a medal of honor for his bravery in the second

named battle, bear witness to his services and whereabouts between 1861 and 1865.

In the reorganization of the army in 1866 he was appointed major of infantry, becoming lieutenant colonel in 1876, and colonel nine years later. He attained the grade of brigadier general in July, 1897, and was one of the first to be commissioned major general of volunteers by

of the senior field officers of regulars. For instance, Colonel James J. Van Horn, of the Eighth Infantry, has been forty four years in the army, but age and gray hairs have not prevented him from taking a very active part in the operations in Cuba. Colonel Van Horn fought during the Civil War in the regiment of which he is now commander, and has since per-



MAJOR GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM, COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC, WHO HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY SENT TO MANILA.

From a photograph by Hyland, Portland, Oregon.

President McKinley. Several times since the present war began he has asked to be assigned to active service in the field, and his wishes may yet be gratified if the war should continue, and a campaign against Havana should be undertaken in the fall.

# TWO OFFICERS WITH LONG ARMY RECORDS.

Some one whose memory travels back to the days of '61 has lately called attention to the fact that while a majority of the commanders named by President Lincoln were young men, many of them under thirty, the American generals in the present war are almost to a man well past the middle age. The same is true

formed much arduous duty on the frontier.

Another officer who has a long record of good service in the army, and who was seriously wounded before Santiago, was Lieutenant Colonel John H. Patterson, of the Twenty Second Infantry. We give a portrait of Colonel Patterson, who is a brother of Supreme Court Justice Edward Patterson, of New York.

#### OUR DEAD HEROES.

High on the list of heroes of the Spanish war must be written the name of Captain Charles Vernon Gridley, commander of the battleship Olympia in the battle of Manila. He went into the fight



NEW YORK TROOPERS AT CAMP ALGER-MEMBERS OF TROOFS A AND C, NEW YORK VOLUNTEER CAVALRY. From a photograph by Clinediust, Washington.

a dangerously sick man, and came out of it a dying one. "I think I am in for it," he said, "but I could not leave my ship on the eve of battle." The price of this act of quiet heroism was death at the comparatively early age of fifty three. He passed away at sea less than a week Captain Gridley was past middle life at the time of his death, but some of the heroes who fell before Santiago went straight from the classrooms of West Point to soldiers' graves. Second Lieutenant Clarke Churchman, of the Thirteenth Infantry, was graduated at the



LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN H. PATTERSON, OF THE TWENTY SECOND INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

after he had been invalided home, and his remains, brought back to this country, were buried with the honors due a hero at Erie, Pennsylvania, on July 13. Captain Gridley, a native of Indiana, had been thirty eight years in the navy at the time of his death, and in a year or so would have reached the grade of commodore. As the first, and perhaps the only, American naval officer of high rank whose death is a direct result of the existing war, he will long be held in grateful remembrance.

Military Academy in June of the present year. A classmate, Second Lieutenant David L. Stone, was another whose first battle was his last. Second Lieutenant Thomas A. Wansboro, also killed at Santiago, had been less than two years in active service, and Second Lieutenant Herbert A. Lafferty, dangerously wounded at El Caney, received his first commission less than three months ago.

A particularly promising career was cut off when Second Lieutenant Dennis Mahan Michie fell on those bloodstained Cuban hillsides. Lieutenant Michie was the son of Professor Michie of West Point, and was named after his father's friend, Professor Dennis Mahan, father of Captain Alfred T. Mahan. He graduated at the the history of New York. He was a famous oarsman at college, and noted for feats of strength and recklessness. Enlisting in the ranks of the famous Rough Riders, he served so well and faithfully



CAPTAIN CHARLES VERNON GRIDLEY, WHO COMMANDED ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE OLYMPIA, IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA, AND WHO DIED AT SEA ON HIS WAY HOME, JUNE 4, 1898.

From a photograph.

Academy six years ago, and had seen service during the labor troubles in Colorado and at Chicago. He went to Cuba as aide to General H. S. Hawkins, who commanded a brigade of Shafter's corps.

No soldier's death evoked a more general expression of sympathy than that of Sergeant Hamilton Fish, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. Young Fish belonged to a family that has been prominent in

that he won very early promotion. In leading the very front of the advance against the enemy he had his dearest wish, and in falling at the beginning of the fight he set a notable example of courage and self sacrifice.

Captain William Owen O'Neill, of the same regiment, who also fell before Santiago, was a typical American of the West. Born in St. Louis some forty years ago, he had been cowboy, typesetter, editor, lawyer, and lastly mayor of Prescott, Arizona. Becoming converted to the views of taxation held by the late Henry George, he brought the council of the little Arizona city over to his views, and proceeded to put them into operation, so

perils and privations of those inhospitable regions. And when the war broke out he resigned the mayoralty of Prescott, and tendered his services to his country. To brave danger was a second nature with him.

He was strikingly handsome, with



CAPTAIN WILLIAM O'NEILL, OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS),
FORMERLY MAYOR OF PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, KILLED IN THE ASSAULT
ON THE HILL OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph is Hartwell, Phonix, Arizona

far as the laws of the Territory would permit. Licenses and imposts on business were abolished, and taxes on land values increased. The initiative and referendum were adopted for the town, together with woman suffrage on all municipal questions.

Captain O'Neill's adventurous nature was shown when the Klondike gold fever began. Hastily leaving to others the performance of his duties in Prescott, he set out for the gold fields less to find the yellow metal than to be a sharer in the

large dark eyes, and soft and gentle manners, like so many men of heroic personality. He is one of the lost heroes of the war, and no braver and nobler man ever fell in battle.

#### A SOLDIER'S SOLDIER SON.

General William S. Worth, who came back to Governor's Island to recover from four wounds received while leading his regiment in the attack upon San Juan, is a son of Major General Jenkins Worth, who distinguished himself in the Mex-



CLARK CHURCHMAN, SECOND LIEUTENANT THIR-TEENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT EL CANEY. From a photograph by Pach, New York.



THOMAS A. WANSBORO, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT SANTIAGO. From a photograph by Pach, New York.



COLONEL J. J. VAN HORN, EIGHTH INFANTRY, HERBERT A. LAFFERTY, SECOND LIEUTENANT WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Walker, Cheyenne.



SEVENTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT EL CANEY. From a photograph by Pach, New York.

FOUR AMERICAN OFFICERS KILLED OR WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.



DENNIS MAHAN MICHIE, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, SON OF PROFESSOR MICHIE OF WEST POINT, KILLED BEFORE SANTIAGO.

ican War, and whose name is made familiar to New Yorkers by the shaft erected in his honor in Madison Square. The hero of San Juan is no longer a young man, for he saw service in the Civil War, but he is as active as ever, and his orderly, in describing the rush up the bullet swept hill, declared that he "couldn't see the colonel for the dust he raised." He went to Cuba as lieutenant colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, and his promotion was the reward of gallantry on the field.

Like some of its very best fighters, General Worth has a reputation in the army as a dandy. Admiral Dewey, has the same sort of reputation in the navy.

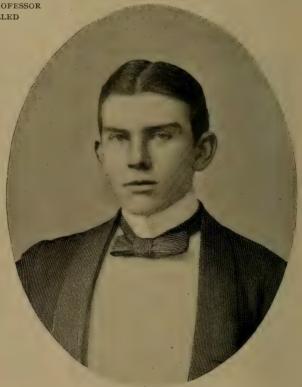
LIEUTENANT BLUE'S PERIL-OUS SERVICE.

The period of comparative idleness for the navy which followed the discovery of Cervera's fleet and preceded its destruction, was attended by at least one brilliant feat of individual daring. Lieutenant Victor Blue, of the New York, twice made his way around the city of Santiago, and brought back information of the first importance to the military and naval authorities.

Like Lieutenant Hobson of Merrimac fame, Lieutenant Blue is a native of the South. There is comfort for the nation in the thought that every class graduating at Annapolis has plenty of Blues and Hobsons who need only the coveted opportunity to prove their worth.

#### THE HEROES OF JOURNALISM.

The siege of Santiago developed other heroes than those who wear the blue. Rarely has courageous devotion to duty been better exemplified than in the cases of Edward Marshall and James Creelman,



SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), A MEMBER OF A WELL KNOWN NEW YORK FAMILY, KILLED AT LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a photograph by Pach, New York,



BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM S. WORTH, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED IN THE ASSAULT ON THE HILL OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Rinehart, Omaha.

the two newspaper correspondents who were wounded in the course of the operations against that city. Though shot through the spine and paralyzed from his hips downward, Mr. Marshall, between his paroxysms of pain, insisted on dictating his report of the first fight of Roosevelt's Rough Riders with the Spanish troops. Not a whit less inspiring was the bravery of Mr. Creelman, who was shot down while accompanying General Chaffee's brigade in the assault on the entrenchments of El Caney. When he was found lying upon the ground wounded and covered with blood, his first thought was for his newspaper. Disabled and suffering as he was, he dictated his story of the battle as he had seen it. Both Mr.

Marshall and Mr. Creelman were later conveyed to New York, and both are now well on the road to recovery.

#### A POLAR HERO AT MANILA.

General Merritt, besides being a sterling soldier himself, is an excellent judge of the fighting qualities of other men, and he has taken with him to Manila some of the ablest as well as the bravest officers of the regular army. Brigadier General John B. Babcock, chief of the department staff, holds a medal of honor and four brevets for gallantry, three earned during and one since the Civil War; Brigadier General Robert P. Hughes, chief of the corps staff, is another fighting veteran of '61, and one of the best all round officers

in the army. General Merritt's chief commissary of subsistence is Lieutenant Colonel David L. Brainard, one of the heroes of the Greely arctic expedition.

Colonel Brainard entered the army in

Following his return he was, in October, 1886, commissioned a second lieutenant of cavalry, and ten years later was transferred to the subsistence department with the rank of captain. It was by General



LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE, OF THE NEW YORK, WHO DID VALUABLE SCOUTING SERVICE DURING THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

1876, and during the following eight years served as private, corporal, and sergeant in Troop L of the Second Cavalry. In 1881 he went with Major Greely to the arctic regions, where, with Sergeant Lockwood for a comrade, he made the farthest northing ever attained by an American, 83° 24′ north latitude. He was one of the seven men who survived the hardships of the Greely expedition.

Merritt's especial request that he was assigned to the Manila campaign.

TWO NEW YORK OFFICERS.

The fact that the typical modern American, man of peace though he be, has not lost the fighting instincts of his ancestors is proved by the records of the men who swell the ranks of the volunteer army. Only a few months ago Hallett Alsop

Borrowe was a peace loving New York club man, but when the war opened he hastened to join the regiment of Rough Riders, and in the assault on the Spanish entrenchments before Santiago he worked the regiment's dynamite gun with the coolness and precision of a veteran artillerist. He has since been promoted to the rank of captain, and appointed an assistant adjutant general of volunteers.

In his new field of duty Captain Borrowe may touch elbows with Major Avery D. Andrews, a lawyer turned soldier, whom New Yorkers best remember as a member of ex Mayor Strong's police board. Soldiering, however, is not a new thing for Major Andrews. He is a graduate of West Point, served for some years in the regular army, and has since been prominent in the National Guard of New York State. He succeeded General



EDWARD MARSHALL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK JOURNAL, WOUNDED IN THE FIGHT AT LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a thotograph by Eddowes, New York.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL DAVID L. BRAINARD, ONE OF THE HEROES OF GENERAL GREELY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION, NOW CHIEF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE TO GENERAL MERRITT'S ARMY.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

Charles F. Roe as commanding officer of Squadron A.

#### OUR FIRST FOOTHOLD IN CUBA.

The war has thus far produced few pluckier passages than the landing of Colonel marines at Huntington's Guantanamo bay, a few days before Shafter's army sailed from Tampa. The place of landing was a low, round, bush covered hill on the eastern side of the bay. On the crest of this hill was a small clearing in the chaparral occupied by an advanced post of the enemy, who retreated to the woods when the marines landed and climbed the hill. Unfortunately, the clearing occupied by the marines was covered, save at its crest, with a dense growth of bushes and scrub, and was



MAJOR AVERY D. ANDREWS, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL—A WEST POINT GRADUATE AND A FORMER NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

commanded by a range of higher hills a little further to the eastward. Thus the Spaniards, who soon plucked up courage, were able not only to creep close up to our camp under cover of the bushes, but to fire upon it from the higher slopes of the wooded range. The marines replied vigorously to the fire of their hidden foe, and there ensued a hit or miss engagement which continued, with an occasional intermission, for days and nights. Finally, the marines however, managed to cut away the chaparral around the crest of the hill so as to enlarge the clearing, in which they planted half a dozen rapid fire guns; and on the fourth day of the long



CAPTAIN HALLETT ALSOP BORROWE, OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

MAJOR HENRY CLAY COCHRANE, SECOND IN COM-MAND OF THE MARINES WHO OCCUPIED CAMP MCCALLA, ON GUANTANAMO HARBOR. Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

fight the Spaniards gave up the contest and abandoned the field.

Major Henry C. Cochrane, second in command of the marines, says in his official report that he slept only an hour and a half in the four days, and that many of his men became so exhausted that they fell asleep standing on their feet with their rifles in their hands. Major Cochrane, whose bravery in the face of desperate and unseen odds is sure to be duly and generously rewarded, is a veteran of the Civil War, and has been an officer of marines since 1863. He is a native of Chester, Pennsylvania, and entered the navy as a mere boy at the first call to arms in 1861. As soon as he reached the necessary age he was transferred to the marine corps and saw active service on blockade duty along the Atlantic coast, on the Mississippi River, and in the Gult.

Since then his long cruises have taken him to all the grand divisions of the earth. He was sent on shore from the Lancaster, at Alexandria, with a detachment of marines to assist in preserving order after the bombardment of that city by the British. At the last Paris Exposition, he commanded the marine guard which won such high encomiums from officials of all countries, and was decorated by the French presi-

this rule. General Augustin, in his last stand at Manila, proved himself a gallant soldier, and a skilful one as well, but was doomed from the first to defeat, while so great were the odds against Admiral Camara that it is doubtful if it was ever seriously intended by his superiors that he should seek out and give battle to an



ADMIRAL CAMARA, COMMANDER OF SPAIN'S LAST REMAINING SQUADRON.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

dent with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was orator on the occasion of the promulgation of the present constitution in Hawaii, was in Moscow at the coronation of the late Czar, and has spent a summer in Behring Sea, helping to guard the seals. Before starting for his perilous service in Cuba, he was in command of the Marine Barracks at Newport, Rhode Island.

#### SPAIN'S LUCKLESS COMMANDERS.

It has become the habit to associate with disaster the names of the men holding high command in the Spanish army and navy. General Basilio Augustin, the Spanish governor of the Philippines, and Admiral Camara, commander of the remnant of Spain's navy, are no exceptions to

American fleet. As it is, his maneuvers have only served to give a touch of comedy to the war that has proved so disastrous to his government.

According to a London contemporary, Admiral Camara is English on his mother's side, as his father, a Spanish sea captain, married a Miss Livermore in Liverpool. Like his comrade, Admiral Cervera, he was educated at the naval academy of San Fernando, which he entered in 1851, the year in which Cervera graduated. He reached the rank of captain in 1871, and saw some active service in the expedition against Morocco. In private life he is said to be somewhat of a moody recluse. In politics he is a stalwart supporter of the reigning dynasty, and was prominent in the movement which wound

up the turbulent régime of the Spanish republic and restored the crown to the present king's father, Alphonso XII.

Ramon Blanco, who is likely to go down in history as the last Spanish captain general of Cuba, is a veteran soldier who for distinction, and was promoted to a colonelcy. From Santo Domingo he went to the Philippines as governor of the island of Mindanao. Recalled to Spain, he served through the civil war between the Alfonsists and the Carlists. He com-



DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN, THE SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

forty years has shared the checkered fortunes of the "flag of blood and gold." He was born sixty five years ago at San Sebastian, on the coast of the Bay of Biscay—one of the fortresses which the British stormed during the Peninsular War. His first service was in Santo Domingo, with the army which, on the invitation of Pedro Santana, Spain sent to occupy the island that had been her earliest colony. The inhabitants revolted, and the Spaniards, finding it impossible to restore order, finally withdrew in 1865; but though the campaign was a failure, Blanco won some manded the force that captured the Carlist stronghold of Pena Plata, and in recognition of his gallantry he was ennobled with the title of Marquis of Pena Plata.

Marshal Blanco first went to Cuba as captain general in 1879, at the close of the long revolt known as the Ten Years' War. His policy was strictly military, and he was charged with acts of cruelty and oppression, though he achieved nothing like the odium of the notorious Weyler. It is only fair to add that the Madrid press accused him of displaying, both in Cuba and the Philippines, an undue degree of lenity toward the dis-



MARSHAL RAMON BLANCO, MARQUIS OF PENA PLATA, WHO IS LIKELY TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE LAST SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.

affected. The honors and the emoluments of a Spanish colonial governor may be great, but his position has seldom been an entirely happy one.

When the last revolution broke out in Cuba, Blanco was captain general at Manila, where he had another insur-

rection to face. He succeeded in patching up some sort of a peace with the Philippine rebels, but it failed of any lasting effect; and the high sounding promises with which he began his second administration at Havana, last October, proved equally illusory.





FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, TIL FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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MISS SALLIE WORK, DAUGHTER OF MR. J. H. WORK, OF NEW YORK.

From the portrait by William Thorne.

## MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

MAY, 1899.

No. 2.

#### IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO ARE MAKING HISTORY IN THE FAR EAST, AND OTHER PEOPLE AND THINGS THAT ARE OF PRESENT IMPORTANCE OR OF TIMELY INTEREST.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

This issue of Munsey's Magazine will go to the public on the anniversary of Dewey's great victory of May Day morning, 1898. History has moved quickly during the twelvemonth that has passed since the battle of Manila Bay. Who could have foreseen, a year ago, that thirty thousand American soldiers—far the largest army we have ever sent over our frontiers—would be needed to assert against the pretensions of a self appointed Malay dictator the sovereignty which we so easily wrested from the once mighty hand of Spain?

A campaign against men who are fighting for the independence of their native country is not altogether a pleasant task, and we Americans have in time past said some bitter things about other civilized governments who have found themselves compelled to wage wars of the same sort. But in reviewing the events that have brought about the existing state of affairs it is impossible to find a point at which our government could honorably have withdrawn from the responsibilities it has had to face. We have been led on by the inexorable force of circumstances—of destiny, if you will. The operation of



COLONEL ALFRED S. FROST, OF THE FIRST SOUTH DAKOTA, WHO LED A BRILLIANT CHARGE NEAR MARILAO ON MARCH 28.



BRIGADIER GENERAL HALE, COMMANDING A BRIGADE
OF MAC ARTHUR'S DIVISION IN THE FIGHTING
AGAINST AGUINALDO'S ARMY.



WILLIAM R. MERRIAM, EX GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TWELFTH CENSUS (THE CENSUS OF 1900).

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

mentioned in the corps commander's despatches was a charge of the First South Dakota Volunteers during the advance upon Malolos in the last days of March. The regiment was led by its colonel, Alfred S. Frost. When the war with Spain began Colonel Frost was a captain in the regular army, detailed as military instructor at the State Agricultural College at Pierre, South Dakota. This led to his selection to command the State's quota of volunteers; and the fact that his regiment—unlike some other volunteer regiments has fought with the best of the trained regulars is a proof of his abilities as an officer.

CENSUS COMMISSIONER MERRIAM.

Few of the President's civil appointments have aroused such a storm of editorial disapproval as his choice of the director of the Twelfth Census. Success as a bank cashier and president, and as a stalwart party politician who has served in the Legisla-

the laws of nature is a process that seldom brings good unmixed with evil; but we know that in the future, and we hope that in the very near future, the result of our work in the Philippines will be beneficial to their people, to ourselves, and to the world at large.

To our soldiers, who have been charged with the defense of the flag we have raised in the eastern archipelago, their duty is clear, and their performance of it has been admirable. Portraits are given here of several of the officers whose commands have borne the brunt of the fighting. The cable news, of course, has been meager, and it has been difficult to follow the movements of General Otis' forces understandingly.

A brilliant exploit specially



HERBERT PUTNAM, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, FORMERLY LIBRARIAN OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

ture and in the chief magistracy of his State, does not constitute an ideal qualification for the headship of the census office. The bureau has within its gift more than forty five thousand individual appointments, which reformers fully predicts that he will be able to take a "census which will be better than if his employees were selected through civil service channels."

Thus far Mr. Merriam's appointments have been above reproach. Dr. Frederick



MAJOR GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, COMMANDING THE AMERICAN FORCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From his latest photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

have been trying to bring under civil service regulations. Mr. Merriam objects to this, and, while he has announced that all his employees will be subjected to an examination as to their fitness for the work to be done, he has frankly stated that he expects to choose practical men upon the recommendation of Senators and Representatives from the various States. By this familiar method he cheer-

H. Wines, of Illinois, who is to be his assistant director, is a statistician of reputation and experience. William C. Hunt, of Massachusetts, who will have charge of the figures of population, served in the same capacity in 1890. Le Grand Powers, in charge of the agricultural department, is chief of the Minnesota bureau of labor, and was himself a candidate for the directorship of the



BRIGADIER GENERAL LOYD WHEATON, COMMANDING

A BRIGADE OF MAC ARTHUR'S DIVISION

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From a photograph by Henry, Leavenworth, Kansas.



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES KING, COMMANDING
A BRIGADE OF LAWTON'S DIVISION
IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

census, but stepped aside in favor of Governor Merriam. Professor Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell University, is another good man who will be among the chief statisticians.

THE NEW LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

In striking contrast to the widely expressed opinion regarding Mr. Merriam's appointment is that manifested over the final selection of a librarian of Congress. In Mr. Herbert Putnam, formerly of the



GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

Boston Public Library, the ideal man for the place is apparent to every one.

Technical knowledge and executive ability such as his are rarely found combined with the experience and energy which Mr. Putnam has shown in his work in Boston. A young man, in the prime of life, he knows the needs of a great library and knows how to provide for them.

Mr. Putnam's name has been associated with the history of New England, ever since the days when Israel Putnam crawled into the wolf's den to put an end to the slayer of his sheep. And the spirit of



THE WRENK OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP MAINE IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1899, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE EXPLOSION THAT KILLED TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY MEN AND CHANGED THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



PRINCE MAXIMILIAN OF BADEN AND HIS BRIDE, THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENA VLADIMIROWNA OF RUSSIA.



ÉMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. M. LOUBET IS A SELF MADE MAN, A LAWYER, AND A SOUTHERNER, BORN SIXTY YEARS AGO AT MARSANNE, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE DRÔME.

fight in a good cause may not be the least useful of the qualities which the new librarian of Congress inherits from his famous old kinsman.

A fair example of the kind of work we may expect from Mr. Putnam is shown in the length of time he allowed to elapse between putting off the old work and taking on the new-which was only the time it took him to get from Boston to Washington. This was not due to any eagerness to draw a larger salary—an attraction which has frequently quickened the movements of patriots appointed to office. Mr. Putnam received six thousand dollars annually from the Boston library; as chief custodian of the great national institution he will get only five thousand—a sum that scarcely seems commensurate with his responsibilities. Nor was Mr. Putnam



SKETCH MAP OF THE SCENE OF GENERAL OTIS' CAMPAIGN AGAINST AGUINALDO DURING FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1899.

### TODAY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY OSCAR K. DAVIS.\*

THE UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN AMERICAN AND FILIPINO THAT HAS COST SEVERAL HUNDRED LIVES-THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE IN THE EASTERN ISLANDS, AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES FOR CIVILIZATION AND FOR COMMERCE.

OWN in the corner of the orchard where the sun shone warmest and

orchard had neglected this tree for a long time, but the boy who worked for the rain was gentlest stood a tree sepa- them had been taking special note of the rated by unusual distances from its fine quality of its fruit. The fruit grew nearest fellows. The owners of the far up the tree and was difficult to ob-



CORREGIDOR, THE FORTIFIED ISLAND THAT STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO MANILA BAY. CORREGIDOR WAS CAPTURED BY DEWEY ON MAY 3, 1898.

<sup>\*</sup>Mr. Davis is qualified to write of men and events in the Philippines by his presence there during six months of last year as the correspondent of the New York Sun. He has recently returned to the Philippines after a brief visit to the United States.



THE AMERICAN FLAG FLYING ABOVE FORT MALATE, THE CHIEF SPANISH FORTIFICATION ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF MANILA.

and he reached out and got it.

Now the boy was unhappy, and as he came down the tree he scratched the man's face and kicked him on the shins. But the man, who was a big fellow, merely spanked the boy and went on down the road with the fruit.

From the Filipino point of view, that is about the situation: of Aguinaldo and his followers with reference to the Americans. They actually thought, or have thought for some time, that they would be able to maintain their own independence. At the beginning of their last



AN AMERICAN SOLDIER ON GUARD OVER A CAPTURED SPANISH POST NEAR THE SHORE-OF MANILA BAY.

tain. One day, as the boy was struggling to get a particularly fine specimen for himself, a strange man came along the road and stopped to watch him. The fruit was beyond the boy's reach and he could not get it. The man sympathized with the boy and said:
"Wait a minute, bub; I'll help

vou get it."

He boosted the boy along up the tree, and as he did so he had opportunity to observe how fine the fruit was. Just as the boy was about to reach it, the man said:

"On second thought, bub, I think I'll take it for myself;"



FORT MALATE, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF SHELLS FROM THE GUNS OF DEWEY'S FLEET.

rebellion against Spain, those of them who thought that they could win their independence unaided were very few, if indeed there were any. It was not until after they had received substantial aid from the Americans that their efforts took the form which has finally led them into open conflict with the United States. It is always easy in the light of after events to say what should have been done at any given crisis. It is the old hindsight and foresight question over again. That is quite true of the situation now in the Philippines.

Aguinaldo was taken to Manila with the understanding that he was to be subservient to American control. With that understanding it was wise on the part of the Amer-



ON MANILA BAY—THE CASCOS THAT CARRY GOODS AND MEN BETWEEN SHIPS AND SHORE.

icans to take him there, because he one consolidated insurrectionary party, could become the responsible head of whereas without him there would be



THE PUERTA DE ISABEL II, ONE OF THE GATES OF THE OLD WALLED CITY OF MANILA.

a dozen or more bands of rebels not responsible to any one, and with which the Americans would be unable to deal. In some manner, through the indifference of the Americans or their lack of foresight, or more probably through the unsettled condition of public opinion at home, which did not render it possible to take a decided stand one way or the other in the

were at fault in permitting Aguinaldo to get away from them. Aguinaldo is unfortunate in not being able to understand the Americans, and he is foolish for having rejected the plain truth when it was plainly told to him.

Here in the United States the persons who are not especially familiar with the history of the Filipino efforts for better



THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC AT MALOLOS IN SEPTEMBER, 1898, IN THE HALL IN WHICH THE INSURGENT CONGRESS MET. AGUINALDO IS SEATED AT THE TABLE AT THE END OF THE HALL.

Prairie by C. M. Releva from a photograph

Philippines, Aguinaldo was permitted to get entirely beyond this condition of subserviency to American control. He is rather a crafty young man, and as he saw that he was getting away from the position of dependence upon the Americans, his own ambitions and his own belief in the possibility of their fulfilment grew.

There are elements of blame to both sides for the present conflict. The Americans

government, are inclined to give Aguinaldo and his people very small credit for what they have done and to overlook entirely their just claim. The Filipinos are unquestionably entitled to a great deal from the United States. In the mere matter of the work that they did for the American troops last summer, they earned serious consideration, if in no other way. They chased the Spaniards back



A BARRICADE ON THE ROAD FROM MANILA TO POLO, BY WHICH SOME OF OTIS' TROOPS ADVANCED IN MARCH.





A STREET IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF MALOLOS.



FILIPINO HUTS, THATCHED WITH NIPA PALM LEAVES.



THE EFFECT OF AN AMERICAN THREE INCH SHELL.



NATIVE HUTS NEAR POLO, NORTH OF MANILA.



THE BILIBID PRISON, MANILA-PRISONERS MAKING BAMBOO COTS FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY.

over twenty miles of tougher country than that over which they have just been chased themselves by our troops. We should have had all this to do if it had not been for Aguinaldo and his men. It would have cost us time and men and money.

Entirely aside, however, from the substantial fact of their physical assistance, the Filipinos are entitled to some sort of recognition from the United States. They

are not a foolish people; nor are they savages. They are capable of decided advancement. The difference which education makes with them is astonishing. Some of the more prominent among them are men of solid ability. They are capable of taking a large share in their own government, and with proper encouragement they will demonstrate their ability to increase that share.



A BATTERY OF OBSOLETE SPANISH SIX INCH GUNS, MOUNTED ON THE DEFENSES OF THE OLD WALLED CITY OF MANILA.

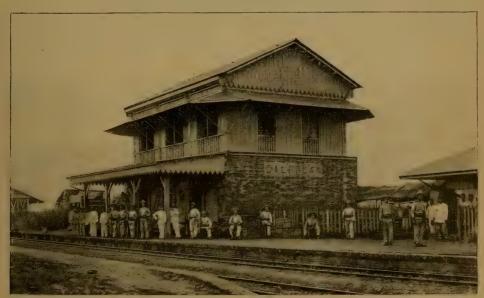


TONDO, A NATIVE SUBURB OF MANILA, NORTH OF
THE CITY, THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE FIRST
FIGHTS WITH AGUINALDO'S TROOPS.

On the other hand, the United States will find it extremely difficult to govern the Philippines without the aid of natives. We are unaccustomed to and ignorant of their languages, their ways, their habits, their desires, their traditions. More than all, we not only are unfamiliar now with their real character, but we shall continue to be unfamiliar with it for a great many years, for the simple reason that the Filipinos are orientals. The man is yet to come who will make a sure and certain analysis of oriental character. It is impossible to judge with certainty, from what the Filipinos have done, what they will do, except in outline and in the most general way.

For this reason, it is practically impossible for any man to say prophetically from the results of the fighting at Manila in the last few weeks, how long Aguinaldo will continue in rebellion against the Americans, or what sort of a fight he will

make. When I left Manila—about the beginning of this year—there was a wide difference of opinion among the army men as to the probability of a conflict with the insurgents. Some of the general officers were satisfied that there would be no fighting; others were certain that there would be. The same difference of opinion existed among the staff officers. Major Bell, the chief of the office of military information, who had had the principal hand in what negotiations had been conducted with Aguinaldo and the Filipinos, and who probably was the best informed



THE STATION AT CALOOCAN, ON THE MANILA AND DAGUPAN RAILROAD, CAPTURED BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS ON FEBRUARY 10, 1899.



AGUINALDO'S RESIDENCE IN MALOLOS.



AGUINALDO AND HIS STAFF AT PACO, NEAR MANILA, BEFORE HIS ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN ARMY.

man as to the real belief of the Filipinos, was satisfied that we should have to fight. Other officers who had given a great deal of attention to the subject were diametrically opposed to Major Bell.

On the night of February 4, when the fight began, a captain and a lieutenant of the Colorado regiment made a bet about the matter. The captain said there would be a fight, and the lieutenant declared that there would not be. The captain won in five minutes, although he had not expected to win for more than that number of days.

With western people it would be easy to determine what the

outcome of all this would be. The average European or American knows when he is whipped—if he has been whipped hard enough. But these Filipinos have had the notion that they could whip the Americans. It has been their misfortune that they have been unable to understand or to comprehend the American character or American treatment of them. Their education has been simply an education of Spanish oppression and duplicity. Apparently the ignorant among them did not know what it meant to be treated as human beings after the manner of the Americans. To be permitted

> to walk along the street and crowd the sidewalk without having some American knock them off for getting in his way, surprised and puzzled them. When a Spaniard in Manila, who struck a Filipino in the face because the Filipino was in his way on the street, was arrested and punished, the Fili-



A STREET IN OLD MANILA.

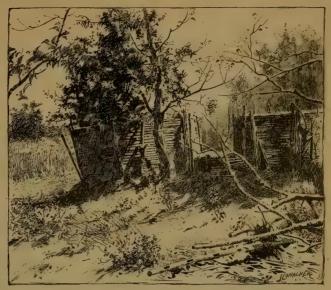
pino could scarcely believe his senses.

They have mistaken American complaisance for timidity. They actually thought we were afraid of them. There was one unfortunate occasion when in the attack upon the Spanish garrison of Manila some of our troops did not behave well under fire, and some Filipinos saw it. The colonel who was in command of the Filipinos said to me afterward:

"Your men won't fight.
I saw them run away."

I told the colonel to make no mistake about that matter, because it would probably be a very costly one for him if he

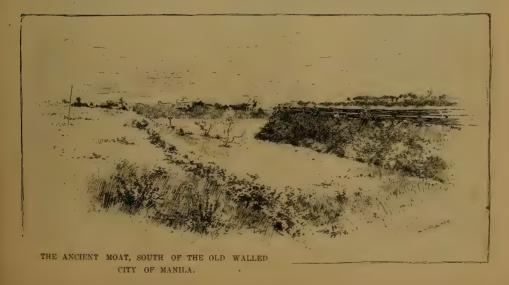
made it. Well, he has found out since. I was at Malolos in October, with another American civilian, when this whole subject of the Filipino relations with the United States was gone over. The Filipinos demanded to know from us what they had demanded to know from every American who went to see them — what the United States was going to do. It was impossible to say at that time. We told Aguinaldo plainly, however, that if the determination in the United States finally was to annex the Philippine Islands, they



AN INSURGENT BARRICADE AND INTRENCHMENT NEAR CALOOCAN.

would be annexed, regardless of the wishes or the opposition of the Filipinos, and that if he desired to obtain for himself the largest share in the government of those islands, and for his people the largest measure of home rule, he had better drop his attitude of opposition to the Americans at once and develop a conciliatory spirit. Perhaps now he is beginning to believe it.

Aguinaldo has a very remarkable power over the people. He has great personal magnetism, and the Tagals, at





ON SENTRY DUTY — AN AMERICAN SOLDIER GUARDING AMMUNITION ON THE QUAY BESIDE THE PASIG RIVER.



WHEN THEIR FIGHTING WAS OVER—FIVE ASTOR BATTERY MEN OFF DUTY IN MANILA.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINE CAPITAL.

least, worshiped him. He has had associated with him some very clever and intelligent men. Cayatano Arellano, who was his secretary of state, was reputed to be the ablest man in the Philippine Islands; and this estimate of him was made by Spaniards as well as Filipinos. and by Englishmen as well as Spaniards. The two Genatos, Legarda, Tavera, de la Rama, Araneta, are clever men. Paterno, the president of the congress, was the only one of them all, however, who could understand at all the political situation in the United States. In fact. he was about the only politician in the Aguinaldo party.

The man on whom Aguinaldo relied most for advice and counsel was Mabini, who it happened was not a member of the first cabinet. Mabini has always been very much opposed to the Americans. He has been one of the stoutest adherents of the belief that the Filipinos were strong enough to stand by themselves. In December, he succeeded in creating a cabinet crisis by influencing Aguinaldo to adopt a policy almost diametrically in opposition to a policy which he, as president, and in company with the council, had approved only a few days before.

Young Sandico is one of the most intelligent of the Filipino leaders. For a long time last summer, until he was



AN AMERICAN SOLDIER POSTED AS A SENTRY AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE IN MANILA.

discouraged as to the prospect of its ever coming to pass, he was openly in favor of the annexation of the Philippine Islands to the United States. He was

one of the most insistent advisers of Aguinaldo that the Filipinos were not able to maintain themselves independently. He told Aguinaldo repeatedly that they would be the victims of the ambitions of all Europe. In the fall, however, he grew discouraged about annexation to the United States and was inclined to turn toward Japan or some other power.

Another man who had a great deal of influence with Aguinaldo was Buencamino, an old blatherskite, who was always professing the warmest love and admiration for the Americans, and who always had a knife up his sleeve for them.

It was the common experience of the Americans who met the leaders of the Filipinos to be taken with them. The Filipinos have a great deal



WANTED, A GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT FOR THE PHILIPPINES—A SAMPLE OF THE MUDDY HIGHWAYS OUTSIDE OF MANILA.



GRAVES OF THE ASTOR BATTERY MEN KILLED IN THE ACTION BEFORE MANILA, AUGUST 13, 1898.

of the Spanish polish of manner. They are suave, pleasant, smooth spoken, agreeable, and polite. As a general thing, their manners are very winning. Aguinaldo himself is a polite and pleasant young man. He is also diplomatic. He is not a talkative

man, and almost never gives a decision on any question submitted to him at once. He will listen very closely to what is said to him, but it is always "Come some other time" for the answer.

If Americans are inclined to be pro-



THE QUARTERS OCCUPIED BY THE ASTOR BATTERY IN MANILA, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF A SPANISH GENERAL.

voked with him because he took advantage of their aid to struggle for independence, or because he has been inspired to a great extent by personal ambition, let them stop and consider for a few moments how many Americans there have been who, with the strength behind them which he thought he had behind himwith their people behind them as his people certainly have been behind him, and with such a chance for their people as he believed he had for his -how many Americans have there been great enough to put that all aside from pure patriotism, a patriotism which would certainly be opposed by the great majority of their own people, and which would make them reviled and hated for traitors? Not many Amer-

icans have been great enough to pursue a course different from that which this

Filipino has taken.

The Americans who have been at all well acquainted with Aguinaldo have been convinced that in spite of his personal ambition he had the welfare of his people at heart. They were convinced also that he is honest, although he is not particularly sharp or astute as a politician. It is his misfortune that he has had no experience with men and affairs outside of his



IN CAMP DEWEY—ONE OF THE ASTOR BATTERY'S THREE INCH GUNS.

own country. He has recognized his own limitations, and the very realization of his own weakness has undoubtedly been responsible for his apparent indecision and vacillation in some cases, and for many unwise actions. Mabini, his most trusted adviser, is a strong man—the strongest man personally in the Filipino party; and his influence has undoubtedly led Aguinaldo into serious mistakes.

On the American side, the campaign in the Philippines has been handled ad-



THE GATE LEADING FROM THE LUNETA (THE RIVERSIDE DRIVE OF MANILA) INTO THE OLD WALLED CITY.



A CAPTURED SPANISH GUN USED BY THE FILIPINOS.

mirably as far as the fighting is concerned, and will be as long as Admiral Dewey and General Otis are directing it. Everybody knows, of course, the kind of man Dewey is—alert, decisive, resourceful, and fearless. General Otis is a strong man also, and a good soldier. His military dispositions have been excellent. He is not as quick a man as Admiral

Dewey: his mental processes are a little slower, and he takes more time in reaching his conclusions. But he covers the ground very thoroughly and is very sure. He may be relied upon to make no false moves. He may not make many moves, but when he does, the opposition will be overcome.

Of the division commanders, Mac-Arthur and Lawton are both very strong, active men. Army

say that they are the best two officers for that sort of work in the army. More than anything else, of course, the unbroken success attending the American campaign speaks in praise of its management. The country is extremely difficult, and the climate at this season of the year is very trying. It is very hot and dry, and the men suffer a great deal. The



AN INSURGENT BARRICADE, WITH AN OLD SPANISH GUN, ON THE RAILWAY (THE MANILA & DAGUPAN RAILROAD) BETWEEN MANILA AND MALOLOS.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON GUARD IN FORT MALATE AFTER ITS CAPTURE FROM THE SPANIARDS.

rainy season will come on in June, and it is probable that if the insurgents have not come in by that time, our campaign will be suspended, at least in its most active features.

When the fighting with the insurgents is all over, there is no doubt whatever

that the islands will prove vastly valuable to the Americans. There are a great many very promising openings for the investment of capital there. The Spaniards have never done, anything toward the real development of the archipelago. They have made a forced business center



CASCOS, OR MANILA LIGHTERS, ON THE PASIG RIVER, CARRYING AMERICAN TROOPS (THE FIRST CALIFORNIA) TO THE TRANSPORT ON WHICH THEY SAILED FOR ILOILO (JANUARY 3, 1899).

out of the port of Manila. Iloilo, in the island of Panay, will probably become a very important place, as it is practically the center of the great hemp and sugar industries, which are the natural industries of the islands, and which are capable of tremendous development. Thousands and thousands of acres of unoccupied land in southern Luzon and in Panay can be put into hemp estates, and the products will naturally go to Iloilo for shipment.

Nothing has ever been done with the enormously valuable timber resources of the Philippines. Nearly every island is covered in a large proportion with forests, which are filled with a great many varie-

trained in the collection of taxes, and as a result a considerable percentage of the duties, both export and import, was lost to the government. Not a cent was taken at any of the other ports of the islands, and the great business of Iloilo made no return whatever. Cebu and Zamboanga were practically free ports. The internal revenues were almost entirely neglected. Under the Spanish, every person in the islands paid a sort of poll tax, called the cedula personal. No effort whatever was made to collect such a tax by the Americans.

Yet, with all these adverse conditions, the amount that was collected paid all



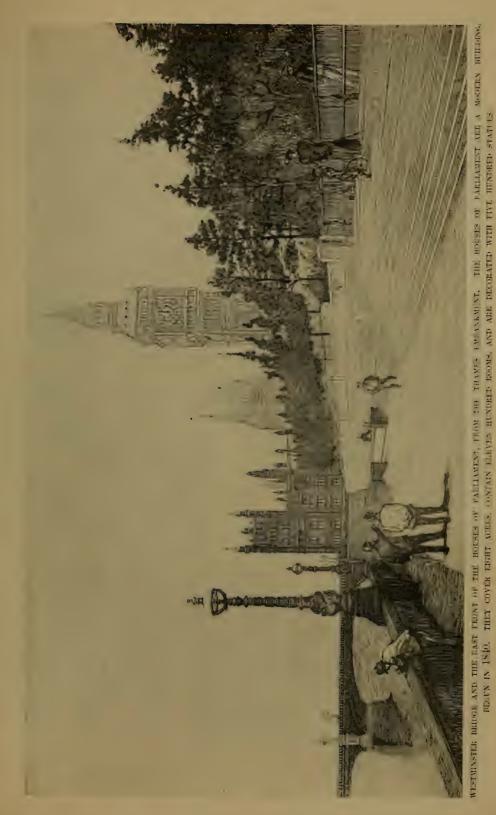
SPANISH PRISONERS QUARTERED IN THE OLD WALLED CITY RECEIVING THEIR RATIONS.

ties of hard and valuable wood. It may be necessary in getting out this wood to resort to the methods in use in India in the employment of elephants, but there is no question that capital will find a good return from such an investment. Nothing adequate is known of the mineral possibilities of the islands, but what is known is enough to make it worth while to investigate thoroughly.

With the situation what it was last fall, the islands were paying for themselves under the Americans, barring, of course, the enormous expense of maintaining our large army there. At that time we were collecting revenue only in the city and port of Manila. Our customhouse was in the hands of soldiers, un-

the expenses of our administration, except the support of our large army; paid for the support of all the Spanish prisoners; paid very largely for the transportation of supplies and men for our own army; paid for the cleaning up of Manila, and for keeping it clean, and left a profit of over \$215,000, silver, a month. Now, when the conditions down there are settled and our army of occupation is reduced to a normal strength, and when we collect customs at all the ports, with skilled men to handle the business, so that leakage and fraud are reduced to a minimum, the islands will pay for their administration and support our army.

The Philippines are not likely to be a charge upon the American taxpayer.



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# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

#### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE A
TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE EIGHTH
INSTALMENT NARRATES THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S SQUADRON
AND THE FALL OF SANTIAGO.

IN the fire of criticism, just and unjust, of which General Shafter has been the object, his despatch to Secretary Alger, reporting that he was considering a retreat, has been cited in proof of his vacillation and mental and physical debility. In reality, the fact that he de-

manded the enemy's surrender while he was warning his government that he might be compelled to move backward, shows his correct estimate of the situation, and his promptness and resolution in availing himself of it. It was, to a certain extent, like Grant after the first day of



LIEUTENANT MILEY, OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S STAFF, RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG OVER THE GOVERNMENT PALACE IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA, AT NOON ON JULY 17, 1898.

Drawn by William J. Glackens.



GENERAL SHAFTER RECEIVING THE FORMAL SURRENDER OF GENERAL TORAL, ON THE MORNING OF JULY 17, 1898.

Drawn by William J. Glackens.

Shiloh. His position was bad, and might become untenable, but he had reason to believe that that of the enemy was much worse. The Spanish troops were necessarily quite as exhausted as his own men; it was known that their food was meager, and it was easy to guess that their ammunition was running low. The climate was but little less trying to them than to the Americans. Blockaded by sea, defeated on land, what could Toral see before him but destruction or surrender?

At Washington, where the situation was very imperfectly understood — Shafter's despatches had been few and not specially

luminous—there was some natural anxiety. Secretary Alger had waited with the President until four o'clock that morning (July 3) for news from the front, one of the last despatches they received on the 2d having been a request for more surgeons. It was nearly noon when the telegram telling of a possible retreat reached them. The secretary, a politician as well as a soldier, replied:

Of course you can judge the situation better than we can at this end of the line. If, however, you could hold your present position, especially San Juan heights, the effect upon the country would be much better than falling back.

Shafter's answer, received at Washing-

ton shortly after midnight, was brief and decided:

I shall hold my present position.

For in the mean time the situation had entirely changed. Cervera's squadron had gone out of the harbor, leaving the city to its fate. direction of the American lines, but with little effect, as the intervening hills prevented any accurate aim. The Punta Gorda battery also joined in the firing, but its heavier guns turned seaward, and could not be brought to bear.

During the day the French consul at Santiago wrote to the admiral, inquiring



CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO COMMANDED THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA AT SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Child, Newport.

Lieutenant Allen, of the Second Cavalry, stationed on Lawton's extreme right, saw the fleet's departure, and at once sent word to headquarters. The result of the great sea fight that followed was not known till afternoon, when news came from Siboney that all the Spanish ships but one had been destroyed. That the Colon had shared the fate of her consorts was not reported until the following day.

CERVERA'S LAST DAYS AT SANTIAGO.

During the battle of the 1st of July Cervera's ships threw a few shells in the whether he intended to bombard the city if the American troops occupied it, and requesting that he should not do so without giving notice. Cervera replied, next morning, that if the enemy entered Santiago he would at once turn his guns on the town, without further warning. The French official at once informed his countrymen and the other consuls, and there was something of a panic. Mr. Ramsden, the British representative, sent the civil governor of Santiago to see Cervera, who modified his truculent announcement—for there were more than twenty thousand women and children in

the city—saying that he would bombard the place if the Americans took it and the inhabitants deserted it.\*

On the morning of the 2d the harbor batteries were again shelled at close range by the blockading ships. was in answer to a note from Shafter, requesting Sampson to keep up his fire upon Santiago. The action lasted two hours. the Spaniards making little attempt to reply; and a shot from the Texas accomplished what had not been done in all the bombardments of the blockade-it dismounted one of the six inch guns in the Socapa, besides killing three men and wounding six, among the latter being Ensign Piña, the commander of the battery.



CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO COMMANDED THE BATTLESHIP OREGON AT SANTIAGO.

Throughout the day Cervera made preparations for leaving the harbor, Blanco

having sent him imperative orders to make a dash for Havana, in spite of the admiral's protest of his inability to cope with the blockading fleet.† The marines who had gone ashore to reinforce Lin-



CAPTAIN . FRENCH E. CHADWICK, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO COM-MANDED THE ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK AT SANTIAGO.

leave Santiago instead of bombarding it.

This version of the affair is not borne out by Mr. Ramsden's diary; indeed, it is contradicted at an essential point by his statement that it was ten o'clock on the morning of July 2 when he saw Cervera's note to the French consul. It must therefore be relegated to the already well filled realm of war fiction.

†On September 10, 1898, according to a press report, Señor Aunon, the Spanish minister of marine, stated in the Cortes that Cervera "wanted to blow up his ships in the harbor;

<sup>\*</sup>A detailed account of the incident appeared in the New York Sun, December 5, 1898, in which it was stated that Cervera's bloodthirsty design—quite foreign to the character displayed at other times by the gallant Spanish admiral—was frustrated only by the interference of the British government. According to the Sun's historian, Ramsden telegraphed information of it to Sir Alexander Gollan, the British consul general in Havana, at two o'clock A. M., July 2. Gollan went to Blanco, but was rebuffed, Blanco telling him that Cervera was entirely at liberty "to take the measures which he should deem best for the success of the campaign;" but a protest to London caused a change of heart, and the captain general ordered Cervera to leave Santiago instead of bombarding it.

ares were taken aboard, a pilot was sent to each ship, steam was made, and a little before half past nine o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 3, the six vessels, cleared for action, were moving toward of his squadron afterwards gave what was no doubt the true reason—that the American ships lay so close inshore from sunset to sunrise, and their watch with searchlights was so perfect, that the



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO COMMANDED THE BATTLESHIP IOWA AT SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

the sea gate of the harbor that had sheltered them for forty five eventful days.

THE SORTIE OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON.

Cervera's choice of the daytime, rather than the night, for the moment of his sortie, was a paradox that is not explained in his official report; but officers Spanish admiral saw no possible hope of a night escape. Mistaken as his judgment probably was, it was a remarkable testimony to the effectiveness of Sampson's plan of blockade.

The militant captain of the Iowa is reported as saying, some time after the battle, that the Spaniards "were so thoroughly rattled that they just started to run out of the way as fast as they could." To show how unfair is such a description of Cervera's sortie, it is worth while to quote the account given to Lieutenant Müller by the pilot of the Maria Teresa:

I was in the forward tower by the side of Ad-

but I informed him that it would be preferable to leave the port and engage the enemy. General Blanco ordered Admiral Cervera to leave Santiago, and fixed the day of his departure."

ure."

Cervera's official report to Captain General Blanco was read to representatives of the Madrid press on August 22, 1898, but no copies of it were given out. According to the version published by the Heraido (translated by the Navy Department) it begins: "In obedience to your orders, in the face of that which would have happened, and of which you were informed, I left the bay of Santiago for sea on the 3d day of July." Its account of the battle is very brief.

miral Cervera, who was as calm as though he had been at anchor in his own cabin, and was observing the channel and the hostile ships and only said these words:

"Pilot, when can we shift the

helm?"

He had reference to turning to starboard, which could be done only after we had passed Diamante Bank. After a few seconds he said:

"Pilot, advise me when we can

shift the helm.'

"I will advise you, admiral," I answered.

A few moments later I said: "Admiral, the helm may be shifted now."

In a moment the admiral, without shouting, without becoming excited, as calm as usual, said: "To starboard," and the next

minute, "Fire!"

At the same moment the two guns of the turret and those of the port battery fired on a ship which seemed to me to be the Indiana. By this time there were already many dead and wounded in the battery, because they had been firing on us for some time, and I believe that in spite of the water that was in the ship she was already on fire. The admiral said to me:

"Good by, pilot; go now; go, and be sure you let them pay you, because you have earned it

well."

The Spanish cruisers came down the channel in column, Cervera's flagship, the Maria Teresa, in the lead, and the Vizcaya, the Cristobal Colon, and the Almirante Oquendo following in order, with about eight hundred yards' distance between each ship and the next. Twelve hundred yards behind the Oquendo came the torpedo boat destroyers. As to the order in which the de-

stroyers went out, there are discrepancies in the reports of the American officers, and even in Lieutenant Müller's narrative, in which accuracy might have been expected. Apparently the explanation is that the Furor led down the channel, and when just outside the Morro she circled to port as if to escape to the eastward, but seeing the Gloucester and other vessels in her path, she turned



hundred yards behind the Captain francis a. cook, united states navy, who commanded Oquendo came the torpedo The Armored Cruiser Brooklyn at Santiago.

From a photograph by Hart, Brooklyn.

west to follow the cruisers—thereby losing enough ground to allow the Pluton to overhaul and pass her.\*

Cervera's plan was to turn westward as soon as he reached the sea, and run for it. His one hope of success lay in outrunning the American battleships

<sup>\*</sup>This is based on the detailed account given by Lieutenant Müller on the authority of Lieutenants Bustamente of the Furor and Caballero of the Pluton.



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

and beating off Sampson's speediest vessel, the Brooklyn—not by any means an impossible scheme on paper. In the test of action, his ships proved much slower than they should have been, the Americans faster than he had expected; while in fighting power his four cruisers showed themselves pitiably inferior to the five powerful men of war—four battleships and a cruiser—of whose guns they had to run the gantlet.

THE POSITION OF SAMPSON'S FLEET.

These five—the Indiana, the Oregon, the Iowa, the Texas, and the Brooklyn, recounting them in order from east to west—lay at or near their regular blockading stations, in a semicircle about the harbor mouth, and from two and a half to four miles distant from it. The Massa-

chusetts had gone early that morning to Guantanamo Bay for coal The New York had signaled, at a quarter to nine, "Disregard movements of the commander in chief," and had started eastward for Siboney, where Sampson intended to land for a conference with Shafter. She was nearly ten\* miles east of the Morro when the Teresa came out, and in company with her were the torpedo boat Ericsson and the converted yacht Hist. Of the other small vessels, the Gloucester and the Vixen lay inside the main blockading line, the former to the east of the harbor entrance, the latter to the west. The Resolute was further out, close to the Indiana. On all the ships the men were at "quar-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;About seven," Sampson says in his report, but the distance measures almost ten miles on the chart drawn up by the board of officers appointed to make a map of the battle.

ters for inspection," according to the regular routine of Sunday morning.

Suddenly, at thirty one minutes past nine, the Teresa, with smoke pouring from her funnels, came around Smith Key and turned down the channel toward the She was in plain view of several American ships, and three or four of them announced "Enemy's ships escaping" at almost the same instant, the Iowa also firing a gun to attract attention. The Brooklyn's records show that she made the warning signal at 9.35, having received it from the Iowa. Captain Philip reports that the Texas had hoisted it a moment earlier than the Iowa. Sampson had prescribed this signal in a general order dated June 7. Elsewhere in the carefully prepared instructions with which he had sought to insure that there should be no unreadiness in any emergency that might arise, he had directed that whenever the enemy appeared, "the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel."

Even without this order, there was no doubt of what was to be done. The Spaniards' simple tactics rendered maneuvering unnecessary, and the remarkable combat that followed was a gunners' and engineers' rather than a commanders' battle. Commodore Schley flew from the Brooklyn the signals "Clear for action" and "Close up," but apparently they were not noticed in the smoke and the excitement, as they are not recorded in the logs of the other men of war. Sampson, when he saw what was happening, put the New York about and signaled " Close in toward harbor entrance and attack vessels," but his orders could have been visible only to the easternmost of his ships.

It has been stated that Cervera's sortie caught the blockading fleet napping; that most of the American vessels were ready to shoot but not to pursue; that—with two shining exceptions—their engineers were "unprepared to make a quick movement of any kind in the face of the enemy."\* While not wholly untrue, the criticism is decidedly unfair. Of course, the ships were not ready to jump instantly to their highest speed. To keep them, through all the weeks of the blockade, in condition to use their full steaming

power at a moment's notice, would have been utterly impossible. It would have involved an intolerable strain upon the crews, and an expenditure of fuel that would have crippled the fleet's efficiency by necessitating constant recoaling. The New York had steam in four of her six boilers; the fifth was primed and ready for use, the sixth was cleaning; her forward engines were disconnected, as they cannot be used to advantage except with full boiler power. The Brooklyn had steam in three boilers, with three more full of hot water. If any ships were caught napping, it was the Iowa and the Indiana. Captain Evans reports that the former could make only five knots; and the latter, whose machinery was not in prime condition, did no better. Readiest of all the fleet was that naval bulldog, the Oregon. Her engineers, who had already distinguished themselves by speeding her from San Francisco to the West Indies, won fresh laurels by their ship's fine performance on the 3d of July—a performance that entitles her chief engineer, Robert Milligan, to a place among the heroes of the war. The other vessel whose readiness for action deserves special mention was the Gloucester.

# THE SANTIAGO SEA FIGHT.

Quickly as the crews sprang to their stations, it was about eight minutes before the gunners were ready to fire, and they were not in time, nor near enough, to prevent Cervera's ships coming out of the channel. But when they opened, with every gun that could be brought to bear, the hail of shell that rained upon the Spaniards was terrific. There was no swell to render an accurate aim difficult. and the American marksmanship was deadly. It drove the Spanish gunners from their pieces, it made slaughter pens of their decks, and, most fatal of all, it set their ships on fire. When two of Cervera's cruisers—the Vizcaya and the Oquendo—lay beside the Maine in Havana harbor, Captain Sigsbee noticed the "long stretch of beautiful woodwork" in their cabins, and foresaw their danger of fire in battle.\* His forecast was verified now. The Teresa and the Oquendo were ablaze after fifteen minutes' fighting. The former had her fire main cut by one of the first

<sup>\*</sup>This criticism was made in an article in the Engineering Magazine, December, 1898, which attracted much attention.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Maine," pp. 56, 57.

shots, leaving her powerless to extinguish the flames that were devouring her.

The Spanish cruisers came down the channel at a speed of eight or ten knots. When they turned westward they used the full power of their engines, but only the Colon could quicken materially. Their speed was enough, however, to carry them past the American ships before the latter could get well under way. The five first rate vessels within range headed in directly toward the escaping foe, the only exception being a maneuver made by the Brooklyn, out of which there subsequently grew one of the innumerable controversies of the war.

The westward station of Schley's flagship placed her nearest to Cervera's ships when they turned to starboard out of the channel; but their line of flight was close along shore, almost a mile from her. The Teresa had passed, and the Vizcaya was following, when the Brooklyn, which was heading to the east, wore around to seaward. As her tactical diameter—that is, the space in which she can go about—is eight hundred yards, this movement turned her in the direction taken by the fleeing Spaniards, but set her nearly half a mile further away from them.

His handling of the Brooklyn having been criticised—or, perhaps it would be fairer to say, having been commented on with much curiosity as to its precise purpose - Commodore Schley subsequently explained that he made his seaward turn, at a moment when the other ships were following the order to close with the enemy, in order to prevent the Brooklyn from cutting off the fire of the rest of the fleet. He added that he regarded it as "the crucial and deciding feature of the combat," and claimed the sinking of four ships within half an hour as the result of it.\* In view of this it is certainly curious that in his official report of the battle he makes no mention of the maneuver. His flag captain, Captain Cook, merely records that "the enemy turned to the westward to close into the land. then wore around to starboard, bringing the starboard battery into action. enemy hugged the shore to the west-Before his later explanation, Schley's statement that "the Spanish admiral's scheme was to concentrate all fire

\*Rear Admiral Schley's statement to the Senate committee on naval affairs, February 19, 1899.

for a while on the Brooklyn, and the Vizcaya to ram her" was regarded as giving his reason for the course he took. The commodore attributes his information to two of Cervera's captains, but no other officer seems to have noticed any threat of ramming on the part of the Cervera's general plan was simply to run; and such a bold offensive stroke would have been most uncharacteristic of Spanish seamanship. over, had it been attempted, a vessel cannot ram without risk of being rammed, and the Brooklyn was more than two thousand tons heavier than any of the Spanish ships, as well as swifter.

# TWO CRUISERS BURNED AND WRECKED.

The Brooklyn was still nearest to the leading Spanish ships. The Iowa, the Indiana, and the Texas, after pouring in a tremendous fire upon each of Cervera's cruisers as it came out of the harbor mouth, headed after the fugitives at the best pace they could make, their guns still steadily at work. The unarmored Vixen, finding herself between the two fleets, prudently turned seaward and ran outside of the American ironclads. The Oregon dashed forward with a splendid burst of speed, and drew almost level with "It was an inspiring the Brooklyn. sight," the captain of Schley's flagship generously says in his report, "to see this battleship, with a large white wave before her, and her smokestacks belching forth continued puffs from her forced draft. We were making fourteen knots at the time, and the Oregon came up off our starboard quarter at about six hundred vards and maintained her position, though we soon after increased our speed to fifteen knots, and just before the Colon surrendered were making sixteen."\*

The Teresa and the Oquendo soon dropped behind the other two cruisers. Their fate had been sealed by the terrific fire that met them as they left the channel. Both were ablaze, and the hail of shells had wrought frightful havoc on their decks. Captain Concas of the Teresa had been wounded, and as the second officer could not be found Admiral Cervera took command in person. His

<sup>\*</sup>Captain Cook's estimate of his ship's speed was a little too high. The map plotted by the official board already mentioned shows that the Brooklyn's average speed in the long chase of the Colon was a little more than thirteen knots, the Oregon's a trifle less.

ship was a mass of flame and smoke. It was too late even to flood the magazines, and to save her from sinking in deep water the admiral ordered her beached. "I thought to lower the flag, but that was not possible, on account of the fire," Cervera says; but several American officers report that a white flag was shown as she ran ashore. She went aground in a small cove at Nima Nima. six and a half miles west of the Morro, and lay there, burning fiercely, about a hundred vards from the beach.

This happened at a quarter past ten. The Oquendo lived just five minutes longer, and got half a mile further west, before she followed the flagship's example and ran for the shore, hauling down her colors. She was on fire fore and aft, and her fire pumps were disabled; her decks were a shambles, and most of her guns had been put out of action. Among the killed were her commander, Captain Lagaza, and his two chief officers.

# THE GLOUCESTER'S PLUCKY FIGHT.

The next victims of the American gunners were the Pluton and the Furor. two destroyers—frail craft, yet dangerous weapons if properly handled-were sent to sure destruction by Cervera's tactics. In the broad daylight, their only chance of escaping, or of getting within striking distance of the enemy, lay in creeping close beside the cruisers, where they would have had at least a partial shelter. Coming out about fifteen minutes later than the Teresa, they were doomed. ading ships had had time to close in, and were ready to meet them with a deadly All four of the battleships, while their heavy guns were hammering the cruisers, turned their secondary batteries upon the destroyers.

The Gloucester, too, steamed in to engage them at close quarters. attack-a bold movement for an unprotected yacht, whose heaviest guns were six pounders—was a well planned stroke, as well as a brave one, on the part of her captain, Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, who was executive officer of the Maine at the time of the fateful explosion of February 15. As the Spanish cruisers came out of the harbor, he ordered his engines slowed, gaining steam, and waiting for the expected appearance of the destroyers. When the Pluton and the Furor left the channel, he dashed at them at full speed. Captain Taylor of the Indiana signaled "Gunboats will advance." which Wainwright interpreted as an assurance that he would not be fired on by his own ships, and he closed in upon the destroyers, training his forward guns upon the Pluton, his after guns upon the Furor, and getting within six hundred

vards' range.

Both were disabled within five miles of the Morro. At half past ten the Pluton, with fire and smoke bursting from her decks, turned shoreward, and ran upon the rocks west of the Cabanas inlet. where she blew up and settled in the surf. The Furor, also on fire, was circling about helplessly, and as a white flag was waved from her deck Wainwright ceased firing and launched his boats, to rescue the crews, and to see if there was any chance of saving the prizes. The boats had taken aboard Lieutenant Carlier and eighteen of his men, and were picking up the survivors of the Pluton, when there was a series of explosions on the Furor; her bow rose into the air, and she went down stern first in deep water.

The Gloucester's boats saved twenty six men from the Pluton, including her captain, Lieutenant Vazquez. Captain Villamil, commanding the two destroyers, was on the Furor, and perished with her.\* A few refugees from both vessels, with some from the Teresa and the Oquendo, escaped to the shore and made their way back to Santiago, swimming the Cabanas inlet.

#### WHO DESTROYED THE DESTROYERS?

Credit for the destruction of the Pluton and the Furor has been claimed as the sole possession of the Gloucester. Lieutenant Huse, executive officer of the plucky yacht, states in his report that after Captain Taylor's signal "it appeared that the fight between this ship and the two apparently uninjured destroyers was a thing apart from the battle in which the larger ships were engaged." Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, though he mentions the fact that "the Indiana poured in a hot fire from all her secondary batteries upon the destroyers," asserts that until the Gloucester closed with them "they were not seriously injured."

On the other hand, Captain Taylor's

<sup>\*</sup>Remains identified as those of Captain Villamil were found among the rocks on the beach in March, 1899.

version is that when the Teresa and the Oquendo gave up the fight, "we (the Indiana) then devoted our special attention to prevent the escape of the destroyers, which appeared more than a match for the Gloucester. They were soon seen to blow up, apparently struck by our six inch and six pounders." Captain Eaton of the Resolute corroborates this, testifying that he distinctly saw the Furor "struck by an eight inch or thirteen inch shell from the Indiana, which was followed by an explosion and flames." Lieutenant Caballero of the Pluton told Lieutenant Müller, the Spanish chronicler, that a twelve or thirteen inch shell hit his boat and exploded her forward boilers; and this may have been the shot mentioned by Captain Eaton, as the reports of the American officers repeatedly confuse the names of the two destroyers.

Furthermore, Captain Evans asserts that the fire of the Iowa, "together with that of the Gloucester and another smaller vessel,\* proved so destructive that one of the torpedo boat destroyers (Pluton) was sunk and the Furor was so much damaged that she was run upon the rocks." Captain Philip claims a share of the work for the Texas. "Owing to our secondary battery," he says, "together with the Iowa and Gloucester, the two destroyers were forced to beach and sink." Captain Clark of the Oregon adds that "when it was discovered that the enemy's torpedo boats were following their ships, we used our rapid fire guns, as well as the six inch, upon them with telling effect." The New York also fired some four inch shells—the only shots she discharged in the battle—at the Furor.

No doubt none of Sampson's captains had the least desire to claim more than his due, but it is easy to understand that all of them were, as the admiral said, "vitally interested and justly proud of their ships." Sampson's report gives what is probably a very fair summary of the matter:

The destroyers probably suffered much injury from the fire of the secondary batteries of the battleships Iowa, Indiana, and the Texas. Yet I think a very considerable factor in their speedy destruction was the fire, at close range, of the Gloucester's battery.

From the wreck of the Pluton the

Gloucester's boats went on to the Teresa and the Oquendo. The Spanish flagship had lowered a boat, which sank at once. and a steam launch, which also went down after making one journey to the beach. Cervera jumped overboard, and his son and two sailors helped him ashore-"with nothing," he says in his report; and the phrase is literally true, for he reached the Gloucester stark naked, as did most of the prisoners. The work of rescue was rendered perilous by the explosion of guns and ammunition on board the burning cruisers. The Teresa's magazines had flooded as she filled with water. but one of the Oquendo's blew up, shattering the forward part of the ship. Further aft her torpedoes added to the destruction, and she was left a hopeless wreck, her frame practically broken in two. Her flag, and those of the two destroyers, were captured by the Gloucester's boats.

### THE FATE OF THE VIZCAYA.

Meanwhile the Colon and the Vizcava were fleeing westward, hotly pursued by the Brooklyn and the Oregon, with the Texas following, and the Iowa and the Indiana doing their best to keep up with the chase. The Colon passed her consort about half past ten, and drew out of range of the American ships; but the Vizcava was still under fire from all five, and in twenty minutes more her race was over. Burning, and with a heavy list to port, she was headed for the shore, and after veering about as if in indecision she was run ashore in the small bay of Aserraderos, twenty miles west of the Morro.

The Vixen, which had followed the pursuit, was in time to fire a few shots at the Vizcaya before her flag went down. The New York, which had turned westward at sight of the escaping Spaniards, and had passed through the fire of the Morro and Socapa batteries without deigning to return it, was now coming up, accompanied by the Ericsson and the Hist. The Ericsson had her torpedoes ready for use, but she was too late to get within striking distance.

As there was now no enemy afloat but the Colon, who was too fast for him, and whom the swifter ships were pretty sure to overtake, Captain Evans sent five of the Iowa's boats to take off the crew of

<sup>\*</sup>This seems to be an error, as the Gloucester was the only smaller vessel engaged. Captain Evans also confuses the Pluton and the Furor.

the burning Vizcaya. The rescuers, who were reinforced from the Ericsson and the Hist, kept up their dangerous work in the face of constant explosions—both of the cruiser's main magazines blew up—until there were no more living men to save. Captain Eulate was taken aboard the Iowa. He had his sword, and proffered it, in token of surrender, to Captain Evans, who chivalrously declined to receive it.

# THE CHASE OF THE COLON.

Sampson had already ordered the Indiana to return to her blockading station—a wise precaution, as there were still a couple of armed vessels in Santiago harbor, which might have wrought havoc among the transports at Siboney; and he now sent back the Iowa and the Ericsson, leaving the Hist to stand by the Vizcaya. Of Cervera's ships, only the Colon was At this time she had a lead of six left. miles; but it is evident that Captain Moreu had no hope of escape. close along shore, following the bends of the coast, while his pursuers steered straight forward to cut him off. A little after eleven o'clock, when the Vizcaya turned shoreward, the Brooklyn was three quarters of a mile ahead of the Oregon, both ships having now worked up to a speed of quite or nearly fifteen knots, and gaining steadily on the Colon. The Vixen was nearly abeam of the Oregon, but further seaward; the Texas was a mile and a half from the Oregon, and not quite holding her own in the race; the New York was six miles behind the Texas, steaming a little faster than any of the other vessels.

It was an exciting race, but its end was certain. At twenty minutes after twelve the Oregon was near enough to the quarry to open fire at long range with her great thirteen inch rifles. little later the Brooklyn began to use her eight inch guns, and at a quarter past one, with the shells falling around and beyond her, the Colon turned into the cove at the mouth of the Rio Turquino ("Blue River"), fifty four miles west of Santiago harbor, and ran for the shore, hauling down her flag. Commodore Schley sent Captain Cook on board to receive her surrender. Captain Moreu, Cook reports, "surrendered unconditionally. He was polite, shook hands, and said that his case was hopeless, and that he saw we were too much for him." Captain Paredes, who had been civil governor of Santiago, was also on the Colon.

# THE SCUTTLING OF THE COLON.

As Captain Cook left the Colon the New York and the Texas came up, and he went aboard the flagship to report to The admiral ordered Captain Sampson. Chadwick to take over the prize. transferring the prisoners—508 in number-to the Resolute, which had followed the chase, he left Lieutenant Commander Cogswell, of the Oregon, in charge, with a crew from the Oregon and the New But the Spaniards were determined that the fine cruiser should never be of service to her captors. They had opened her sea valves—a disgraceful act of treachery, if it was done, as it apparently must have been, after the lowering of her colors-and so broken them that they could not be closed. She had been run upon a steep beach, where the water was seventy feet deep at her stern and only eight at her bow; but as she settled she slipped backward, and was in danger of going down in deep water. Captain Chadwick thereupon placed the New York's stem against her, and pushed her bodily up on the beach. Here she gradually settled, in spite of all efforts to stop her leaks; and finally, just after the prize crew abandoned her, she went over on her starboard beam ends.

An hour before midnight Sampson started the New York for Santiago, leaving the Oregon and the Texas to stay by Except for the breaking of the Colon. her valves, the captured cruiser was practically uninjured when she sank, and it was fully-though, as it proved, mistakenly\*—expected that she could be raised. She showed the marks of only half a dozen shells, probably received as she left the harbor, and some of them had not penetrated her armor. handling during the battle was not creditable to the Spaniards. Rated at twenty knots an hour, she allowed the sixteen knot Oregon to overhaul her; she was surrendered practically without a fightthough this is to a great extent excused by the fact that she was without her heavy guns—and was scuttled in a way

<sup>\*</sup> As this goes to press, there remains a faint possibility that the Colon may be saved, a Swedish wrecking company being reported to have offered to undertake the work.

that does not add to the vaunted luster of Spanish honor.

# LOSSES IN THE BATTLE.

The battle was over, and one of the greatest and most complete of naval victories had been won. The Spanish squadron was utterly destroyed. Of its complement of about 2,300 men, some 350 were killed, burned, or drowned; the rest-except those who escaped to Santiago were prisoners.\* The American fleet was practically unscathed. It had lost one man killed-Chief Yeoman Ellis of the Brooklyn, who was struck by a shell—and ten wounded, none fatally, most of the cases being injuries to ear drums from the concussion of the guns. The ships were scarcely marked by the torrent of ill aimed fire that had come from the

fleeing Spaniards.

The Brooklyn showed most traces of the fight—chiefly in her rigging and upper works, the Spanish gunners having fired high, as seems to be their inveterate habit. The flag at her main was shot to pieces, and her signal halyards repeatedly cut. In all she was struck by twenty shells, besides pieces of bursting projectiles and small shot from machine guns. Of the other ships, the Oregon was hit three times, the Indiana twice, by fragments or small caliber missiles which did no damage. A six inch shell struck the Texas, going through her ash hoist and injuring her forced draft apparatus. The Iowa received two of about the same caliber, which pierced her hull, but did no material harm, though one started a small fire; and about seven minor projectiles, which left only trifling marks. The Gloucester, which went nearest to the enemy's guns, seemed to bear a charmed life, for not a shot touched her. At one moment of the battle she had a narrow escape. As she closed with the destroyers, her crew could hear, amid the roar of cannon, the drumming sound of a machine gun, and could trace its fire by a line of

### CAUSES OF THE VICTORY.

The completeness of Cervera's defeat is not adequately explained by his squadron's inferiority to the enemy it had to meet. The Spanish admiral states in his report that "the hostile forces were three times as large as ours." Lieutenant Müller calculates that "six ships, if the Pluton and Furor may be called such, had to fight against twenty four that were better protected and armed." These are utter misrepresentations. The battle was fought, on the American side, by six ships—the battleships Iowa, Oregon, Indiana, and Texas, the cruiser Brooklyn, and the converted yacht Gloucester. Another auxiliary, the Vixen, must be added to the list, as she was present throughout the fight, though her part in it was little more than that of a spectator. The New York, though she fired a few shots, was practically out of the battle. Hist, the Ericsson, the Harvard, and the Resolute came up only in time to receive the prisoners. No other American ship was present at all. Some of the twenty four vessels listed by Lieutenant Müller were as far away as San Francisco and Manila.

The comparative gun power of two fleets may be stated in various ways. The seven American vessels engaged at Santiago had a total of 225 guns to Cervera's 146, and they had 14 guns—the twelve and thirteen inch rifles of the battleships —heavier than anything the Spaniards carried. In the medium sized weapons, with which most execution was done, the Spanish ships were better off. American ships had 64 guns of calibers from four to eight inches, only 18 of which were rapid firers; Cervera had 46 rapid fire guns of calibers from four and a half to six inches. Not all the guns, of course, on either side, could be used. A published calculation by Lieutenant Wells, of the

splashes, about as long as their ship, and steadily drawing nearer as the Spaniards gaged the range. It was from a one pounder Maxim on the Furor, and if its stream of shot reached the Gloucester. even for a few minutes, it meant terrible slaughter on her decks; but when the splashes were only a few yards away they suddenly ceased—the gun, no doubt, having been put out of action by the American fire.

<sup>\*</sup>The prisoners captured on July 3 were confined at Annapolis and at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the number being 93 at the former place and 1,681 at the latter, besides a few sick and wounded men sent to the Naval Hospital at Norfolk. The number of those who escaped to Santiago is stated by Lieutenant Müller at about 150. Stories are told, both by Spaniards and by Americans, of unarmed refugees being nurdered by Cubans; but it is fair to add that Cervera, who mentions that the insurgents temporarily held about 200 prisoners from the Teresa and the Oquendo, makes no complaint of ill treatment, and Lieutenant Hazeltine, of the Hist, reports that Cubans at Aserraderos helped in the rescue of the Viczozy's crew and gave "first aid" to some of the wounded men.

Brooklyn, estimates that the number actually engaged during the battle was 105 on the American ships and 91 on the Spanish, and that the weight of metal they could throw per minute was respectively 6,720 and 4,827 pounds. As a summary of all these figures it is probably fair to say that on paper the American gun fire was superior to the enemy's by from thirty five to forty per cent. In this no account is taken of the shore batteries, which maintained a brisk but quite ineffective fire during the early part of the battle.

Several of the Spanish cruisers' guns, Lieutenant Müller states—as Cervera also stated before he left the Cape Verde Islands-were out of order, and some of their ammunition was defective; but it was not so much the better guns as the better gunnery that won the sweeping victory. It was the same story that was told in Manila Bay two months before. Sampson's men had a special advantage in the practice they had had during the blockade. Their fire killed the enemy's fire, and would have done so had the Spaniards possessed twice the batteries they had. Another very important factor in the result was the extensive use of wood in the construction of the Spanish With the possible exception of the Furor, none of Cervera's vessels was destroyed by the direct effect of shot and shell; all of them but the Colon perished by fire, the flames being started by exploding projectiles, and the disabling of pumps and hose leaving them to spread unchecked.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE RESOLUTE AND THE SUWANEE.

There is scarcely a chapter of history, however stately or terrible, that has not its footnote of comedy; and such was the case with the story of the Santiago sea fight, brilliant with triumph for America and tragic with ruin and death for the ships and sailors of Spain. A gleam of humor is to be found in the adventures of certain minor members of Sampson's fleet.

When Cervera's ships came out of the harbor, the Resolute, as has been said, lay east of the Morro, near the Indiana. She had on her decks several tons of guncotton, which Sampson intended to use in an attempt to explode the channel mines,

in order to remove the obstructions most to be dreaded in forcing an entrance to the harbor. When the shells began to fly, Captain Eaton regarded his position as too perilous, and made full speed for Siboney. Meeting the New York, he informed Sampson of Cervera's sortie-a service which the admiral neglects to acknowledge in his report, possibly because he could see for himself what had happened—and was ordered to "proceed to Guantanamo and notify the ships there to join the fleet." Passing Siboney on this mission, vigorously sounding his whistle, and flying a signal which announced that the Spaniards had fled, he caused much natural alarm to the transports lying there. Captain Cotton of the Harvard, who was discharging stores in the bay, hastily recalled his boats, and stood westward after Sampson, his ship cleared for action.

From Siboney the news, becoming more and more alarming as it traveled, was cabled to Playa del Este, on Guantanamo The Suwanee, which had been coaling in the bay, was just putting to sea, when Commander McCalla of the Marblehead, lying at Playa, signaled her to wait for him; and coming within hailing distance, he informed her captain, Lieutenant Commander Delehanty, that "the Spanish fleet had escaped from Santiago de Cuba, and was in all probability on its way to this port to destroy unarmed ves-On this appalling intelligence, Delehanty called his line officers—three in number-about him, and explained the situation. A month ago, he told them, the Navy Department had stated that if Cervera's squadron escaped the service would be disgraced. Apparently that misfortune had come to it; and the four line officers of the Suwanee, without a dissenting voice, resolved to do all in their power to redeem the reputation of the American navy. All this is modestly recorded in Lieutenant Commander Delehanty's report, which continues:

I thereupon directed these officers to draw the common charges from the guns, to load with armor piercing shell, and to which parts of the enemy's ships they should direct their fire. We were in a small gunboat, with a maximum speed of ten knots, standing out to meet a fleet of heavily armed armored cruisers with reputed speed of double ours. Under other circumstances it would have been my duty to avoid so unequal a conflict. I felt the full responsibility of making the deci-

sion, and I record with pride that not a man flinched when it was made known.

But the Suwanee did not encounter the Spanish fleet, and an hour or so later the Dupont brought news of its destruction. Meanwhile the Resolute had been spreading a second alarm. Off Daiquiri, on the way eastward, she sighted a "large, strange man of war," whose colors Captain Eaton took to be Spanish. promptly faced about, and steamed at full speed to give notice of this new and entirely unexpected enemy. After warning the transports at Siboney—this was an exciting morning for nervous skippershe continued westward till he met the Indiana, returning from the wrecks of Cervera's cruisers, and informed her that a "Spanish battleship" was approaching. While the Resolute passed on to find Sampson, Captain Taylor stood for the mysterious stranger with his guns ready for use, and found her to be the Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Maria Theresa-a name curiously like that of Cervera's flagshipwhich desired permission to enter the blockaded harbor.

## TORAL REFUSES TO SURRENDER.

The scene of the great sea fight was screened from the armies ashore by the high hills along the coast. How tidings of the American victory reached Shafter has already been told. To Santiago the news came slowly. Half an hour after noon a message from the Morro told of the loss of the two destroyers; but not until evening did refugees from the Teresa and the Oquendo come in with their story of disaster, and the fate of Cervera's other vessels was not known until the officers of the Kaiserin Maria Theresa reported it next morning. The Austrian cruiser and a small British man of war, the Alert, came to take away from the doomed city residents claiming the protection of their flags. Neither ship entered the harbor; they lay off the Morro, and the refugees were taken out to them in boats.

Toral had already answered the demand for capitulation. "It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender," was his reply, which reached Shafter at half past six on the 3d. Firing—which had ceased in the morning, when the flag of truce left the American lines—was not resumed, as four of the

foreign consuls in Santiago came out with Colonel Dorst, Shafter's messenger, and begged for a day's respite. They stated that fifteen or twenty thousand people desired to leave the city, and begged that the noncombatants should be allowed to occupy the village of Caney, and be supplied with food. Shafter at once wrote to Toral that he would not bombard until noon of the 5th, if in the mean time no move were made against him, and requested that the consuls would come out again next morning for another interview.

That same evening (July 3) General Escario's column from Manzanillo marched into Santiago from the west, by the Cobre road, apparently without resistance from Garcia, who had undertaken to stop it. Although this added thirty five hundred soldiers to the garrison, it made little change in the situation. Shafter heard of it, on the 4th—Garcia reported that five thousand men had passed in—he sent a message to Wheeler warning him to be ready in case of attack; but with Cervera's fleet destroyed. and with some reinforcements arriving and more promised, he felt strong enough to hold his position without any difficulty, except, perhaps, in the event of a larger body of Spaniards coming up from Holguin. Escario's advent meant that Toral would have more mouths to feed and more men to surrender.

Of Shafter's reinforcements, the Ninth Massachusetts had come up from Siboney on the 2d, and other troops were reported on their way from Tampa and Newport News. On the 3d General Miles telegraphed from Washington:

I expect to be with you within one week with strong reinforcements.

When the consuls came out again on the morning of the 4th, Lieutenant Miley, representing Shafter, conferred with them upon the difficult problem of quartering and feeding the noncombatants. It was a difficult problem, because Caney, a village of three hundred houses at most,\* had been shelled during the battle of July 1, and contained many wounded men and some unburied dead; it was fifteen miles from Shafter's base of supplies, and all that he could promise to furnish was the simplest food—bread, bacon, sugar, and coffee—for

<sup>\*</sup>Lieutenant Müller gives the number as two hundred; Mr. Ramsden, who was among the refugees, as three hundred.

not more than three or four thousand people. The consuls were advised to keep the people in the city as long as possible, unless a bombardment should be ordered, and to send them out gradually as their provisions became exhausted; and another conference was arranged for the following day, the 5th.

The events of the night, however, precipitated matters.

# THE SINKING OF THE REINA MERCEDES.

Fearing lest the batteries and the mines might not avail, without the support of Cervera's fleet, to prevent Sampson from forcing an entrance to the harbor and putting an end to all possibility of further resistance, General Toral and the commandant of the port decided upon an attempt to block the channel by sinking the Reina Mercedes at its narrowest point. It was a repetition of the Merrimac maneuver, and it proved equally unsuccessful. The dismantled cruiser—her guns had already been taken ashore—was hastily stripped during the 4th, and an hour before midnight her commander, Ensign Nardiz, and a few engineers and sailors moved her down the harbor, intending to drop her bow and stern anchors, swing her across the channel, and open her valves.

Shafter had notified Sampson that fighting on land was suspended, but the admiral did not regard the truce as applying to the navy, and he still kept up the nightly watch with searchlights. As soon as the Mercedes came into view, the Massachusetts, which was the ship on guard duty, and the Texas, which lay beside her, opened fire, and the shore batteries replied. The Spanish cruiser went down at the intended spot, but not in the intended position, a shell—so her crew reported—having cut her stern anchor loose prematurely. Next morning (July 5) the Suwanee reconnoitered close in, and reported that the channel was not closed by the sunken ship, which lay with her upper deck partly submerged; but it was thought that she might prove a dangerous obstruction to Sampson's larger ships.

An immediate result of the midnight firing was a panic in Santiago. Fully believing that the American fleet was forcing the harbor, the inhabitants poured out of the city, and on the morning of the 5th the Caney road was thronged with women, children, and old men, who during the remaining days of the siege, in spite of the efforts of Shafter's commissary department and of the Red Cross organization, had to endure terrible sufferings. Many fugitives fled to camps in the mountains; others sought refuge along the shores of the bay; and Santiago was almost emptied of all but soldiers.\*

# THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO.

During these days of truce, and the week that followed, the American lines were gradually extended, north of the city, until Ludlow's brigade, on the extreme right of Lawton's division, finally closed the gap through which Escario had entered, commanding the Cobre road and touching the head of the bay.† Two of the field batteries (Capron's and Parkhurst's, the latter now commanded by Lieutenant Hines, Captain Parkhurst having been wounded) were brought up from El Pozo and stationed with Lawton; the other two (Grimes' and Best's) were also moved forward to a position in the rear of Bates' brigade, on the left of the The field mortars were sent up to San Juan, and one of the siege guns was disembarked at Siboney, but it was found impossible to carry it over the muddy trail to the front. Besides strengthening his own lines, Shafter endeavored to cripple the enemy by cutting the pipe that brought water to Santiago from the hills north of the city. In the dry season this might have been an effective stroke; but with heavy rain falling daily, the Spaniards

<sup>\*</sup>Lieutenant Müller gives a striking picture of the desolation of the beleaguered city;

"Santiago presented the same aspect that Pompeii and Herculaneum must have offered. Not a single store was open, not even the drug stores. A few horses were running through the city, pulling up the grass growing along the sidewalks. Many dogs were staying at the entrances of the houses, which their masters had abandoned. At night they barked incessantly.

"At night the city was truly impressive. The streets were dark as wolves' dens. A few guerrillas were breaking into abandoned stores and houses, which they ransacked."

To suppress such robberies General Toral issued a special decree fixing death or life imprisonment as the penalty for offenses against persons or property.

† The Sanaiards seem to have been able to use the Cobre

<sup>†</sup>The Spaniards seem to have been able to use the Cobre road as late as the 10th of July, for Garcia reported on that day that he had driven in the enemy's outposts at Cobre and Dos Caminos. On the afternoon of the 11th Ludlow's lines were extended down to the bay.

<sup>‡</sup>Some of these movements do not seem to have been in strict accordance with the rather indefinite truce between the two armies. On July 12 Toral called Shafter's attention to the advance of the American troops north of the city, "of which," the Spanish general said, "I suppose you are ignorant," and requested that they should return to their former position. It does not appear that any withdrawal resulted, but Shafter promised that there should be no further advance, and sent the division commanders explicit orders to that effect.

had an ample supply in cisterns for their immediate needs.

Shafter's position grew stronger day by day—he telegraphed to the War Department, on the 8th, that it was "impregnable against any force the enemy can send"—but the task of storming Toral's defenses did not promise to be less difficult or less costly. At one time, indeed, the idea of abandoning the siege occurred to him, as is shown by a despatch he sent to Washington on the 4th\*:

If we have got to try and reduce the town, now that the fleet is destroyed, which was stated to be the chief object of the expedition, there must be no delay in getting large bodies of troops here.

At Washington, General Miles took up the suggestion of withdrawing from Santiago, and proposed that Shafter's corps, with all the reinforcements ready to leave the United States, should be sent to Porto Rico, the conquest of which he was eager to undertake at once. He was overruled, however—and fortunately, for the withdrawal would have revived the drooping hopes of Spain, while the city's fall undoubtedly prompted her government to sue for peace.

## NEGOTIATIONS WITH TORAL.

With "take Santiago" the keynote of every despatch from Washington, Shafter contemplated an assault only as a last resort. He kept up negotiations for a surrender, and meanwhile he urged Sampson to force his way into the harbor and end the campaign with the great guns of the fleet. His first note to Toral, written on July 3, was followed up by three letters on the 4th. One offered to parole and return the wounded men captured at Another proposed the exchange of a corresponding number of Spanish prisoners for Lieutenant Hobson and his seven comrades of the Merrimac, who were still held in Santiago, Blanco having declined to authorize their release. third announced the destruction of Cervera's squadron and the death of Vara del Rey at Caney, and concluded:

In view of the above, I would suggest that, to save needless effusion of blood and the distress of many people, you may reconsider your determination of yesterday. Your men have certainly shown the gallantry which was expected of them.

The return of the wounded Spaniards,

besides its slight relief to Shafter's overworked hospital service, was designed to disprove the idea that the invading army was in the habit of murdering its prisoners. The behavior of the men captured at Caney showed that this preposterous myth had found wide credence among the Spanish soldiers. Many Americans thought that it accounted for the unexpectedly stubborn resistance they had offered, and that it had been deliberately spread by their officers.

Toral replied to all three notes with a letter of the most formal politeness, thanking Shafter for his courtesy, informing him that the proposition for Hobson's exchange had been referred to the captain general, and again refusing to surrender.

Next day (July 5) twenty eight wounded prisoners—four officers, one of whom was Lieutenant Colonel Vara del Rey, a brother of the dead general, and twenty four men-were delivered to the Spaniards; and word came from Toral that Blanco had agreed to the exchange, which was carried out on the afternoon of the Besides the four he had paroled, Shafter had three Spanish officers among his prisoners. From them Toral chose Lieutenant Arias, who was sent into Santiago with seven privates; and the crew of the Merrimac came out to the American lines, where they received a warm greeting on their way to Siboney and the With these pacific negotiations in progress, firing was not resumed, though the limit set for the truce had expired at noon on the 5th.

#### ARMY AND NAVY AT CROSS PURPOSES.

A conference between Shafter and Sampson—postponed from the 3d of July, when the admiral, on his way to Siboney, was called back by the events of that memorable morning—had been arranged for the 6th. A serious misunderstanding had arisen between the two commanders, dating back to their meeting on the 20th of June, the day of the arrival of the Fifth Corps off Santiago, when the joint plan of campaign was first outlined. Of this plan Sampson has stated his idea very clearly and positively in a report dated July 15:

It was essential . . . that the positions occupied by the eastern and western batteries should be carried, and this was the scheme of action first

<sup>\*</sup>This despatch is not among those published by the War Department, but it is quoted in a letter dated July 5 from General Miles to Secretary Alger.

proposed by General Shafter in his discussion with my chief of staff, who was sent by me to meet General Shafter the day of his arrival. The chief of staff carried with him a chart of the harbor and explained the situation, stating that it was regarded by us as a movement of primal importance that these points should be carried before any attention was paid to the city. The possession of these points insured the destruction of the mines by us, the entrance of our heavy ships in the har-bor, and the assault on Admiral Cervera's squadron inside. To this General Shafter gave most cordial assent, and stated that he had no intention of attacking the city proper, that here [pointing to the entrance] was the key to the situation, and that when we had this we had all. This was repeated in his interview with General Garcia at Aserra-

I do not know why a change of plan occurred. unless it was that the troops on being landed advanced themselves so far on the roads toward Santiago before any specific plan of operations had been decided upon that it was found inconvenient to divert them to the other points.

On the other hand, Shafter's memorandum of the conference at Aserraderos —which he dictated on the spot to Lieutenant Miley, of his staff, and of which Lieutenant Staunton, of Sampson's staff, took a copy—makes no mention of the harbor batteries, simply recording the proposal to "land expedition at Daiquiri and march on Santiago." In his article published in the Century Magazine, the general adds:

Soon after coming on board the Segurança, some of the naval officers suggested that, in their opinion, the first thing to do was to drive the Spanish troops from the Morro and Socapa batteries, thus enabling the navy to remove the mines in the harbor; but after my interview with General Garcia, and having seen the character of the shore on my way down to Aserraderos, I regarded this as entirely out of the question. . . . There could have been no misunderstanding as to my purpose.\*

It is quite clear that there was a fundamental misunderstanding, and one sure to cause friction in the management of the joint campaign. Expecting the troops to strike at the Morro, Sampson was disappointed, to use no stronger word, when their only move in that direction—Duffield's feeble demonstration at Fort Aguadores—proved utterly abortive, in spite of his own coöperation. On the following day (July 2) he told Shafter, by telephone from Siboney:

Impossible to force entrance until we can clear channel of mines, a work of some time after forts are taken possession of by your troops. Nothing was accomplished yesterday by the advance on Aguadores.

# Shafter replied:

It is impossible for me to say when I can take batteries at entrance to harbor. If they are as difficult to take as those which we have been pitted against, it will be some time and a great loss of life. I am at a loss to see why the navy cannot work under a destructive fire as well as the army.

# And an hour later he added:

I urge that you make effort immediately to force the entrance to avoid future losses among my men, which are already very heavy. You can now operate with less loss of life than I can.

Sampson at once wrote a letter in which he reiterated his opinion that it was impracticable to enter the harbor while the Spaniards controlled the mines, but promised to attempt to remove them by countermining. On the following morn-

\*This recalls the general's statement that his instructions for the battle of July x were clearly understood by the officers who commanded in the field (see page 54 of the April MUNSEY'S).

In his official report of the campaign, General Shafter says, after describing the arrangements for landing at Daiquiri:

"These movements committed me to approaching Santiago from the east over a narrow road, at first in some places not better than a trail, running from Daiquiri; through Siboney and Sevilla, and making attack from that quarter. This, in my judgment, was the only feasible plan, and subsequent information and results confirmed my judgment."

The general has-also stated, as his reason for not attacking the Morro, that the country along the coast was "rugged, devoid of water, and densely covered with a poisonous undergrowth." Could it have been more difficult than the jungles through which Wheeler's and Kent's divisions made their way, at such heavy cost, on July 1?

On the other hand, he would have had the railroad to bring his supplies from Siboney. It will be remembered that on July 3 he wanted its aid so much that he was "seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between the San Juan river and Siboney, with our left at Sardinero"—on the coast between Siboney, and Fort Aguadores—"so as to get our supplies to a large extent by means of the railroad, which we can use having engines and cars at Siboney." (See page 59 of the April Mussey's). He might also have received effective assistance from Sampson; but apparently Shafter had a low estimate of the value of a fleet as a factor in land fighting. This is

shown by his confident assertion that it was "nonsense" to suppose that Cervera's squadron could have kept him out of Santiago. "We could easily have protected ourselves," he says, "and taken position to clear his decks with musketry fire." A general who can defeat and silence heavily armed ironclads with musketry fire, even when the ironclads are Spanish and the riflemen are American, is not a man to argue with.

In his book on "The Santiago Campaign" (pages 286 and 310), General Wheeler gives some despatches which are scarcely consistent with Shafter's positive and repeated assertion that he regarded an attack on the harbor batteries as "entirely out of the question" from the first. On July 2 the cavalry commander received this note:

"My Dear Gen. Wheeler: What do you think of the idea of sending a division in rear of the left division to clear out the forts along the entrance to the bay so as to let the navy in and have the business over. Can it be done?

"Very respectfully,"

Wheeler's reply was: "I regret to say that I do not think infantry can take the forts along the entrance of the bay. I would like to do it, but the effort would be attended with terrible loss."

Again on July 6 Shafter wrote; "If it was possible to get between the town and the lower bay and try and clear those batteries out and let the navy in, the capture of the city would be easy; but I am at a loss how to accomplish it."

It would appear that but for Wheeler's contrary advice, Shafter contemplated ordering an assault upon the Punta Gorda or Morro battery, or possibly both, as the next step after the battle of July t. Wheeler's belief that the landward defenses of the batteries were too strong for assault seems to have been based upon observation with "a very powerful glass" at several miles' distance ("The Santiago Campaign," page 87).

glass." at several filles distinct.

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General Shafter has one triumphant answer to make to all criticisms upon his management of the campaign: he was sent to take Santiago and he took it. In war success covers a multitude of mistakes, and very properly so.

ing (July 3) the Resolute brought a quantity of guncotton from Guantanamo for this purpose, and the admiral, as already recorded, started for the army headquarters, intending to propose the storming of the Morro and Socapa batteries by the marines—there were about a thousand of them at Playa del Este and with the fleet—and a detachment of Shafter's troops.

On the 4th, after the great sea fight, Shafter repeated his demand that Sampson should force the harbor, and twice telegraphed his view of the case to Washington, stating in one despatch:

I regard it as necessary that the navy force an entrance into the harbor of Santiago not later than the 6th instant, and assist in the capture of that place. If they do, I believe the place will surrender without further loss of life.

# And in the other:

If Sampson will force an entrance with all his fleet to the upper bay of Santiago, we can take the city within a few hours. Under these conditions I believe the town will surrender. If the army is to take the place, I want 15,000 troops speedily, and it is not certain that they can be landed, as it is getting stormy. Sure and speedy way is through the bay. Am now in position to do my part.

On the 5th the two commanders received orders to confer and arrange a joint attack. Shafter was unable to ride to Siboney, and Sampson promised to come to his headquarters; but next morning (July 6) the admiral was ill, and Captain Chadwick went ashore to represent him. At the conference it was agreed that another demand should be made for Toral's surrender. If this should be refused, at noon on the 9th the navy was to bombard Santiago with its great guns, lying off Fort Aguadores. Should the Spaniards still fail to come to terms, the Socapa was to be stormed, and some of Sampson's smaller ships were to attempt a dash into the harbor.

## SLOW PROGRESS TOWARD SURRENDER.

The demand for surrender was similar to Shafter's previous notes to Toral, adding the warning that unless terms were arranged by noon of the 9th the navy would open fire—the three days' respite giving time for communication with Havana and Madrid. The Spanish commander replied with a request that the English cable operators, who were among the refugees at Caney, should be sent into San-

tiago. This was done, with the result that on the 8th he sent an offer to evacuate the city and the eastern part of the province—the territory subsequently surrendered—on condition that he should be allowed to withdraw unmolested to Holguin, with his arms, ammunition, and baggage.

Shafter telegraphed this unexpected offer to Washington, and after a conference with his division commanders he sent a second despatch strongly advocating its acceptance. It would, he pointed out, at once open the harbor; it would end the terrible sufferings of the refugees who had fled from the city; it would save the property, mostly owned by Cubans, which a bombardment would destroy; and it would leave his corps ready for service elsewhere, while yet in good healthwhich might not be the case much longer, for yellow fever had appeared at Siboney. All that would be lost, he said, would be some prisoners, who were not wanted, and the arms they carried. But the reply from Washington, despatched late in the evening of the 9th, was:

Your message recommending that Spanish troops be permitted to evacuate and proceed without molestation to Holguin is a great surprise, and is not approved. The responsibility of destruction and distress to the inhabitants rests entirely with the Spanish commander. The Secretary of War orders that when you are strong enough to destroy the enemy and take Santiago, you do it.

Toral was at once informed that his proposal was declined, and that unless he surrendered the truce would end at four o'clock in the afternoon of July 10. repeated his refusal, and at the hour named the Spaniards opened fire. were promptly answered from the American lines, and late in the day—Shafter's message requesting Sampson's cooperation having been delayed—the Brooklyn and the Indiana threw eight inch shell into the city for an hour. Hostilities ceased at nightfall, but were renewed early on the 11th, the New York, the Brooklyn, and the Indiana again joining in the bombardment, which was stopped, in the afternoon, by a flag of truce from Shafter.

The principal result of the firing was the disabling of most of Toral's artillery. In men, the Spaniards lost 7 killed and 65 wounded, the Americans 2 killed and 13 wounded. The shells from the fleet destroyed or damaged fifty nine houses, but the city was almost entirely deserted, and Lieutenant Müller states that there was no loss of life. Many of the projectiles did not explode; those that did so caused no serious fires, as Santiago is a stone built town.

The message from Shafter to Toral, which ended the fighting, gave a new turn to the negotiations. It was the result of a telegram from Washington:

Should the Spaniards surrender unconditionally and wish to return to Spain, they will be sent back direct at the expense of the United States government.

Informed of this offer, Toral replied that he "confirmed his former communication," but added: "I have communicated your proposition to the general in chief [Blanco]" — an unmistakable sign of

vielding.

Meanwhile, the reinforcements for which Shafter had asked had begun to arrive in On the 9th the First Illinois—a Chicago volunteer regiment—and six batteries of light artillery, under Brigadier General Randolph, had reached Daiguiri; on the 10th the First District of Columbia and the Eighth Ohio had landed at Siboney. The District of Columbia men, and two batteries of the Illinois regiment, were at once moved forward, and placed between Wheeler and Lawton; the artillery was disembarked, but the roads were now in such impassable condition that only two batteries had reached the front on the 14th, when the final negotiations for the surrender began. On the 11th General Miles arrived off the harbor on board the Yale, which, with the Columbia, had brought the Sixth Massachusetts and part of the Sixth Illinois, under Brigadier General Henry, from Charleston.

General Miles had planned to land troops west of the harbor, and before going ashore he ordered Henry to be ready to disembark at Cabanas. He rode to headquarters on the morning of the Shafter at once informed Toral that the commanding general of the American army was present, and suggested a personal interview. At noon on the 13th the three generals met, and a conversation followed of which Shafter reported: "I think it made a strong impression on him [Toral]." But pending instructions from Havana nothing was finally settled, and another interview was arranged for noon of the 14th.

Uncertain of the success of these long drawn out negotiations, Shafter had again appealed to Washington that Sampson should be ordered to force the harbor. On the 13th Secretary Alger, who apparently took Shafter's view of the matter, wrote to the Navy Department formally requesting that the necessary instructions should be issued at once. Secretary Long, who evidently agreed with Sampson, preferred to leave the admiral free to act at his own discretion. Adjutant General Corbin sent Shafter a private telegram, confidentially informing him:

The Secretary of War suggests that if the navy will not undertake to break through, take a transport, cover the pilot house and most exposed points with baled hay . . . and call for volunteers, from the army—not a large number—to run into the harbor, thus making a way for the navy.

But the remarkable idea of running ships piled up with inflammable hay past batteries of rapid fire guns was never tested. Three hours before noon on the 14th Toral informed Shafter that he had heard from the captain general. Blanco said that he had referred the question to Madrid; and that meanwhile, if the American commander would continue the truce, terms of capitulation might be agreed upon provisionally. Here was a distinct step in the slow progress toward a surrender.

#### A COMMISSION TO DRAW UP TERMS.

At noon, when Miles, Shafter, and Toral met again, the latter was told that he must surrender with no conditions beyond the return of his troops to Spain. After some discussion, carried on through interpreters, the two American officers understood that he consented to do so, and commissioners were appointed to draw up terms—Generals Wheeler and Lawton and Lieutenant Miley, for the United States; for Spain, General Escario, Lieutenant Colonel Fontan, and Robert Mason, the British vice consul.

Both Miles and Shafter telegraphed to Washington that Santiago had surrendered, and the welcome news went all over the country; but when the commissioners met, at half past two o'clock (July 14), it was found that there had been a misunderstanding, and that Toral's representatives had power to act only subject to approval from Madrid. This was a serious disappointment, but negotia-

tions proceeded, several questions of detail being raised, and the Spaniards making a hard fight for permission to retain their arms, so that they could go back to their native land with some at least of the honors of war. The three American officers could not grant such a concession, but they agreed to make a strong recommendation to the government at Washington that the surrendered weapons should be returned to the prisoners.

The commissioners sat until after midnight, and then adjourned to meet early on the 15th. In the morning Shafter sent a telegram correcting his premature announcement of a surrender, and reporting the negotiations in progress. "It cannot be possible," he added, "that there will be a failure in completing arrangements" —a sentence which inevitably created an impression that a failure was by no means impossible. Secretary Alger replied with a despatch suggesting that Toral might be playing for time, in hope that reinforcements would reach him; and a similar misgiving had naturally arisen at the front. With this disturbing doubt in the background, the presence of Mr. Mason as a member of the joint commission proved valuable to the Americans as an assurance that the Spaniards, as finally became evident, were acting in entire good faith throughout the negotiations.

At three o'clock on the 15th the terms of capitulation were signed. They pro-

vided for the surrender of the whole eastern district of the province of Santiago, with all the troops and war material it contained; the garrison of the city of Santiago to march out and deposit their arms, the officers retaining their side arms, and both officers and men keeping their personal property; all the Spanish troops to be transported to Spain with as little delay as possible, any volunteers or guerrillas who wished to remain in Cuba being allowed to do so on parole. This agreement was only provisional, but all suspense was ended next morning (July 16) when a note came from Toral announcing that the Spanish government had authorized him to capitulate.

There now remained only the signing of the final convention—identical in terms with the preliminary agreement—which took place at six P. M. that same day, and the formal ceremony of the surrender. Shafter and Toral met at half past nine in the morning of the 17th, under a tall ceiba tree between the lines-which had been the meeting place of the commissioners—and when Toral had saluted and said: "I yield the city and the military division of the province of Santiago de Cuba to the authority of the United States of America," the two generals, with their escorts, rode into Santiago, and at the stroke of noon the American flag went up over the government palace in the center of the ancient Spanish city-Spanish no longer.

(To be continued.)

# METROPOLITAN TYPES—THE STOCKBROKER.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

FOR a man who has lived about town for a dozen years I know no more fascinating place in which to spend half an hour than the Waldorf-Astoria café. All the world—the masculine world, that is—comes and sits to you there, and lets you study it in the nude, so to speak, and paint it in any pose you choose.

Do you want a fashionable skit? At a table near the desk sit a party of Knicker-bocker Club men, in white gloves and crush hats, from the opera.

Would you like a subject for a sporting

print? Yonder are grouped the jockey who landed Forlorn a winner at the Morris Park sweepstakes, a couple of trainers, looking as bright and brown as their colts, and a pair of languid owners.

Do you care for a character study? There is an old fellow at your right, gaunt, gray, wicked eyed, who has made and lost a couple of fortunes in Wall Street, who has played for high stakes in every capital in Europe, who has fought duels and been divorced by his wife, whose children won't speak to him, whose

family have cast him off, and who still comes here, tottering, ancient, cruel, keen as ever for excitement, for pleasure, for

money.

Are you in search of something still more intense? Do you see that slight little man drinking tea with his mutton chop by the window? He is a professional gambler. Once there was a fight in his place, and he killed a man, stabbed him to death, and then went and gave himself up very calmly, and was acquitted on the

ground of self defense.

I repeat, for a man who knows his town, the Waldorf is as interesting and promiscuous and unconscious as a street car. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, artists, bankers, scientists, men of letters, journalists, foreign noblemen, and distinguished acrobats, all come here (I have even seen reverend fathers of the church drinking champagne at these fascinating tables), and if we stand by the Thirty Fourth Street doorway and gaze at the ladies in the diningroom—mercy, what a very entertaining paper we could make!

But I must say that to me the most admirable, the most satisfying type among all this odd, heterogeneous, wonderful throng, who sit for a moment clinking glasses, like a drinking chorus in a play, and flit away into the mysterious darkness and into their own lives and pursuits, is the stock broking man about town. By any one at all familiar with the species, he is as easily recognized as the head waiter in a restaurant. The very turn of his head as he stands looking about the room, leaning against the "ticker," proclaims his business, and one can almost see the eighths and quarters climbing up and down his shirt bosom.

At night he is usually in evening dress (he has a marked preference for dinner jackets), and when he sits down and places his hat on a chair three or four little bits of white board room paper fly out from the rim. If he knows you at all, he will ask you to take a drink with easy freedom, or offer to match you for it if you hesitate, and tell you to "buy 'em. Buy anything on the list. It's a regular old fashioned bull market." He has probably just come from the New York club, of which he is sure to be a member, and he will take a cab and go back there, presently, for a bit of supper and a Scotch and soda. He always stops there for a couple of cocktails on his way home to dinner, which meal, singular as it may appear from his habits, he invariably

enjoys with his family.

His wife, in whose society he doesn't spend ten minutes a day, he speaks of with greatest kindness, he will prattle about his daughter by the hour, and he has no better wish for his son than that he may have as successful a life as his father. He is as ubiquitous as the street lights, and you may see his grizzled mustache in every haunt of pleasure in town. The proprietors of the music halls cash his checks for him, and he will wink at you there over a flashy bonnet. Of books or art or music or any intellectual pursuit, he knows very little, and says very frankly he has been too much occupied "chasing commissions" to bother with such things.

His knowledge of current affairs, however, is thorough. He is an able critic of finance, his fund of general information is surprising, and he is a perfect master of every detail of his business. never, indeed, met any class of men who were so unanimously enamored of their calling as stock brokers. Talk about lawyers and doctors—which latter gentlemen, I confess, have a villainous habit of discussing their cases socially and rehearsing their operations over the soup a group of stock brokers will go over the day's transactions, and chat about "washes" and "stops" and "cross orders" and "bear raids," and Mr. Keene's and Mr. Flower's position in the market, as long as any one of them has a story to tell or anybody to listen to it. No matter what the dissipation of the previous evening, you will see our stock broker, at quarter past nine, walking resolutely to the nearest station of the elevated railroad, clean shaven, neat, clear, brisk, shrewd. He doesn't talk on the way down, but occupies himself with the financial reports, and few men will work harder or more eagerly until three o'clock comes, and a bracer at "Fred's."

If any one is excusable for taking a bracer, it is certainly a man who has been standing constantly on his feet for five exciting hours, shouting a good part of the time at the top of his lungs, racing from one crowd into another, being pushed and jostled and disputed with, with a number of impatient clients in his offices, calling him to the telephone,

wondering why he doesn't report what he can't sell, and disgruntled because he can't do for them what fifty other men are equally anxious to do at the same Add to this a perplexing multitude of orders whispered amid a deafening roar, or written on a stray bit of paper, a mistake in executing which can't cost less than twelve dollars and a half, and may cost hundreds, and you will perceive that our stock broker's existence is not a bed of roses. In an active market even lunch is postponed until the close of the Exchange, or you will see men who dine at a club every night, munching sandwiches on the floor, and shouting between bites. A Stock Exchange club has recently been organized to remedy this as far as possible, and telephones are to be placed on the tables, so that a member can get quotations and give out orders in the board room.

Is it remarkable that such men are nervous and quick of speech and judgment? The man I'm speaking of made fifty thousand dollars in the recent activity in sugar stock, in three days. other lost five thousand through mistakes in his orders. Think of the nervous strain such tremendous transactions must involve. Yet the great majority of Wall Street men are total abstainers during business hours, and the remark, "I never touch liquor before three," is so usual as to be expected. It is a strange, queer, fast, fascinating career, with a good deal of humdrum, unpleasant monotony thrown in, and there's no place in the world where a man's true nature shows itself so thoroughly.

This is not a description of Wall Street, however, but an attempt at the portraiture of a Wall Street man, and—which I wish distinctly to be understood—is neither a fancy sketch nor the picture of an individual, but a composite photograph of many heads, exhibiting the peculiar virtues and failings occasioned by their arduous, exciting toil, and their

nervous energies even in their pleasures when they happen to be men about town.

Our stock broker, then, isn't a moralist, and doesn't pretend to be a sage. He spends his money in many ways he should not, but he makes it honestly, and if he isn't domestic, as our grandmammas used to say, he is kind and generous with his family. If a friend is in distress, he opens his purse like a man, and in his business relations he is singularly honest and truthful.

There is no place in the world where mere verbal transactions, involving thousands of dollars, are of so common occurrence, and hardly a week passes but some fellow member will call you up on the telephone, after business hours, to remind you that you dealt with him, at a loss to himself, and that he wished to remind you of it, fearing you might have forgotten whom you traded with.

We watch our stock broker, whirling uptown, stout and rakish looking, in a hansom cab, or floating about clubs and cafés, and we think of him merely as a fast man of pleasure; but the men in the board he has assisted without hope of recompense know any other man, and so do a great many charitable institutions who have only made his acquaintance through his check book. When he dies his family will be left very comfortably provided for, and some of his friends will probably help his son to buy a seat.

He is certainly not a fine gentleman, in the sense that a fine gentleman should be sans peur et sans reproche, or the sort of man a good woman would wish her son to be, but for the historian of the moment, the moralist who takes for his text the leaves in a teacup or a wornout dancing shoe, he represents something so unique, so peculiar to our own city and civilization, he is so thoroughly natural and kindly and independent, that one can't resist holding out a hand to him and wishing him auspicious fortune and higher views of life.

#### FIREFLIES.

THE fireflies, as they toss upon the night, Diffuse their golden argosies of light; And are we less than they, and dark souled, then, To shed no light upon our fellow men?

# THE/MUNSEY



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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS OF TIMELY INTEREST—SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND STATESMEN,
POTENTATES AND PLAIN PEOPLE, WHO ARE HELPING TO MAKE THE HISTORY
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

SPEAKER REED'S RETIREMENT.

Speaker Reed has made so unique a mark in American politics that his announcement of his intention to retire from Congress is one of the salient events of the year.

With all his reputation as a militant dictator, Mr. Reed is a man with exceedingly few enemies, and men and newspapers of all parties have joined in lamenting over the loss that our public life will suffer with his withdrawal. The



THE GUNBOATS ALVARADO AND SANDOVAL, CAPTURED AT SANTIAGO AND GUANTANAMO DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AND NOW REFITTING FOR SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull, taken in the New York Navy Yard.



Captain Coghlan.

THE OFFICERS OF THE RALEIGH, ON THE DAY OF THE VICTORIOUS CRUISER'S ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1899.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

chorus of regretful comment has been a remarkable tribute to the high ability and unblemished character of the statesman from Maine. Little has been said on the more cheerful side of the matter—of the

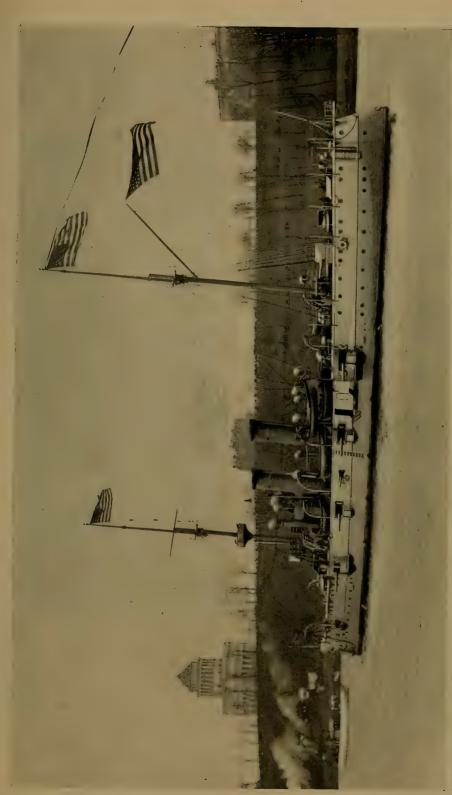
gain to New York from his presence as a part of her professional and intellectual life.

More than six years ago it was suggested in this magazine that Mr. Reed



BOATSWAIN'S MATE SAMUEL J. SKOU OF THE RALEIGH, AND THE FIVE INCH GUN WITH WHICH HE FIRED THE FIRST SHOT OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, AT 12.15 A. M. ON MAY 1, 1898.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.



THE KALEECH IN THE HUBSON RIVER, NEAR THE GRANT MONUMENT, APRIL 16, 1899. ALTHOUGH THE DAY WAS ONE OF HEAVY RAIN-IT WAS RAINING WHILE THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN-THE FIRST RETURNING SHIP OF DEWEY'S FLEET RECEIVED A NOTABLE WELCOME.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York,



JUDGE BARTLETT TRIPP, OF SOUTH DAKOTA, AMERI-CAN MEMBER OF THE SAMOAN COMMISSION.



BARON SPECK VON STERNBERG, OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, GERMAN MEMBER OF THE SAMOAN COMMISSION.

From a copyrighted photograph by Miss Frances B. Johnston, Washington.

might some day follow the example of Roscoe Conkling and others who abandoned politics to round out their careers at the metropolitan bar. The forecast having come true, we add to it another—the prediction that his professional



CHARLES N. E. ELIOT, OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, BRITISH MEMBER OF THE SAMOAN COMMISSION.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

success will be immediate and great, as well as the confident hope that his occupation and environment will be the congenial ones he richly deserves to find.

# THE NEXT SPEAKER.

Mr. Reed's retirement leaves open the Speakership of the next Congress, which had been regarded as his beyond question. There are several possible or probable candidates for the post—a post second only to the Presidency in political importance.

Ten years ago, when the retiring Speaker was first elected, his principal Republican opponent was Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. Mr. Cannon, who is



LIEUTENANT WINDER, NAVIGATING OFFICER OF THE CRUISER RALEIGH, AND À NEPHEW OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

chairman of the appropriations committee, and one of the strongest parliamentarians in the House, is well fitted for the place by experience and character. Another Western member whose claims are seriously considered is David B. Henderson, of Iowa, also a man of ripe Congressional experience. It is a coincidence that each of these two has a possible rival in the delegation from his own State, in the re-



LIEUTENANT PHILIP V. LANSDALE, UNITED STATES
NAVY, KILLED BY NATIVE REBELS IN
SAMOA, APRIL I, 1899.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.



MAJOR GENERAL H. W. LAWTON, UNITED STATES VOL-UNTEERS, COMMANDING A DIVISION OF GENERAL OTIS' ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From his latest photograph by Parker, Washington.



DAVID B. HENDERSON, OF IOWA. From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



JAMES S. SHERMAN, OF NEW YORK. From a photograph by Frey, Utica.



ALBERT J. HOPKINS, OF ILLINOIS. From a photograph by Bell, Washington. From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, OF OHIO.

FOUR POSSIBLE CANDIDATES FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



THOMAS BRACKET? REED, THRICE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF RETIRING FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

From a photograph-Copyrighted by Charles Parker, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS,
APPOINTED TO SUCCEED GENERAL HENRY AS MILITARY GOVERNOR
OF PORTO RICO.

hold upon his fellow members strong enough to give him any right to the higher post. It is expected, at the time of writing, that the New York delegation will cast its influence in favor of Congressman James S. Sherman, of Utica. Mr. Sherman is spoken of as the Eastern candidate, but it would be very unfortunate if any feeling of sectionalism should prevent the election of the man best fitted, by training and personality, for the post that Mr. Reed has held so long and as there are few now to question—with such rare ability and patriotism.

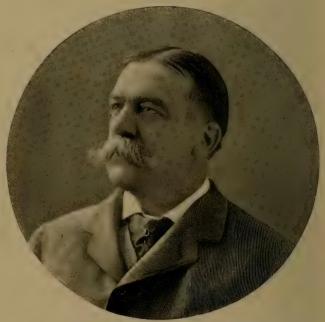
BRAVE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

Major Charles A. Howard, of the First

spective persons of Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, and Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa.\*

Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, is regarded as the "administration candidate." General Grosvenor is one of the "wheel horses" of his party, and is a close political friend of the President's—a fact that may or may not help to make him Speaker.

The present leader of the majority in the House, who might have been considered as standing in line for promotion, is Sereno E. Payne, of New York; but Mr. Payne's leadership began quite recently, upon the death of the late Nelson Dingley, and has hardly made his



EDWARD P. RIPLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA
FÉ RAILWAY, ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL RAILROAD MEN
OF THE DAY.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

<sup>\*</sup>As we go to press, it is reported that the Illinois delegation has decided to support Mr. Hopkins for the Speakership.



BRIGADIER GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a copyrighted photograph by Miss Frances B. Johnston, Washington.

South Dakota, who was specially mentioned in the despatches from Manila after the battle of Marilao, on March 28, is a type of the men who have won high soldierly repute for the Western volunteer regiments in the Philippines. Major Howard was born in Clinton County,

did is shown by the fact that it lost ten men killed and eleven wounded.

Swimming rivers under heavy fire seems to be not an unusual act of bravery in the Philippines. Two or three instances similar to that of Major Howard have come to us in the despatches from the



LIEUTENANT COLONEL ARTHUR LEE, ROYAL ARTILLERY, WHO WAS WITH SHAFTER'S ARMY IN CUBA,
AND IS NOW MILITARY ATTACHÉ OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

New York, in 1865, but as a young man went to South Dakota, where he has served in the State Senate. At the outbreak of the war with Spain he was a captain in the National Guard, and volunteered with his company. In the charge at Marilao, which Major Howard so gallantly led—swimming a river and capturing the enemy's trenches under heavy fire—the sort of fighting his regiment

front. The exploit of General Frederick Funston and five of his men of the Twentieth Kansas, in the advance on Calumpit, seems worthy of special record. It appears that Filipinos had destroyed the bridge over which our armored flat cars were about to pass. Funston called for volunteers, and, leading the way himself, sprang into the river and swam to the opposite shore, where—assisted by the



THE THREE RIFLES USED IN THE UNITED STATES SERVICE—ABOVE, THE LEE, USED BY THE NAVY AND THE MARINE CORPS; IN THE CENTER, THE SPRINGFIELD, USED BY MOST OF THE VOLUNTEERS;

BELOW, THE KRAG JORGENSEN, THE WEAPON OF THE REGULAR TROOPS.

fire of the men on the bridge—the daring Kansans drove the Filipinos from their trenches.

# BRAVERY IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

It is not only to our soldiers on the firing line of battle that we may look for deeds of bravery. There are those in every day life, far removed from the boom of cannon or the rattle of musketry, who are proving to the world that the

attributes of true heroism and self sacrifice are not obsolete among Americans.

At the time of the terrible fire that destroyed the Windsor Hotel, in New York, the daring acts of firemen and policemen in the rescue of helpless women thrilled the appreciative intelligence of two continents. There was one particularly fine and touching example of true heroism—that of Warren Guion, the elevator boy, who saved many lives, finally at the cost of his own. Some prominent



MAJOR CHARLES A. HOWARD, FIRST SOUTH DAKOTA
VOLUNTEERS, WHO DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN
THE ACTION AT MARILAO, NEAR MANILA,
MARCH 28, 1899.

From a photograph by Fox, Sioux Falls.



A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE—THE LATE WARREN GUION,
AN EMPLOYEE OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW
YORK, WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN RESCUING
GUESTS FROM FIRE.

From a photograph by Kempf, Brooklyn



SAMUEL M. JONES, MAYOR OF TOLEDO, A CHAMPION OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF FRANCHISES, AND A NEW POLITICAL
FIGURE IN OHIO.
From a photograph by Lewis, Toledo,

New Yorkers who knew the young man personally have started a fund for his family. One of them, Mr. Wilbur C. Brown, sends us this tribute to Guion's brave devotion to duty:

"Guion was at his post when the fire alarm sounded, and although almost instantly the elevator shaft was smoking and flaming he shot his car up to the sixth floor for the rescue of imprisoned women. The first load brought down in safety, he made a second—a third—a fourth trip successfully. By this time the elevator shaft was almost a roaring furnace. The smoke was blinding and suffocating. Great tongues of flame were darting into the shaft from every floor, and they spoke of certain death. The heat was insufferable, the confusion aw-Warren Guion was ordered from his post by the police, when the pathetic 'click, click, click,' in the annunciator told the pitiful tale of more imprisoned women on the fifth floor.

"It was a time to try men's souls. The flames were fiercer, the smoke more dense, the chance of death more certain,

but the frantic appeals from the upper floors were to him the call of duty. 'Just one more trip,' he replied to the policeman's command that he should run for safety. It was one chance in a thousand, and he took it. Up the elevator shot through the veritable hell of flame to the top floor. Down it started with its load of humanity. It was an awful race with death, against fearful odds. Down, down, it flew with lightning speed —nearer ground, nearer, nearer safety, when 'click' went the automatic safety device—a name of grim irony just then. The mechanism clogged, the elevator suddenly stopped between the second and first floors—and Death had won.

"There was absolutely no escape for Warren Guion and those whom he had risked his life to rescue. With life in all its freshness before him, without a thought of the cost of his noble sacrifice, feeling only that he had done his simple duty, he died as nobly as any martyr in history, as nobly as a great general in battle. Destiny had not willed that he should die a soldier in the glorious defense of liberty, nor that his shroud should be the flag of his beloved country.



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN O. HOPKINS, OF THE BRITISH
NAVY, THE ONLY SAILOR NOW AFLOAT WHOSE
RANK IS EQUAL TO ADMIRAL DEWEY'S.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

# THE COST OF A YEAR OF WAR.

BY JEROME C. BULL.

"THE BRAVE WHO SINK TO REST BY ALL THEIR COUNTRY'S WISHES BLEST"—THE MEN WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES TO MAKE THIS LAST EVENTFUL YEAR A GLORIOUS ONE FOR AMERICA.

OUR banner has been borne to triumph in two hemispheres. One after another our victorious regiments come marching home to the ringing cheers of a thankful people, proud of their flag, proud of the boys who have fought so well for it.

Yet the regiment that comes not home! The heroes of battle, of hospital, of camp! The men whose lives the flag so freely asked, so freely received! What of them? Theirs, indeed, to bear forever the glory a grateful country bestows, they the sacrifice of war.

Of this regiment who shall name the first, the most to be honored, in a company where all gave all without question? Whether they fell on the firing line gallantly leading or as bravely following where others led, whether they died of



COLONEL JOHN M. STOTSENBURG, FIRST NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS, KILLED AT QUINGUA, APRIL 23, 1899.



COLONEL CHARLES A. WIKOFF, TWENTY SECOND INFANTRY, KILLED AT SAN JUAN, JULY 1, 1898

—THE RANKING OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY KILLED IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

fever or wounds in camp or hospital or transport ship, alike is the honor to each, for alike was the sacrifice.

From the engagement of the torpedo boat Winslow at Cardenas, almost the first fight of the war, early in May of 1898, when Ensign Worth Bagley was killed, until the battle of Santiago, on the first day of July, there were many individual instances of courage which stand out from the others because they were rewarded by death instead of by the welcoming plaudits of the nation.

Until the news of Ensign Bagley's death was received, the grim realities of war had scarcely been forced home upon



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOSEPH T. HASKELL, WOUNDED AT CANEY, JULY 1, 1898; DIED AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1898.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

us. Dewey had won his great victory at Manila without losing a man. It was a shock to the whole country when in a petty skirmish at Cardenas—a mere reconnaissance, barren of any real result a Spanish shell struck down an American officer and four sailors. Bagley's ship, the torpedo boat Winslow, commanded by Lieutenant Bernadou, was in the blockading fleet on the north coast of Cuba. Spanish gunboats were known to be lurking in the shallow bay of Cardenas, and the Winslow was sent inshore to draw them out where the fire of the Wilmington could reach them. Absolutely without fear was her crew, and she had steamed within a mile of the wharves when suddenly she became the center of a terrific fire, which swept her decks and disabled her. The speaking tubes to the engine

room were shot away, and Bagley, second in command, was placed at the hatch amidships to pass Lieutenant Bernadou's orders to the engineers. He had just taken this position when a shell struck the deck near him and exploded. Bagley staggered to the signal mast, clasped it, and sank to the deck, dead. Two seamen lay dead beside him, and two others were mortally injured.

Ensign Bagley was the only naval officer killed during the entire war; for more than a month he was the only officer of army or navy. On June 12, at Playa del Este, on Guantanamo Bay, Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, of the marine corps, was killed. Dr. Gibbs, a New York physician of repute in his profession, had been one of the first to volunteer his services at the call for surgeons, and he was the first



CAPTAIN ALLYN K. CAPRON, FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), KILLED AT LAS GUASIMAS, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a photograph by Reed, Mobile.

American officer killed on Cuban soil. He landed with the detachment that went ashore to seize and hold the Spanish cable station at Playa del Este, and to secure Sampson's possession of the bay as a naval base for the fleet with which he was blockading Cervera in the harbor of Santiago. The marines made their camp on a ridge above the cable station, and for three days and nights they were under a constant fire from an enemy concealed in the dense scrub that surrounded them. On the third day Dr. Gibbs was shot through the head, dying instantly. He was a graduate of Rutgers College, New Jersey, where a memorial in his honor has recently been placed.

It was not, however, until Shafter's army had landed at Daiquiri and Siboney, and begun its march upon Santiago, that the lists of our dead came in great numbers. They began with General Young's skirmish at Las Guasimas, on June 24,

when sixteen American soldiers fell. One of them was Sergeant Hamilton Fish of the First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders. Young Fish, the bearer of a name historic in New York, and one of the best oarsmen the Columbia eight ever had, had enlisted in the ranks at the outbreak of war. Colonel Roosevelt recognized his soldierly qualities and made him a sergeant in Troop I. But Troop I was ordered to remain at Tampa, and Fish, by his own request, was reduced to the ranks again and transferred to Troop L, which was off for Cuba. He was one of the first, if not the very first, to be killed in the advance on Santiago. It may have been the prominence of his family that gave the news of his death its leading place in the despatches, but surely it was Fish's own fearless character that won him the tribute he received from his comrades.

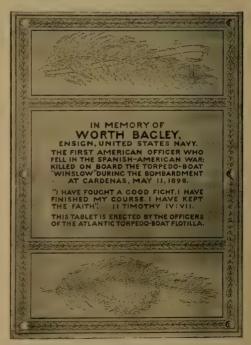
Captain Capron, of Troop L, had chosen



CAPTAIN ALLYN CAPRON, FIRST ARTILLERY, DIED AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1898, OF TYPHOID FEVER CONTRACTED AT SANTIAGO.

him as one of the five men who were sent ahead of the advancing column along the trail into the jungle, as a guard against sudden surprise. All that his companions can tell is that he fell at the first fire, shot through the heart. A correspondent\* who came upon his body a few minutes later tells how he found it: "I saw in advance the body of a sergeant blocking the trail and stretched at full length across it. Its position was a hundred yards in advance of that of any of the others-it was apparently the body of the first man killed. After death the bodies of some men seem to shrink almost instantly within themselves; they become limp and shapeless, and their uniforms hang upon them strangely. But this man, who was a giant in life, remained a giant in death—his very attitude was one of attack; his fists were clenched, his jaws set, and his eyes, which were still human, seemed fixed with resolve. He was dead. but he was not defeated. And so Sergeant Fish died as he had lived—defiantly, running into the very face of the enemy, standing squarely upright on his legs instead of crouching as the others called to him to do, until he fell like a column across the trail."

It was in this same advance, along the forest trail at Guasimas, that the captain of Fish's company, Allyn K. Capron, fell. The firing had been going on for half an hour, and Capron was steadily leading his troop forward. was shot through the breast, and though he lived for some minutes he repeatedly refused to be taken to the rear. saying to the men who came to his assistance: "No. go



TABLET ERECTED AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN MEMORY OF ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY.

<sup>\*</sup>Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's Magazine for September, 1898.



ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, OF THE WINSLOW, KILLED OFF CARDENAS, CUBA, MAY 12, 1898—THE ONLY OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY WHO FELL IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

on with your fighting. That is what you are here for."

Richard Harding Davis came upon Capron just after his death. "As I saw him then," he says, "death had given him a great dignity and nobleness. He was only twenty eight years old, the age when life has just begun, but he rested his head on the surgeon's shoulder like a man who knew that he was already through with it, and that, though they might peck and mend at his body, he had received his final orders. His breast and shoulders

were bare, and as the surgeon cut the tunic from him the sight of his great chest and the skin, as white as a girl's, and the black open wound against it, made the yellow stripes and the brass insignia of rank seem strangely mean and tawdry."

Captain Capron's body was taken to Siboney for burial. Mr. Cristy, the war correspondent and artist, gives an impressive picture of the ceremony. A rude coffin was made and a grave was dug on the side of the hill. At four o'clock the tramp of feet was heard, and Captain Rowell's company, Second Infantry, marched up and formed in line on one side of the coffin. On the other side was a troop of Rough Riders under Captain Day. Down between the lines came the chaplains of the two regiments. The coffin was carried by Rough Riders; fol-

moved silently away. On the day of his son's funeral duty kept him with his battery at the front. The campaign over, he returned to his home near Washington, where he died of typhoid fever contracted during the war. There is hardly a more touching example of the sacrifice that



CAPTAIN WILLIAM O'NEILL, FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), KILLED AT SAN JUAN, JULY 1, 1898.

From a photograph by Hartwell, Phanix, Arizona.

lowing it, with uncovered heads, walked the officers and men. At the grave the burial service was read and a salute was fired. Then a trumpeter of the Second Infantry stepped to the head of the grave and sounded "taps."

Captain Capron's father, Captain Capron of Battery E, First United States Artillery, had gone forward to the scene of the fight at Guasimas when the news of his son's death reached him. Finding the body, he lifted the hat that covered the dead man's face, looked at it intently for a moment, and then, with a "Well done, my boy," replaced the hat and

war demands from some families than the deaths of this patriotic father and son. Both lie buried in Arlington Cemetery.

Another captain who fell at the head of his troop of Rough Riders was William O'Neill, mayor of Prescott, Arizona. Colonel Roosevelt, in his account of his famous regiment,\* says that "Bucky" O'Neill's death was the most serious loss that he and the regiment could have suffered. In front of the Spanish trenches at San Juan, while waiting, amid a hail of bullets, for the order to charge, O'Neill was strolling up and down in front of his

<sup>\*</sup>Scribner's Magazine for April, 1899.

troop, smoking a cigarette. He had a theory that an officer ought never to take cover, in order to set an example to the men. The troopers begged him to lie down, and one of the sergeants said: "Captain, a bullet is sure to hit you." who was chaplain of the Rough Riders, has located the spot. The chaplain has a remarkable memory for places, and he was sent to Cuba especially to bring back Captain O'Neill's body. With a brother of the dead officer, the chaplain went to



MAJOR CASPER H. CONRAD, EIGHTH INFANTRY, DIED ON THE TRANSPORT OLIVETTE, RETURNING FROM SANTIAGO, AUGUST 15, 1898.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

O'Neill took his cigarette from his mouth and, blowing out a cloud of smoke, said laughingly: "Sergeant, the Spanish bullet isn't made that will kill me." Almost immediately a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out at the back of his head, killing him instantly. His body was buried there on the slope of the famous hill.

Since the war, Captain O'Neill's friends, aided by the government, have made many fruitless searches for his grave. Recently, however, the Rev. Henry A. Brown,

San Juan Hill. He quickly found the ground over which his regiment had marched, and pointed out a little clearing. "Dig there," he said to the men accompanying him, "and you will find the canteen we buried with the body of Captain O'Neill." Only a few shovelfuls of earth were upturned before the canteen, containing the papers identifying the body lying beneath it, was discovered.

The 1st of July, on which the battles of Caney and San Juan were fought, was by far the most bloody and costly day of the



LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. WANSBORO, SEVENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT EL CANEY, JULY 1, 1898. From a photograph by Pach, New York.



LIEUTENANT CLARK CHURCHMAN, THIRTEENTH IN-FANTRY, DIED JULY 2, 1898, OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT SAN JUAN. From a photograph by Pach, New York.

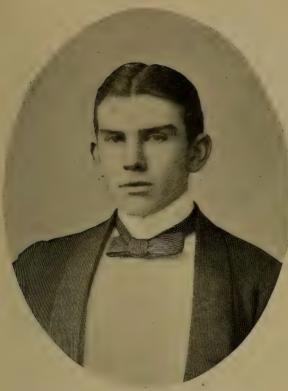


- LIEUTENANT DENNIS MAHAN MICHIE, SEVENTEENTH LIEUTENANT EDMUND N. BENCHLEY, SIXTH INFAN-INFANTRY, KILLED AT SAN JUAN, JULY 1, 1898. From a photograph.



TRY, KILLED AT SAN JUAN, JULY 1, 1898. From a photograph by Schervee, Worcester, Mass.

FOUR YOUNG AMERICAN OFFICERS WHO FELL BEFORE SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

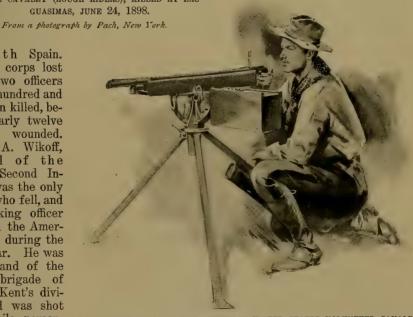


SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH, FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUN-TEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), KILLED AT LAS GUASIMAS, JUNE 24, 1898.

war with Spain. Shafter's corps lost twenty two officers and two hundred and three men killed, besides nearly twelve hundred wounded. Charles A. Wikoff, colonel of the Twenty Second Infantry, was the only colonel who fell, and the ranking officer killed on the American side during the whole war. He was in command of the third brigade of General Kent's division, and was shot dead while personally superintending the crossing of his men at the lower

ford of the San Juan river. The next highest officers killed were Lieutenant Colonel John M. Hamilton of the Ninth Cavalry, Major Albert G. Forse of the First Cavalry, Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, Captain A. M. Wetherill of the Sixth Infantry, Captain John Dunn of the Tenth Infantry, Captain James Fornance of the Thirteenth Infantry, Captain T. W. Morrison of the Sixteenth Infantry, and Captain Charles W. Rowell of the Twenty Second Infantry.

Among the lieutenants the mortality was still greater. The death of Jules G. Ord of the Sixth Infantry was perhaps as tragic as any that occurred. He had led his company up the hill of Fort San Juan, shouting continually: "Come on, boys!" They had captured the blockhouse, and the whole Spanish position was practically won, when a



LIEUTENANT WILLIAM TIFFANY, FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), DIED IN BOSTON, AUGUST 25, 1898, OF FEVER CONTRACTED AT SANTIAGO.

Drawn by E. M. Asie from a photograph by Brack, San Antonio.

private in the regiment. seeing a Spanish officer in one of the trenches trying to use his gun, raised his rifle to shoot him. called out: "Don't shoot that man, he is wounded." The Spaniard—perhaps mistaking the friendly command for an order to shoot —fired at Ord, killing him instantly.

Other lieutenants who were killed at San Juan and Caney, or who died of wounds received there, were John J. Barnard, Edmund N. Benchley, and Reuben S. Turman, of the Sixth Infantry; Dennis M. Michie and Walter Dickin-

son, of the Seventeenth Infantry; John

Twenty Fourth Infantry; William C.

LIEUTENANT JULES G. ORD, SIXTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT SAN JUAN, JULY 1, 1898.

From a photograph by Bellsmith,

Neary, of the Fourth Infantry; Louis H. Lewis, of the Ninth Infantry; Henry L. McCorkle, of the Twenty Fifth Infantry; Clark Churchman and William A. Sater, of the Thirteenth Infantry: William E. Shipp and William H. Smith, of the Tenth Cavalry, and Thomas A. Wansboro, of the Seventh Infantry.

The captain of Benchley's company wrote to the lieutenant's parents of his death: "Your son was one of the first dozen men of Company E who, with our acting colonel, crossed the San Juan river under a terrific fire. The other com-

The brush was so panies were back. A. Gurney and Joseph N. Augustin, of the thick that they could not be seen, and the colonel, desiring them to be brought

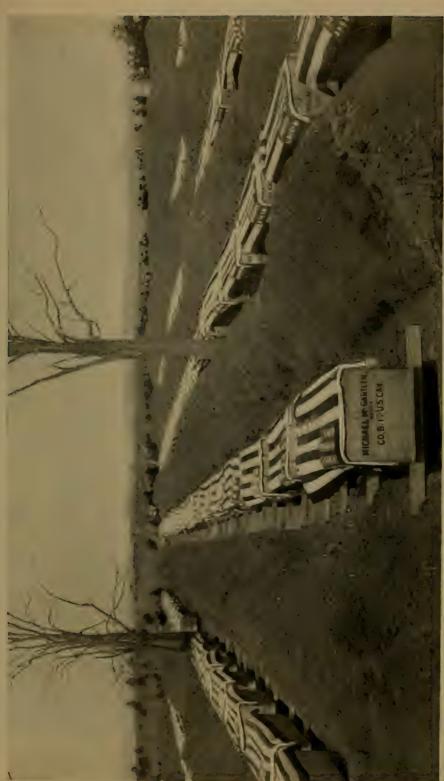
up at once, that the line of attack might be formed, sent Lieutenant Benchlev back across the river with orders to the other company commanders to bring their men forward at once. He had delivered the orders to but a few of the commanders when he was shot through the heart."

Lieutenant Colonel Lee, the British military attaché, in his article on "The Regulars at El Caney"\* speaks of Lieutenant Wansboro's actions and death with deep regard. "Close in front of me," he says, "a slight and boyish lieutenant compelled my attention by his persistent and reckless gallantry. Whenever a man was hit he would dart to his assistance regardless of

SURGEON JOHN BLAIR GIBBS, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, KILLED AT PLAYA DEL ESTE, JUNE 12, 1898.

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.

<sup>\*</sup>Scribner's Magazine for October, 1898.



"THE BIVOTAC OF THE DEAD"-THE BURIAL OF THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SIX SOLDIERS WHO WERE KILLED IN ACTION OR DIED OF DESKASE PURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AT THE ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, AFILL 6, 1899.

From a Pillerich to E C But



LIEUTENANT ALFRED C. ALFORD, TWENTIETH KANSAS VOLUNTEERS, KILLED NEAR MANILA, FEBRUARY 7, 1899.

From a photograph by the Élite Studio, San Francisco.

the fire that this exposure inevitably drew. Suddenly he sprang to his feet gazing intently into the village, but what he saw we never knew, for he was instantly shot through the heart and fell over backward clutching at the air. I followed the men who carried him to the road and asked them his name. 'Second Lieutenant Wansboro, sir, of the Seventh Infantry, and you will never see his better. He fought like a little tiger.' A few convulsive gasps and the poor boy was dead, and as we laid him in a shady spot by the road the sergeant reverently drew a handkerchief over his face and said, 'Good by, lieutenant; you were a brave little officer, and you died like a true soldier.' Who would wish a better end?"

Much longer is the list of officers and men who died from the effects of their service in Cuba; and while these soldiers had not the glory of death in action, they surely are deserving of equal praise and honor. Brigadier General Joseph T. Haskell, who died at his home in Columbus, Ohio, on September 16, was one of the foremost. As lieutenant colonel of

the Seventeenth Infantry, his services in the Santiago campaign have had due recognition. He was wounded by three bullets at El Caney, but survived both the field hospital and transport ship, and was promoted to be brigadier general for gallantry in the field. He rode in a carriage at the head of his victorious regiment through the streets of Columbus, and received the plaudits of his friends, but on the same afternoon he died at the Columbus Barracks of apoplexy.

Another gallant soldier to whom death did not come on the field of action was Major Casper H. Conrad, who commanded the Eighth Infantry at Santiago. Major Conrad had served in the United States army since he was seventeen years old, and many instances of heroism and self sacrifice have been recorded to his credit. On the firing line at El Caney his courage and his solicitude for the wounded won the praise of all who witnessed them. In the trenches before Santiago he contracted malarial fever, from which he died on the transport Olivette, August 15. He was buried at sea.

One of the first of the Rough Riders to

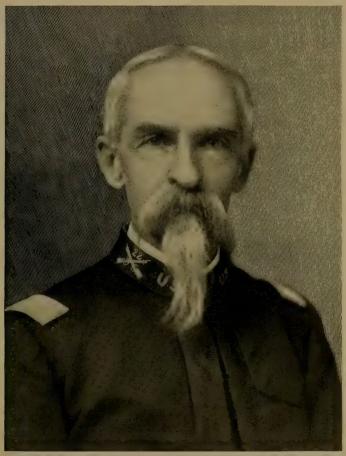


LIEUTENANT JONAS LIEN, FIRST SOUTH DAKOTA VOLUNTEERS, KILLED AT MARILAO, MARCH 27, 1899.

From a photograph by Fox, Sioux Falls.

die after reaching home was Lieutenant William Tiffany. He had served through the entire campaign, and his courage, ability, and devotion to duty had won his promotion from the ranks. His death was one of the many which seemed unusually sad because they were so unnecessary. In

"Tiffany, I am especially glad to give you this step, because you are about the only man who has never by sign or word acted as though he thought he deserved promotion. You have never acted as though you expected to be anything but a sergeant all your life, and you have done



COLONEL H. C. EGBERT, TWENTY SECOND INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT SAN JUAN,
JULY 1, 1898; AND KILLED AT MALINTA, MARCH 26, 1899.

From a copyrighted photograph by Core, New York.

his individual case there was also a certain irony, for though he belonged to a family of great wealth the physician's verdict was that Tiffany was literally starved to death for lack of edible food. He came up from Cuba on the Olivette, and was able to walk ashore when he landed, but he died very shortly afterwards. He was buried at Newport with military honors.

It is said that in giving him his commission, Colonel Roosevelt told him:

your work as though you had been a sergeant all your life, and so I am glad of this chance to make you a lieutenant."

Of our soldiers who have died in far away Manila we have few stories. The news of the battles they fought has been little more than brief and formal reports; the stories of the brave are told only in the lists of the dead. The men still fighting are too busy to rehearse the grim romances of their fallen comrades, and the novelty of war correspondence has

worn itself out to most of the army of reporters that invaded Cuba. So the literature of the war in the Philippines is still to be written. Yet we know that there, as in Cuba, our men have fought with the same courage and determination—making the same willing sacrifices.

storming of Fort San Juan, and was wounded in the battle. Promoted and ordered to the Philippines, he was mortally wounded while leading a bayonet charge against the insurgents' trenches; but he remained on the field where he fell, and saw his regiment carry the



COLONEL WILLIAM SMITH, FIRST TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS, DIED OF APOPLEXY WHILE ON THE FIRING LINE WITH HIS REGIMENT BEFORE MANILA, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

From a photograph by Thuss, Nashville.

Colonel H. C. Egbert, of the Twenty Second Infantry, who fell on March 26, when MacArthur's division captured the town of Polo, held the highest rank among the officers killed. He had been in the army since 1861, serving with distinction through the Civil War and in Indian campaigns in the Southwest. At Santiago, as lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Infantry, he led his regiment in the

enemy's position. Just before he died, General Wheaton, his brigade commander, rode up and dismounted by his couch. "Nobly done, Egbert!" he said. "Good by, general," was the colonel's reply. "I must die. I am too old."

In recognition of Colonel Egbert's long and faithful service to the country, his son, who was serving as a private in his father's regiment, was immediately ap-



CAPTAIN DAVID S. ELLIOTT, TENTH KANSAS VOLUN-TEERS, KILLED AT CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 28, 1899.



LIEUTENANT FRANK H. ADAMS, FIRST SOUTH DAKOTA VOLUNTEERS, KILLED AT MARILAO, MARCH 27, 1899.

pointed to a lieutenancy by President McKinley. At Fort Thomas, near Cincinnati, where Colonel Egbert was sta-

tioned when in command of the Sixth Infantry, a memorial is to be erected in his honor. It will be placed by the side of



LIEUTENANT SIDNEY E. MORRISON, FIRST SOUTH CAPTAIN GEORGE H. FORTSAN, FIRST WASHINGTON DAKOTA VOLUNTEERS, KILLED AT MARILAO, MARCH 27, 1899.



VOLUNTEERS, KILLED AT POLO, MARCH 26, 1899.

another memorial—a tablet of bronze in memory of the soldiers of the Sixth who fell at San Juan.

A few days after Colonel Egbert's death, during the same general advance on Aguinaldo's headquarters at Malolos, Lieutenant John C. Gregg, of the Fourth Infantry, was killed. He was one of the most popular of the younger officers of the army, and was serving as an aide on

former police commissioner of New York; Lieutenant E. K. Irwin, of the First Washington; Lieutenants Jonas H. Lien, Sidney M. Morrison, and Frank Adams, of the First South Dakota.

Even as this article is closed comes the news of a fierce battle with the Filipinos at Quingua, on April 23, in which four men of the Nebraska regiment, including Colonel John M. Stotsenburg and Lieu-



LIEUTENANT JOHN C. GREGG, FOURTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT MALOLOS, MARCH 31, 1899.

From a photograph by Stevenson, Leavenworth.

General Hall's staff. He was shot while carrying orders, and was the only man killed in the day's fighting. Lieutenant Gregg's father was the late Colonel A. T. Gregg, a veteran of the Civil War.

It has been among the Western volunteer regiments that our greatest loss of life in the Philippines has occurred. On the list of dead are Colonel William C. Smith, of the First Tennessee; Lieutenant Alfred C. Alford, of the Twentieth Kansas; Lieutenant E. S. French, of the First Montana, a son of the late Stephen French, a



LIEUTENANT MAURICE G. KRAYENBUHL, THIRD AR-TILLERY, KILLED AT MALATE, MARCH 26, 1899. From a photograph by Oerter, Chaska, Minnesota.

170m a protograph by Certer, Chaska, minnesota.

tenant Sisson, besides two men of the Fourth Cavalry, were killed.

Colonel Stotsenburg always led his regiment, and though a severe disciplinarian, was popular with his men. As he came upon the field on the morning of the fight at Quingua, in answer to an order to support the Fourth Cavalry, which was being badly cut to pieces, he saw that the situation was critical, and ordered a charge, which he led in person. He was among the first to fall, dying within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks.

the first day, it would have cost five thousand lives to have taken it.'

#### SHAFTER AS A COMMANDER.

With the raising of the Stars and Stripes on the governor's palace, the Santiago campaign was over, and Shafter,



DON MANEL MACIAS, THE LAST SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF PORTO RICO.

after being brought to the very brink of disaster by adverse circumstances and by his own mistakes, had won a sweeping and complete success. As he afterwards said himself,\* there had been very little strategy in his movements. He certainly had not proved himself a Napoleon or a Cæsar, but he had earned the right to say veni, vidi, vici. Bluff and untactful in personal intercourse, he was not a man to be widely popular among his subordinates. His attitude to the press representatives —gentry seldom beloved of commanding generals-involved him in some undignified controversies, and brought upon him, in retaliation, much unjust censure. But a hundred newspaper criticisms are more than offset by one such expression as those that have come from some of the men who were with him at Santiago.

General Wheeler, who has an ill word

for no one, calls him "a man of more than ordinary intellect and force of character." General Breckinridge, not regarded as an especially friendly critic, bears testimony in his official report to "the remarkable energy, decision, and self reliance which characterized General Shafter's course during this distinguished military adventure throughout its arduous course to its most honorable conclusion." More valuable still is the judgment of that fine soldier General Chaffee, given in his reply to a speaker who had complimented him at Shafter's expense\*:

He worked night and day at his duties, and though his physical disabilities made his strength unequal to mine and prevented him from doing some of the things I was able to do, yet I say there is no more honest, faithful, and conscientious man who ever went out to command troops. Let no one decry him in my presence. No man ever possessed more iron courage. General Shafter is a man. He has my unbounded respect.

These are strong words of praise, and

they are entirely true.

When the Fifth Corps was preparing to embark at Tampa, newspaper prophets were spreading abroad detailed forecasts of the marvelous ways in which American engineering skill was to be applied to military uses. Shafter, we were told, was to invade Cuba with "fortification machines" that would throw up breastworks at railroad speed; with "road builders" that would construct macadam highways as if by magic; with powerful searchlights to reveal the enemy's movements at night; and with other novel paraphernalia destined to make victory swift and easy. As a matter of fact, if we except the work done by the signal service in establishing telegraph and telephone communication, the Santiago campaign was fought out on the most primitive lines, with scarcely an attempt at "scientific warfare." Shafter's small engineer corps accomplished practically nothing; his artillery did little for him; of cavalry he had almost none. His battles were fought by infantry, and were won by the sheer pluck and dash of his men, in spite of the fact that to a certain

<sup>\*</sup> In his speech at a dinner of the Sons of the Revolution, in New York, November 25, 1898.

<sup>\*</sup>At a dinner of the Commercial Club of Kansas City, Missouri, December 19, 1898.

†The engineers built a pier for the Cubans at Aserraderos, and later one at Siboney, which was not finished until just before the end of the campaign. They also did a little scouting and some road repairing, but did not succeed in making even a tolerable trail from Siboney to the front. They complained—no doubt truly—that they were seriously handicapped by lack of proper equipment, and especially of transportation.



THE AMERICAN FLAG FLYING OVER THE CABILDO, OR CITY HALL, OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO. -

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE A
TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE NINTH
INSTALMENT TELLS OF THE PASSING OF SPAIN'S FLAG FROM SANTIAGO
AND OF GENERAL MILES' CONQUEST OF PORTO RICO.

A LMOST up to the moment of Toral's surrender, it was generally expected among Shafter's soldiers that the tedious negotiations would fail, and that Santiago would be stormed. The whole army was prepared to attack at the word. The artillery, reinforced by Randolph's batteries, and pushed boldly forward—one battery, Captain Riley's, was posted in front of the firing line—was eager for a chance to redeem its comparative failure in the battles of the 1st of July. At the point where the American lines were nearest to the enemy, on the extreme right, two of Lawton's brigades, Ludlow's and McKibbin's—Brigadier General

McKibbin, who came to Cuba as lieutenant colonel of the Twenty First Infantry, had succeeded Colonel Evan Miles—were ready to charge the Spanish trenches.

The attack would probably have been a bloody one. In front of the trenches was a double line of barbed wire fences, which would have held the assailants under a murderous fire. Further back there were pitfalls and barricaded streets. "Upon entering the city," Shafter said in the despatch he sent to Washington at the moment of the hoisting of the flag, "I discovered a perfect entanglement of defenses. Fighting as the Spaniards did



THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA. THIS VIEW IS TAKEN FROM THE GROUNDS OF A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE AT LA CRUZ, ON THE SHORE OF THE BAY OF SANTIAGO, A MILE SOUTH OF THE CITY, AND JUST ABOVE THE TERMINUS OF THE NARROW GAGE RAILROAD FROM SIBONEY.

extent they had the disadvantage of inferior equipment.\*

THE RELATIONS OF MILES AND SHAFTER.

Much has been said, in the newspapers and elsewhere, upon the question whether Santiago was surrendered to General Miles or to General Shafter. Unlike another question that has been raised by sundry war critics ignorant of warfare, who have debated whether Admiral Sampson or

General Miles left here at 10.40 last night for Santiago, but with instructions not to in any manner supersede you as commander of the forces in the field near Santiago so long as you are able for duty.

This not unnaturally led to a certain amount of misunderstanding. On the day of the surrender, in reply to an order directing him to move his troops to fresh camps, Shafter telegraphed to Miles:

Letters and orders in reference to movement of camp received and will be carried out. None is



THE SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER TERROR'S UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK UPON THE ST. PAUL, OFF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, JUNE 22, 1898.

Commodore Schley was in command of the fleet that destroyed Cervera,† this is not entirely an idle query. It appears that on July 8, the day after Miles left Washington, Adjutant General Corbin telegraphed to Shafter:

Secretary of War directs me to inform you that

more anxious than myself to get away from here. It seems from your orders given me that you regard my force as a part of your command. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than serving under you, general, and I shall comply with all your requests and directions, but I was told by the secretary that you were not to supersede me in command

To this communication, an entirely creditable and soldierly one, Miles, who had gone to Guantanamo Bay with the transports carrying Henry's troops, replied (July 18):

Have no desire and have carefully avoided any appearance of superseding you. Your command is a part of the United States army, which I have the honor to command, having been duly assigned thereto and directed by the President to go wherever I thought my presence required and give such general directions as I thought best concerning military matters, and especially directed to go to Santiago for a specific purpose. You will also notice that the orders of the Secretary of War of July 13 left the matter to my discretion. I should regret that any event would cause either yourself

\*There is little to choose between the Mauser rifle and the Krag Jorgensen, but there is no question of the terrible disadvantage under which the American volunteers and artillery labored by reason of their lack of smokeless powder. The answer to this question is so self evident to any one who has the slightest understanding of naval affairs that no space has been wasted on it in the present narrative. It may be said here that the attempts which have been made in the press, and even in Congress, to deprive Admiral Sampson of the honor justly earned by his splendid services to his country are disgraceful to their authors. They must rest either upon a total misunderstanding of the facts, or upon some most unworthy motive of jealousy.

As a sample of the methods employed, Sampson's signal, on the morning of July 3, to "disregard the movements of commander in chief" has been distorted into "disregard the orders of commander in chief," and paraded as a proof that he had nothing to do with the battle of that day.

The fact that venomous attacks upon Sampson have been coupled with extravagant praise of Schley must be most emporance in the sample of the latter officer, who very properly said, in an official despatch written a week after the battle with Cervera: "Victory was secured by the forces under the command of the commander in chief, North Atlantic station, and to him the honor is due."

or any part of your command to cease to be a part of mine.

This was unanswerable, and exactly defined the position General Miles occupied



BRIGADIER GENERAL OSWALD H. ERNST, COMMANDING THE FIRST BRIGADE OF GENERAL WILSON'S DIVISION.

during his brief stay before Santiago. When he landed at Siboney, in the afternoon of July 11, he had found the place

in a very unsatisfactory condition. General Duffield, in command, was ill, and apparently no one had taken his place; an alarming outbreak of yellow fever had begun -probably caused, and certainly hastened, by the use of infected buildings which should have been destroyed; the medical and transportation services were frightfully inadequate. The landing stage was still unfinished, and General Miles went on shore through the surf. He began to issue orders at once, signing them "Nelson A. Miles, major general commanding": but he countermanded no plan of Shafter's, and his part in the conclusion of the campaign was limited to his share in the conferences with Toral-which, on Shafter's own statement, Miles allowed to continue when his own judgment was in favor of breaking them off —and his preparations, afterwards abandoned, to land troops at Cabanas.

It was hardly a secret at the time, and has since become notorious, that an unfortunate ill feeling had arisen between General Miles and the army staff at Washington; but Secretary Alger's despatches distinctly recognize him as in command, notably the one mentioned in Miles' note of the 18th to Shafter, already quoted. This is dated July 13, and addressed to "Major General Miles, Camp near Santiago":

You may accept surrender by granting parole to officers and men, the officers retaining their side arms. The officers and men after parole to be permitted to return to Spain, the United States assisting. If not accepted, then assault, unless in your judgment an assault would fail. Consult with Sampson, and pursue such course as to the assault as you jointly agree upon. Matter should now be settled promptly.

After such an order, clothing him with complete authority, and therefore with full responsibility, it was certainly both tactful and generous on Miles' part to



COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, OF THE DIXIE, WHO CAPTURED THE CITY OF PONCE, PORTO RICO, JULY 27, 1898.

<sup>\*</sup>One of his first orders was for the burning of the buildings believed to be infected with yellow fever, including the army post office, a house used by the newspaper correspondents, and others occupied by the Thirty Third Michigan. General Shafter had that morning issued instructions to the same effect, but apparently nothing had been done toward carrying them out.

Warnings against the use of buildings likely to be infected had been issued before the Fifth Corps landed, and General Miles regarded the neglect of proper precautions at Siboney as a distinct violation of orders.

leave the formal reception of Toral's surrender to Shafter, whom he would necessarily have outranked had he been present. At the same time, it was a very proper recognition of the fact that to the commander of the Fifth Corps belonged the honors of a victorious campaign, and had been in full view of the officers commanding his troops, and they had reported to him having seen fifty seven vessels, some of them loaded with troops, menacing that part of his position.

THE NAVY AND THE SURRENDER.

For the navy, too, a share in the work is claimed—apart from its victory over



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, COMMANDING THE FIRST DIVISION OF GENERAL MILES' ARMY IN PORTO RICO.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

especially the credit of having secured a capitulation without further fighting, thus capturing Santiago at a cost which, after all, was small in proportion to the great results gained.

General Miles' report indicates his belief that his preparations to land a brigade at Cabanas helped to bring Toral to terms:

The Spanish commander was well aware of our designs, as the position and movements of the fleet

Cervera, which was the great decisive event of the campaign and of the war. A board appointed by Sampson to inspect the captured city reported, after a detailed account of the damage done by the war ships' fire:

We believe that the bombardment by the ships had much to do with the early surrender of the city.

This is indorsed by the admiral. "The effect of our shell," he says, "was un-



MAJOR GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON, COMMANDING THE SECOND DIVISION OF GENERAL MILES' ARMY IN PORTO RICO.

From a photograph by Bucher, Wilmington, Delaware.

doubtedly one of the principal causes of the surrender at this time."

And in distributing the credit where it is due mention should be made of the effective stroke of military diplomacy that came from Washington. There is no doubt that the offer to return Toral's forces to Spain did much toward making the surrender possible.

It was somewhat anomalous that in the ceremonies marking the successful ending of a joint land and sea campaign the American navy was not represented. On July 13, when Shafter informed Sampson

that a surrender was expected, the admiral expressed his desire to share in the negotiations, which involved questions of importance to both branches of the service. The general acquiesced, and promised that if possible he would give due notice of the final arrangement of terms, in order that Sampson might send a representative. Next morning (July 14) Shafter again telephoned to Siboney that there was "every prospect of capitulation," and Miles invited the admiral to send an officer ashore; but before this could be done there came a message

telling him that Santiago had already surrendered.

On the 15th Sampson was informed of the hitch in the negotiations. On the 16th Shafter telephoned:

Enémy has surrendered. Will you send some one to represent navy in the matter ?

Captain Chadwick, as Sampson's chief of staff, landed and went to the front as late experience of Spanish perfidy in regard to injury of ships, which in my opinion made it necessary to look after their safety at once." But when he sent in prize crews, they found army officers in charge of the vessels, and General McKibbin, who had been designated as military governor of Santiago, declined to give them up until Sampson had sent



BRIGADIER GENERAL P. C. HAINS, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF GENERAL BROOKE'S DIVISION.

From a photograph by Biessing, Baltimore.

quickly as he could. The convention had already been signed; it contained no reference to the navy, nor to the Spanish ships at Santiago. The captain told Shafter that these latter—the gunboat Alvarado and five merchant steamers, one of which, the Mejico, was armed—would be regarded by the navy as its prizes. Shafter said that he would refer the matter to the Secretary of War.

"This," Sampson says, "could have no bearing upon what I considered my duty in the matter, particularly in view of our

Shafter an emphatic protest. In a joint campaign, the admiral pointed out, usage gives captured cities or forts to the army, floating property to the navy; he had left the harbor batteries to be occupied by the troops, and he expected, in return, similar consideration with regard to the ships. "My prize crews must remain in charge," he concluded, "and I have so directed." His action was approved at Washington, but the merchant vessels, a few days later, were ordered to be turned over to the army for use as trans-

The Alvarado, commanded by Lieutenant Blue, formerly of the Suwanee, was added to Sampson's fleet.

### THE SURRENDERED CITY AND PROVINCE.

On the day before the surrender (July 16) Shafter personally invited Garcia and his staff to witness the ceremony. Cuban chief asked if it was intended to continue the Spanish civil officials in power, and on being answered in the affirmative he dramatically declared that he could not go where Spain ruled. No Cuban troops were allowed to enter the city—a very proper precaution against disorder, but one that was bitterly resented by the excluded patriots. Garcia was so deeply offended that he marched his men northward into the interior, and sent Shafter a letter\* reproaching the American commander for his ingratitute.

Early in the morning of the 17th the Spanish troops began to deposit their rifles at the arsenal in Santiago, where they were received and inventoried by Lieutenant Brooke, Shafter's ordnance officer, the disarmed men being marched out to a camp near San Juan. Of the Spanish Mauser, the weapon of the regular troops, the number surrendered was



COLONEL WILLIS J. HULINGS, OF THE SIXTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

7.902 rifles and 833 carbines, besides about 7,000 guns of other makes, chiefly the Remington, which was used by the volunteers. There were only 1,500,000 rounds of Mauser ammunition—less than 200 cartridges for each gun. The store



BRIGADIER GENERAL ROY STONE, WHO SERVED ON GENERAL MILES' STAFF IN PORTO RICO.

of food was larger than might have been expected, amounting—on the authority of General Wood—to 1,200,000 rations, but including little except rice.

Of the men, it seems that no precise count was taken-a rather curious omission.\* In his official report Shafter estimates their number as about 12,000. In his Century Magazine article he gives it as 11,500, which is still probably an over statement. Lieutenant Miley, who was in a position to have exact information, puts it at 10,500,† and other estimates are lower. Of these more than 2,000 were sick and wounded men in the four hospitals.‡

Toral's division included nine garrisons outside of Santiago, numbering 13,000 men, and stationed at Guantanamo, Baracoa, Sagua de Tanamo, El Cristo, El Songo, Dos Caminos, Moron, San Luis, and Palma Soriano. The surrender of such considerable forces without a shot fired against them came as a surprise when the

<sup>\*</sup>Or at least Shafter received a letter purporting to come from Garcia. Its authenticity does not seem to be certain.

<sup>\*</sup>No report was made to Washington of the number of men forming the garrison of Santiago. The only figures received by the War Department were those of the whole number of soldiers transported to Spain—22,137.
† "In Cuba with Shafter," page 214.
‡ "At the hospitals," says Lieutenant Müller, "only the seriously wounded and sick were admitted; those who could stand on their feet were refused and sent back to the trenches. If this had not been the case, there would not have been beds enough in which to put them nor physicians to attend them."

Spanish general offered it; yet it is easily accounted for. The five thousand men at Guantanamo, as was already known,\* were on the brink of starvation; and the

surrendered to Shafter they would be left to the tender mercies of the Cubans.

Shafter commissioned Lieutenant Miley, of his staff, to receive the surrender of



BRIGADIER GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, COMMANDING THE SECOND BRIGADE OF GENERAL WILSON'S DIVISION,
AND AFTERWARDS MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.

other detachments were little better off. Toral told Miles that all of them were hard pressed by insurgents. With Santiago taken, and the coast blockaded, their position became hopeless, and if not

\*Munsey's Magazine for March, page 908.

the inland garrisons. With two mounted troops of the Second Cavalry, under Captain Lewis, and accompanied by Captain Ramus, an aide of Toral's, the lieutenant started on July 19, making his way over the mountains, through a country from

which almost all traces of civilization had disappeared, to El Cristo. The small Spanish detachments here and at Moron and Dos Caminos\* surrendered readily, but the comandante of the larger force at San Luis refused to accept the statements of Miley and Ramus until he had sent a messenger of his own to Santiago. At Palma Soriano, on the 22d, eight hundred men capitulated without resistance, though Miley had been warned at San Luis that he would probably be fired upon. prisoners from all these places, and from El Songo, which yielded without a visit, were marched down to Santiago as rapidly as possible, and the First Infantry, a regiment which had scarcely suffered in the fighting, was sent up to garrison the

The Spanish troops at Guantanamo surrendered to Colonel (now Brigadier General) Ewers; but it was not until August 13—the last day of the war—that Lieutenant Miley, with another Spanish staff officer, Major Irles, set out for Baracoa and Sagua de Tanamo, on the northern coast. At neither place was there any attempt at resistance, though no news of the fall of Santiago had reached these isolated towns. Shafter's transports had passed within sight of Baracoa, and the comandante had told his men that they were Spanish ships, loaded with troops on their way to conquer the Americans. At Sagua, which Miley reached on the 15th, a bulletin was posted announcing a great victory won by Montojo at Manila.

# SHAFTER'S FEVER STRICKEN ARMY.

At Santiago, on July 16, the refugees from Caney, a miserable procession of sick and starving people, who had endured horrors worse than a bombardment, began to return to their homes. On the two following days the electric mines in the

harbor mouth were exploded, and the contact torpedoes taken up, two that could not be moved being marked with buoys; and on the afternoon of the 18th the transports, headed by the Red Cross ship State of Texas, were able to come into the bay.

This ended all fear of a shortage of supplies; but the victorious army was in a sorry and shocking condition of sickness and debility. More than half the soldiers were either down with malarial fever, or slowly recovering from it; dysentery was prevalent, typhoid had appeared, and there were cases of yellow fever in every regiment. Attempts were made to fight this last, the most dreaded of diseases, by moving to fresh camping grounds, but it was soon found that the soldiers had not strength enough to move their tents and impedimenta. Any exertion in the hot sun only increased the sickness. The hospital service was still utterly inadequate; there was a lack of needed medicines, and a total absence of suitable food.

The wounded and part of the sick were sent back to the United States on returning transports. On some ships—notably the Seneca and the Concho, which reached Fort Monroe on the 18th and the 28th of July respectively, and, hoisting the yellow flag, were ordered on to New York—there was great suffering through their utter lack of proper accommodation and attendance. The Seneca had four deaths during the voyage, the Concho six; and the arrival of these vessels with their wretched cargo—in such pitiable contrast to the strong and eager host that sailed from Tampa a few weeks before—was the first revelation to the people of the United States of the sinister results that a defective army organization had inevitably caused.\* But still, both in Washington

<sup>\*</sup>This is a station on the railroad from Santiago to San Luis, and must not be confounded with the village of the same name just outside of Santiago, on the road to Cobre, mentioned on page 273 of last month's issue. "Dos Caminos," meaning Two Roads, or Crossroads, is a common Spanish name.

Blos, meahing I Wo Roaus, of Crossidates, is a Chimsels, meahing I Wo Roaus, of Crossidates, is a Chimsels, and it is cleared and it is considered and it is

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;Algerism" is a word that has been coined by certain newspapers to denote the cause of all the army's sufferings. The term is an unfair attack upon the Secretary of War, and betrays either political spite or ignorance of the true facts of

the case.

Secretary Alger did not accomplish such wonders as those that Stanton achieved when he brought order and efficiency out of the chaos of President Lincoln's war office. The task of equipping an army to fight Spain was well nigh an impossible one, and the badly organized system of which General Alger was the official head was incompetent to grapple with it. Much creditable work was done, but it was inevitable that there should be failure at many points, and that loss and suffering should result. But in attempting to fasten blame upon the personnel of the department it is impossible to find more than the unavoidable percentage of human error. Though he did not prove to be the rare and brilliant organizer who alone could have cut the obstructive red tape and met the overwhelming needs of the service, the secretary himself labored with the most devoted energy.

The main cause of the army's troubles is to be found in the illiberal and unintelligent policy that has been traditional

and in the country generally, there was no realization of the desperate plight of the soldiers in Cuba.

On July 14 Secretary Alger had telegraphed to General Miles:

As soon as Santiago falls, the troops must all be put in camp as comfortable as they can be made, and remain, I suppose, until the fever has had its run.

Miles gave similar directions to Shafter several times, and on the 21st he cabled to Washington from Guantanamo, where he was preparing to sail for Porto Rico:

There is not a single regiment of regulars or volunteers with General Shafter's command that is not infected with yellow fever, from one case in the Eighth Ohio to thirty six in the Thirty Third

Michigan.

After consulting with best medical authorities, it is my opinion that the best mode of ridding the troops of the fever will be as I have directed, namely, the troops to go up as high into the mountains as possible, selecting fresh camps every day. If this does not check the spread of the disease, the only way of saving a large portion of the command will be to put them on transports and ship them to the New England coast, to some point to be designated by the surgeon general.

## THE "ROUND ROBIN."

The plan of changing camps, as has been said, proved worse than useless, yet on August 3 Shafter was again instructed to move his command along the San Luis railroad to the high ground north of Santiago. It was quite impossible to carry out such an order. Shafter assembled his general officers, read the instructions he had received, and asked One of them\* was for their opinion. seizing every ship in the harbor and starting northward at once, orders or no orders; all agreed that to leave Cuba was an imperative necessity. At the suggestion of General Bates, they drew up a "round robin" letter to the corps commander, stating that the army was utterly disabled by malarial fever; that it was in a condition to be destroyed by an epidemic, already threatened, of yellow fever; that it must be moved at once or perish as an army; and that those responsible for preventing such a move would be responsible

for the unnecessary loss of thousands of lives.

This strong letter was signed by all the officers present—Major Generals Wheeler, Kent, Lawton, Bates, and Chaffee, Brigadier Generals Sumner, Ludlow, McKibbin, Ames, and Wood, and Colonel Roosevelt.\* There was, as Shafter says, no secrecy about it, and the newspaper correspondents cabled its contents to the United States, where it came as a revelation. This was no utterance of a sensational reporter; it was the voice of an army that had been sent out to fight the nation's battles, and that now found itself left to perish on the soil it had won.

At Washington — Shafter telegraphed it to the War Department with an expression of his own opinion, saying that if the troops were not to be moved till the fever had passed there would be very few to move—its effect was immediate. Next day (August 4) the general was ordered to transport his men as rapidly as possible to Montauk Point, where General S. B. M. Young, himself a fever convalescent, was commissioned to prepare a camp for them.

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# VICTORS AND VANQUISHED LEAVE SAN-TIAGO.

The embarkation began on August 7, and was continued as rapidly as transports could be secured. On the 25th General Shafter sailed with almost the last men of his corps, leaving General Lawton in command of the province, with General Wood in charge of the city. Some of the "immune" regiments were sent from the United States to do garrison duty, it being expected—too sanguinely, as it proved—that they would not suffer from the climatic fevers that had been so disastrous to the Fifth Corps.

The shipment of Toral's troops† began on August 9, and on September 17 all the prisoners had left Santiago except a

with Congress in its control of the military establishment. The responsibility rests upon the national legislature, and indirectly upon the nation that it represents.

<sup>&</sup>quot;General Shafter records this incident without mentioning names, but the outspoken officer was probably General Ames, who expressed a similar opinion to a correspondent, and who sent a private telegram to Mr. Allen, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy: This army is incapable, because of sickness, of marching anywhere except to the transports. If it is ever to return to the United States, it must do so at once."

<sup>\*</sup>Brigadier Generals Kent, Lawton, Bates, and Chaffee had just received their major generalships. General Ames—a distinguished general of the Civil War, halling from Massachusetts, though formerly Governor of Mississippi—was in command of Kent's third brigade, formerly Colonel Wikoff's. Wood, promoted brigadier general, had on July 20 succeeded McKibbin as military governor of Santiago. Being a physician by profession, he was peculiarly fitted for a post whose most immediate and important problem was that of sanitation. Colonel Roosevelt, who had also gained a step in rank, was present as commander of the second cavalry brigade.

<sup>†</sup>Just before he sailed, Toral is said to have sent Shafter a letter commenting bitterly on the fact that the surrendered arms had not been returned, as recommended—or promised, as the Spaniards seem to have understood—by the American commissioners who negotiated the capitulation.

small number who elected to remain in Cuba, and a few yellow fever patients at Baracoa and Guantanamo. The work was done by the Compania Transatlantica Española, which made the lowest tender when bids were invited by the quartermaster general's department. It seemed, at first sight, anomalous that the United States government should employ a Spanish company, some of whose ships were actually serving as auxiliaries in the enemy's navy, and representatives of other ocean lines-willing to accept the contract at a much higher price—were greatly concerned at so extraordinary an arrangement. Undoubtedly, however, the War Department's action was businesslike and judicious. It was very satisfactory that the Spanish soldiers should be intrusted to their people, so that no charge of ill treatment could be laid at any American door. For these hapless men were suffering terribly during the unhealthy months of August and Septem-Several hundred died before they could be taken on board the ships, and several hundred more during the voyage. On one vessel, the Pedro de Satrustegui, there were seventy six deaths.

The total number of people carried to Spain was 22,864. This included 22,137 soldiers—1,163 officers and 20,974 men; the rest were officers' wives and children, priests, and sisters of mercy. The cost to the United States government was a little more than half a million dollars.

### THE MOVEMENT ON PORTO RICO.

The Spanish colony of Porto Rico had figured in the early war plans.\* General Miles had suggested an attack upon it in a letter dated May 27, and on June 6 Secretary Alger telegraphed to him, at Tampa:

The President wants to know the earliest moment you can have an expeditionary force ready to go to Porto Rico large enough to take and hold island without the force under General Shafter.

Miles replied that he could be ready in ten days—an estimate that seems decidedly sanguine, in view of the experience of Shafter's corps, and of the lack of transports. On June 9 he was again informed that "expedition No. 2 must be organized as rapidly as possible;" but on the 15th his preparations were interrupted by

an urgent summons to Washington. On the 26th a new plan was formulated: General Brooke was to organize a corps from Chickamauga and Camp Alger, for "operation against the enemy in Cuba and Porto Rico;" Shafter's troops, or any that he could spare, were to join it, and Miles was to be commander in chief. But instead of detaching part of his force, Shafter began to plead for reinforcements. and Miles went to Santiago, where his share in the last days of the campaign has already been narrated.

For some time after Sampson's resultless bombardment of San Juan on May 12. Porto Rico scarcely appeared in the war news. On June 19, to prevent the armed ships\* at San Juan from attempting to molest the transports passing between the United States and Santiago, Admiral Sampson ordered the St. Paul and the Yosemite to blockade the port. Captain Sigsbee reached his station first, on the morning of the 22d, and he had been there only a few hours when he was attacked by the Isabel II and the Terror.

### THE ST. PAUL'S FIGHT OFF SAN JUAN.

The Spanish vessels had been ordered to drive the St. Paul off, and the bluff above the harbor mouth was crowded with people who came out to see the fight. The Isabel opened an entirely ineffective fire at long range, keeping close under the shore batteries. The Terrorwhose only weapons were her torpedoes and two small guns, her twelve pound rapid firers having been put aboard the Maria Teresa for the voyage across the Atlantic, and left there when she parted company with Cervera-moved eastward along shore, to get out of the Isabel's line of fire, and then steamed straight at the big liner. Such an attack showed more pluck than judgment. At night, it might have succeeded; in the daylight, the St. Paul's five inch guns were not likely to let her come within striking distance. She was three quarters of a mile distant† when a shell shattered her steer-

<sup>\*</sup>Munsey's Magazine for March, page 911.

<sup>\*</sup>At San Juan were the small Spanish cruiser Isabel II (1,130 tons, a sister ship to the Antonio de Ulloa and the Juan de Austria, destroyed by Dewey in Manila Bay), the torpedo boat destroyer Terror, and three gunboats. This was no doubt known to the Navy Department, which had an agent—Ensign H. H. Ward, of the Bureau of Navigation—in the city during June. Ensign Ward, who passed as an English traveler, was arrested on suspicion by the Spanish authorities, but was released on the demand of the British consul.

†According to the account of the engagement given by her captain, Lieutenant de la Rocha, to Commander Jacobsen, of the German cruiser Geier, and published by the latter in the Marine Rundschan.

ing gear. She veered around, practically disabled, and another shot went clear through her, killing three men, damaging her engines, and making a dangerous hole in her side just below the water line. She was barely able to turn and get back into the harbor, where she was run aground to prevent her sinking, and was subsequently under repair for a month.

During the same afternoon (June 22) the Isabel appeared again, accompanied by a gunboat, apparently attempting to draw the St. Paul under the shore batteries—a challenge which Captain Sigsbee wisely declined, his great ship, with her high freeboard, being a mark that even Spanish gunners might have found an easy one. There was no further fighting. though the blockade of San Juan was kept up as closely as circumstances permitted, the Yosemite arriving on June 25, and the New Orleans and other vessels being ordered there during July.

### MILES STARTS FROM GUANTANAMO.

On July 21, as he had 3,500 men at Guantanamo, and reinforcements were on their way from Tampa and Charleston, General Miles decided to move upon Porto The regiments with him were the Sixth Massachusetts and the Sixth Illinois, with 275 recruits ordered to join Shafter's corps, but not needed at Santiago; Batteries C and F of the Third Artillery, B and F of the Fourth, and B of the Fifth; and detachments of engineers, of the signal corps, and of the hospital corps. He had requested permission to take the marines from Playa del Este, but the Secretary of War refused it, saying have enough army for our work." troops were on the Columbia, the Yale, and seven transports, and as a convoy Sampson assigned the Massachusetts, the Gloucester, and the Dixie, with Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts as senior naval officer. The Cincinnati was also ordered from the Havana station to Porto The admiral's hands were very full at this time, with almost the whole Cuban coast to patrol, and with some of his strongest men of war detached for service in Commodore Watson's Squadron; and he had considered that with Cervera's fleet destroyed and San Juan blockaded, the Cincinnati alone, in addition to the guns of the Columbia and

the Yale, would be a sufficient protection; but at Miles' request, and finally upon the President's positive order that a battleship should be sent, he added the three vessels mentioned.

The garrison of Porto Rico consisted, according to General Miles' report, of 8,223 Spanish regulars and 9,107 volun-These figures, presumably, were obtained officially after the surrender, and are accurate, though Commander Jacobsen gives the Spanish army roll of January 1, 1898—since which time it seems that no reinforcements were sent —as showing 7,002 regulars. It was believed—quite correctly, as it proved that the volunteers were disaffected, and would refuse to fight. The chief military stations, besides San Juan, were Mayaguez, in the west; Ponce, the largest city in the island, in the south; and Guayama, in the southeast; but since the outbreak of war the Spanish forces had been concentrated in San Juan, only small detachments remaining elsewhere.

The port of Fajardo, near Cape San Juan, at the northeast corner of the island, was the point selected for the landing of the expedition; but on the way eastward from Guantanamo, General Miles went on board of the Massachusetts (July 23) and told Captain Higginson that he preferred to make for Guanica, at the other end of Porto Rico, in the extreme southwest.\* His reasons were that the enemy was likely to have information of his plans, and to be prepared to resist a landing at Fajardo; that there were reported to be no defenses either at Guanica or at the neighboring city of Ponce, from which a fine military road led across the island to San Juan; and that he would find there plenty of sugar lighters, which he could use in taking men and material ashore, the tugs and launches promised him from Washington

<sup>\*</sup> It has been stated that a landing at Guanica or Ponce was really planned from the first, Fajardo being mentioned merely as a ruse; but such does not seem to have been the case. On July 18 Miles telegraphed to Washington that Sampson and himself had agreed upon Cape San Juan (presumably meaning Fajardo). On the same day he received a despatch—the result of a conference between the President and Secretaries Alger and Long—authorizing him to use his own discretion in the matter. On July 26, just before his report of the capture of Guanica reached Washington, the Secretary of Warsent him a telegram that shows surprise, if not disapproval:

"Conflicting reports here as to your place of landing. Why did you change? Doraco [Dorado], fifteen miles west of San Juan, is reported an excellent place to land. Did you leave ships to direct Schwan and Wilson, now en route, where to find you?"

Miles replied with a despatch stating at length his reasons for preferring Guanica to Fajardo.

having failed to arrive.\* Captain Higginson at first demurred on the ground that the harbor at Guanica was too shallow for the heavier ships, and that the southern coast was less convenient for coaling, and less sheltered from the prevailing winds; but he finally waived his objections, and after passing Haiti the fleet turned southward by the Mona Passage, detaching the Dixie to summon any ships that might go to the abandoned rendezvous near Cape San Juan.

### MILES LANDS AT GUANICA.

Guanica was reached at sunrise on July 25, and Lieutenant Commander Wainwright took the Gloucester into the harbor, scorning the possible dangers of unknown batteries or torpedoes. A landing party of thirty men, under Lieutenant Huse, executive officer of the Gloucester, went ashore and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. At this a few shots came from the outskirts of the village, and a countryman—the only male inhabitant who had not fled at sight of the American shipstold the lieutenant that the garrison of Guanica, thirty Spanish regulars, had sought shelter in the bushes, after telegraphing to Yauco for reinforcements. Huse barricaded the road leading inland, and a little later, when a small body of mounted troops appeared, a few shots from the Gloucester's three pounders drove them off.

By this time the transports had followed the Gloucester into the bay, and the soldiers were landing in boats from the ships and in some lighters found in the harbor and promptly seized. The village was occupied without further resistance, and at daylight next morning (July 26) General Garretson, with six companies of the Sixth Massachusetts and one of the Sixth Illinois, moved upon Yauco, about four miles inland. After a skirmish in which four men of the Massachusetts regiment were wounded, and the Spaniards lost three men killed and thirteen wounded, the garrison abandoned the place and retreated eastward, leaving the road to Ponce open.

On the morning of the 27th the Wasp and the Annapolis joined Captain Hig-

ginson's squadron, and Major General Wilson and Brigadier General Ernst arrived from Charleston with the latter's brigade, which included the Second Wisconsin, the Third Wisconsin, and the Sixteenth Pennsylvania. The troops were not landed at Guanica, as Miles was now ready to take and hold Ponce, a point of importance in itself, and a better base for his movement upon San Juan.

#### THE CAPTURE OF PONCE.

It fell to Commander Davis, of the Dixie, to receive the surrender of Ponce and of its port, La Playa. With the Annapolis and the Wasp, the Dixie anchored in the harbor just before sunset that same day (July 27). Lieutenant Merriam, who was sent ashore, found that the garrison of La Playa had fled, leaving no one with whom he could deal; but the British and German consuls came down from Ponce. with some representatives of mercantile interests, and through their mediation the comandante, Colonel San Martin, surrendered the city to Commander Davis, on condition that he should be allowed to retreat unmolested with his soldiers—who numbered about three hundred, besides forty or fifty sick men who were left behind. He could have done nothing else; the Dixie alone, with her guns trained on his defenseless city, was a sufficient argument for capitulation, without considering the overwhelming force close behind her; yet it was the luckless colonel's fate to be a scapegoat for Spain's resentment of her misfortunes. On reaching San Juan he was arrested and courtmartialed by Captain General Macias, and sentenced to death for giving up Ponce without resistance. Upon the intercession of General Brooke and other American officers, his punishment was subsequently commuted to life imprisonment, and it is understood that he is now a prisoner in the Spanish convict station at Ceuta, in Morocco.

The transports came into the harbor of Ponce early on the 28th, and the army took possession of the city. Here, as elsewhere, they were received with a general display of friendliness by the natives. General Miles issued a proclamation, setting forth in somewhat flowery periods that the American forces were in Porto Rico "in the cause of liberty, justice, and humanity," and "bearing the

<sup>\*</sup> General Miles received valuable information about Porto Rico from Lieutenant H. H. Whitney, of the Fourth Artillery, who during May spent two weeks in the southern part of the island, traveling in disguise, and who now returned there on Miles' staff.

flag of freedom;" that they represented "the fostering arm of a nation of free people, whose greatest power is in its justice and humanity to all those living within its fold. Hence," the general added, "the first effect of this occupation will be the immediate release from your former political relations, and, it is hoped, a cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States." General Wilson was appointed military governor of Ponce, and Captain Chester, of the Cincinnati, captain of the port.

### MILES' FOUR LINES OF ADVANCE.

With this firm foothold in the southwest of the island, General Miles waited for the troops he needed to advance in They came on the 31st, when Brigadier General Schwan arrived from Tampa with the Eleventh and the Nineteenth Infantry, a troop of the Second Cavalry, and two batteries of the Seventh Artillery; and Major General Brooke and Brigadier General Hains brought nearly six thousand men from Newport News, including the Third Illinois, the Fourth Ohio, the Fourth Pennsylvania, a company of the Eighth Infantry, a troop of the Sixth Cavalry, the Philadelphia City Troop, Troops A and C, New York Cavalry, and Rodney's battalion of artillery. One

of Schwan's transports had an adventure en route. She was chased by the Eagle off the Cuban coast, and as her captain ignored Lieutenant Southerland's signals and warning shots she narrowly escaped being fired on.

Miles' plan of campaign now began to disclose itself. At Ponce he had before him a fine highway running through Coamo and across the center of the island for seventy miles to San Juan. General Brooke's division was carried eastward on its transports to Arroyo, which surrendered to Captain Goodrich, on the Gloucester, on August 1. Landing there, Brooke was to march by Guayama to reach the San Juan road at Cayey. Schwan, meanwhile, was ordered to go ashore at Guanica and move around the western end of Porto Rico, by way of San German and Mayaguez. Henry and Garretson-with General Stone, famous as a road builder, to make a practicable highway out of a neglected trail across the hills-headed straight across the center of the island, by Adjuntas and Utuado, to cut off the retreat of any Spanish forces dislodged by Schwan. All four columns were to converge upon San Juan, where the Spaniards were likely to make their last stand, and where the final blow could be struck by army and navy together.

(To be continued.)

### A RHYME OF RAIN.

In the ringing and the rhyming of the rain,
As it patters on the roof and window pane,
What a host of dreams and fancies
Through the hall of memory dances,
Now retreats and now advances
Bright with sunny smiles and glances
From the Nellies and the Nancys
Of the bygone days when trances

Filled with rare and subtle sweetness every nook of heart and brain, Now repeated in the ringing and the rhyming of the rain.

In the ringing and the rhyming of the rain,
As it patters on the roof and window pane,
How the words and thoughts come streaming
Down the path of idle dreaming,
Visions fair so brightly beaming,
Hopes of youth so gaily gleaming,
All the air with rapture teeming,
Sorrow's darkest days redeeming.

Listening to joy's golden cadences, love's olden, sweet refrain, Now reëchoed in the ringing and the rhyming of the rain.

Clarence Urmy.

# METROPOLITAN TYPES—THE SELF MADE MAN.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

HOW MR. J. LORIMER BIGGS CONQUERED THE WORLDS OF BUSINESS AND OF SOCIETY, AND HOW GRATIFIED AMBITION MAY NOT BRING PERFECT HAPPINESS.

portrait painters—Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and the like—were fond of posing their "sitters" standing under a hearty English oak, with a flight of marble steps in the background, and the future Lord Summers with his little head resting against papa's sword. Papa is usually dressed in a court costume of scarlet and gold lace; or perhaps in full uniform, with a portentous frown on his jolly red face, listening to a terrific cannonade going on in the middle distance under a fierce dark sky; all of which gave you the advantage, you see, of having two pictures for your money instead of one. If you didn't care for the gentleman, you could admire the battle clouds or the beautiful costume. (I always wonder, by the way, when I notice the pains with which those old fellows painted clothes, if they didn't get a quiet commission from the tailors, and, if you inspected carefully enough, if you wouldn't find Messrs. Draper & Co., Old Broad Street, about one of the pockets.)

Well, you will perceive that, not to be false to the traditions of the school, and yet to preserve the modern atmosphere and artistic probabilities, I have placed my sitter in the bow window of the Stuyvesant Club, his right shoulder slightly turned to the north, thus affording the public a gratuitous view of his distinguished profile. He has his stick in his hand, and is pulling off his left glove, as if he had just come in. He has, in fact, just come in—on the last election.

There was some little talk when his name came up, and one or two of the old fogies said that the line must be drawn somewhere, and that he was a good one to begin on; but his papa in law and brother in law were active, his wife is the loveliest little woman in New York, and nobody really wanted to be left off her dinner list. He is the junior partner, too, in a prominent banking house, and it's a good thing in a tight money market to have a financial leader under some slight

sense of obligation to one.

As he sits there, serene, elegant, dignified, as if he never went below Fourteenth Street except to buy Delaware and Hudson, and considered an epigram the noblest achievement in life, you wouldn't suppose that he was one of the shrewdest young men in Wall Street, and that when he first came to town he lived in the hall bedroom of a boarding house. He was quite a swell in this establishment. got his clothes in Sixth Avenue, always wore violets in his buttonhole on Sunday. and soon learned that a white satin bow was not the correct thing with evening He kept the Social Register and Financial Chronicle on the little table beside his bed, and when he was not absorbed in railway studies he would amuse himself looking up the addresses and genealogies of the people he read about in the society columns of the World. He soon attained a surprising knowledge both of finance and polite society, and would astonish the ladies at the dinner table by remarking carelessly: "Oh, yes, that was Mrs. Leight. was Fanny Early—used to call 'em Early and Leight."

He would take the landlady's daughter to the theater, and treat her to ice cream on the way home. His sister, a wholesome, simple hearted creature, came to visit him, and he was only ashamed of her once, when they met, in a Fifth Avenue omnibus, the cashier of his firm, a tremendous fellow, who actually lived at a club, and who was talking to a lady in a fur trimmed costume.

That was before he got promotion; before he acquired the polite art of Mr. Dodsworth; before he learned French from a poor Parisian he met at the house; before he began to accumulate books and go to the opera. His employers commenced to point him out as the ablest man they ever had in any department. The second partner used to ask him to go to Brooklyn to lead germans, and he dreamed dreams at that time of ascending the dizzy "Heights" of that exclusive city. He kept the most regular hours, never drank, always walked up Fifth Avenue (without knowing a soul), and whenever he met a gentleman scrutinized him as a model, and studied his dress, his manners, his pronunciation.

He was immensely liked at the office, because he was always ready to help the other fellows with their work, and was very good about loaning small sums to impecunious friends who were in society. He would ask them to dine with him at tables d'hôte, and hint that he would like to know their sisters. As these ingenuous youths were usually in his debt, an

introduction was apt to follow.

He lived in a modest apartment at the Cumberland later, was taken into the concern, and got his clothes at Rock's. Learning that dancing men were few at mountain resorts, he spent his vacations in expensive, far away hotels, where his accomplishments were appreciated, and where, after a good many snubs, the women he met began to remember him in New York. They were quiet rather than fashionable, but they knew people who were smart, and now and then he was presented, with a delightful sense of success, to somebody who was really in the swim. Several old business men discovered about this time that if they wanted any accommodation from his bank, Mr. J. Lorimer Biggs, as he called himself, was the gentleman to be propitiated, and they hinted to their families that it would be more than worth while to be civil to him.

Nothing, indeed, could be more delightful to the philosophic mind—as our ancestors were fond of describing that organ than to contemplate the heartiness with which, under certain circumstances, society welcomes the stranger, and how, even among the lowest savages, when a captive is discovered to be a particularly good hunter, he is instantly adopted by the tribe and presented with a wife. You go to some woman's "at home," let us say, and just as the crush is at its worst the man at the portière bawls out, "Mr. Biggs." Your hostess takes a couple of steps forward, actually leaves her place, to shake hands with a slender, overdressed young man, with a white flower in his buttonhole, and an air of having his manners with him. He glances nervously about the room; his face is a little flushed; he begins to work at his gloves as he notices that the other men are bare handed; a pretty girl says he *must* have some tea, and he stands holding his cup as if it would drop of its own account. You glance at him, and, just as an experienced naturalist would classify a bug, if you are a student of the tea table, you ticket him.

While you are wondering who has him in tow, a clever old woman comes in without waiting to be announced. Announced? Dukes and princes have bowed before that withered old face, her wit has flashed out like a sword in royal palaces, a peer calls her grandmamma, and my friend, Mr. Biggs, mesmerized her arm delightfully Sunday evening, and was told to come here and wait for her. No wonder his hostess was cordial, no wonder the girls gave him tea. My good man, how absurd of you to be frightened. You could have had champagne punch or asked for a hot Scotch if you had wanted it, and dear Mary would have laughed and You stand there brought it to you. with your hands, I must say, in rather an awkward pose, thinking in your heart how handsome and easy and distinguished all these people are, and so hoping you will do the right thing; and there isn't a girl in the room who isn't scheming to know you, and wondering how she can get you to her house.

Or perhaps Biggs has happened to run over to Newport for a few days in the summer, and some man he knows in town bows to him and tells his wife about him. Madame would like to have the credit of bringing out somebody worth knowing, and has her husband fetch him home to Then there is a dinner. Everybody is uncommonly kind and agreeable. He plucks up courage and tells a little story. Jessie says, "Oh, you delightful man!" Afterwards his host claps him on the back. "Capital story of yours, old boy, capital!" Fancy having a New Amsterdam Club man call him "old boy"! He takes another sip of Benedictine and ventures on one for the men. The ladies in the drawingroom hear the roars of laughter.

"What were you laughing at in there?" asks the hostess. "Were you telling an-

ether story? What was it about? Was it very wicked? You naughty man!"

Before he leaves, every woman in the room has asked him to some function, and he is to meet them all in the afternoon to watch a polo match. He is really in society. Of course it's his money—he isn't a fool—but he doesn't care; it's so jolly. He wishes his family could see

him-without being seen.

Next autumn Biggs applied the same adroit astuteness to the social career which had won him such distinction in finance. He hired a valet; he stormed house after house; he entertained handsomely, but not too often; he let several women of prominence in on one or two reorganization deals which netted those ladies very handsome profits; he managed, in the old way, to get their sons and husbands in his debt. What were a few thousand dollars debited to his private profit and loss account in comparison with the dazzling future he pictured for himself?

People said Biggs was as kind hearted as he was shrewd and enterprising. He used to talk romantically to the married ladies about a sad early attachment, and how he was doomed by fate to bachelorhood. "I'm a wanderer and Ishmaelite," he would sigh. "You let me come and warm myself in your tents, you kind women, and I go away grateful and lonely. It must always be so."

Surely when a man is rich and kind and obliging and professedly "not on the marry," it doesn't matter what his antecedents are, and he is a decidedly desirable addition to even the most exclusive

circles.

One summer, however, he happened to cross the ocean on the same ship with a pretty, sweet eyed, peachy thing, whose father was a great railway magnate, and his vows of celibacy did not prevent his traveling over the continent with them, where his perfect familiarity with the French tongue was of the greatest serv-He was accepted, one moonlight night, on the voyage home, as the Fire Island light was twinkling into view over the vessel's starboard bow, and they were married a few months afterwards at St. George's, with the organ playing "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," and all the fashionable folk hushed and silent.

His wife's family had obtained social recognition at least three years before her début, and as they have a beautiful house and entertain lavishly, they are asked out a great deal, and you may see their distinguished name (wouldn't you like to know it?) almost any morning in the papers. He will stop you in the busiest hour in Wall Street and ask you if you are going to Tuxedo for the holidays, or say that Melba was in such excellent voice at the opera last night; but if you touch him on a matter of business, he suggests you meeting him at his office, and receives you with a pair of shears up his sleeve.

At the club he was considered rather a cad at first, but he is winning his way there by his suavity, by his hospitality, by his cleverness. You can't help being civil to a fellow who has a yacht, a rich, pretty wife, and a marriageable sister in law with a fortune.

I wonder how he must feel when he saunters out on the way home and meets his old landlady's daughter on the corner in a cloth cape? They had each other's picture at one time. Has she kept his still? He remembers how she and his sister used to come into the diningroom with their arms about each other's waist, and the voluminous correspondence that took place between those ladies subsequently. He looks quickly away and passes her with his eyes down.

Last year he hired a house at Newport, where they were well received, and I understand that he has released it. His wife only returned to town from the South in April, and she is going abroad to remain until August. She names the children after her own family, and has developed weak lungs and a temper. There was a story that she was violently in love with wild Jack Thomas, and openly declared that she would marry

that reprobate.

Lately I begin to see her husband going about alone, in the Waldorf, at the play, and in the park, and I ask myself if his home is happy, if his wife is fond of him, if the servants don't know about him. I'll venture to lay a respectable wager he doesn't have his mother and "the girls" come to stop with him.

"Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it,

is satisfied?"

# THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

### BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

WILLIAM II OF GERMANY, THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN EUROPE, AND THE MOST REMARKABLE
PERSONALITY AMONG THE SOVEREIGNS OF TODAY—A FRANK ESTIMATE OF HIM
BY AN AMERICAN WHO KNEW HIM AS A BOY.

WILLIAM II was born in January of 1859, and has therefore years enough behind him to warrant us in dropping the misleading nickname of "the Young Emperor." Coming into the world with a withered arm, he ascended the throne as the successor of a beloved father, whose reign lasted barely one hundred days. Few kings have come to their inheritance under more gloomy circumstances.

His grandfather, William I, had died full of years and national honor. All petty questions were hushed by a mere word from this veteran ruler. Under his long rule Prussia had grown into Germany, and the empire of the Hapsburgs had yielded to that of the Hohenzollerns. The venerable monarch loved peace, as do most men who have passed the age of ninety, and his policy was wisely limited to governing so as to die at peace with his neighbors and his own people.

The great Moltke had done his work; the generals of his army were grown to be old men; yet William I did not like to make changes. He loved to see familiar faces about him, and did not choose to be reminded that old generals do not as a rule make good campaigners. Bismarck, the companion of his declining years, was a man who understood his master well, who relieved him of responsibility, who humored his fancies, and at the same time managed to have his own way.

The people of Germany had very generally come to regard this remarkable trinity—William I, Moltke, and Bismarck—as infallible. They could scarcely imagine the empire moving smoothly in the path of peace under any other rule. Yet even the death of the old emperor did not appear to threaten its safety so long as the beloved Frederick promised to make a worthy successor. But in the early summer of 1888, when the truth dawned that "Unser Fritz" was dying,

the world began to discuss the succession with no little disquietude.

The English and American press led the way in the general abuse of William Newspaper correspondents knew all about his father and grandfather, and were very angry that a young man should suddenly jump upon the world's stage and act as if he had a right to be there. The papers unanimously decided that he was a pompous little coxcomb who would hasten to pick a quarrel with some neighbor in the hope of playing the soldier and reaping glory. Every day brought to the English papers accounts—for the most part manufactured in Paris-of alleged eccentricities; and sober journalists were found who pronounced him a fair case for a committee de lunatico inquirendo.

The culmination of his madness, as pictured by the press, may be roughly taken as on the day when he accepted the resignation of Bismarck, in March, 1890.

But I am moving too fast. Let us go back and note what sort of a boy he was, and how he was trained for the imperial stage.

### THE KAISER AS A BOY.

When he was thirteen years old, I was living with a German tutor in Potsdam, and so it came about that I was asked to come and romp with William and his brother Henry in the grounds of their summer residence, called the New Palace. I mention this because it might otherwise be supposed that what I am writing has been gathered from hearsay.

William and his brother loved their father and mother as heartily as one could wish. Nearly every day that I remember, the Crown Prince Frederick, with his wife, now the Dowager Empress Frederick, would come arm in arm to stroll among the trees where we youngsters were playing all sorts of rough games. I noted that William was par-

ticularly proud of his mother's accomplishments. One day he told me, as a great secret, that the cake we were eating was of her making. Another day he took me surreptitiously into a room of the palace where his mother had her studio, and there he made me admire her water colors. In 1888, when he became emperor, and the papers accused him of lacking filial piety, my mind went back to our boyish romps in 1871 and 1872, and I felt sure that a young man brought up as he was could not change his nature without cause.

The boy William led a life of the most wholesome simplicity. His food was plain; he was made to work hard at his books; when he did romp, he romped with

all his might and main.

Not only did his father and mother bring him up as one who might have to work for his living, but he had a tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, who went still further in fostering what was wholesome in the boy's nature. Hinzpeter would have made an excellent prior of a monastery where the monks wore hair shirts and lined their slippers with hard peas. He believed in hard fare; he insisted that labor was the condition of happiness, and that if a thing was accomplished without hard work, it could not be worth much. was a pedagogue of the old school. would have opposed the use of ruled copybooks because it relieved boys of the drudgery of ruling them.

He was a conscientious, highly cultivated man, and eminently suited to the prince, so long as the prince remained young. But when William came of age, and went about in the world, he left Hinzpeter far behind. For the prince absorbed the life and thought about him with amazing facility, whereas the tutor remained where he was, seeing life only in

books.

It is difficult to say a good thing of an emperor without incurring the charge of flattery. At this risk, however, I venture to say that I never met a youngster in Europe or America whose manner was so happy a blend of courtesy and good fellowship. In his wildest romps—and he was a very devil at sport—he never for a moment took advantage of his rank, or allowed any one to suppose that he was better than his playfellows. If he saw a shy or awkward youngster he took partic-

ular pains to place him at his ease. He did this, not as a lad who is being coached into good manners, but obviously in response to his own feelings as a little gentleman. His tutor was, of course, enormously in fear lest the pupil should come to grief, and often warned me not to be rough, but with the prince that did not seem to make any difference.

### THE KAISER'S SCHOOL DAYS.

William II is the first German emperor who attended a public school, and did his work from day to day like every other German boy. Whether in all cases this would be a good rule is doubtful. In his it produced good, however, for it opened his eyes to the brutal manner in which the growth of school children can be stunted by narrow minded pedagogues. With the exception of the Chinese custom of binding up women's feet, I know of no more barbarous perversion of nature than what formerly passed in Germany under the name of classical education.

At the age of six the young Teuton was handed over to the pedagogue. For ten or twelve years he was stuffed with Latin, Greek, theology, mathematics, and other things, until he grew pale, short sighted, narrow chested, and almost as emasculated as his teachers. In all these years of classical training he had to work indoors, and bent over his books, not merely all day, but usually at night as well. The pedagogue held that his duty ended when he had crammed a lad's brain to bursting; he regarded it as heresy to say that a man's body and general health were more important than his head alone.

The emperor, young as he was, recognized, as every healthy mind must, that there is something wrong in an education which turns out only classical scholars and pedagogues. The world has need of other men—men of judgment; men of healthy brains; of action; of good stomachs; men fit to lead, to plan campaigns,

to conquer new worlds.

He himself is fairly clever at books, but his school life was anything but joyous. It was grind, grind, grind, all the way through—and he must often have envied the English public school lads across the Channel, who play cricket and football every afternoon, and look in fighting trim year in, year out. From what I have seen of German public schools,

I am inclined to think that an excellent law would be one committing to prison every school teacher who did not insist upon his pupils playing out of doors at least three hours a day. This would be revolutionary in the eyes of the pedagogues, who think three hours a week enough, but a few exemplary arrests would do much good.

### THE KAISER AT COLLEGE.

From the classical school at Cassel, William went to the university of Bonn, where his father had studied before him. Here he had more liberty; was much courted by the worldly minded students, and passed a couple of pleasant years. He married, shortly after graduating, the handsome and motherly Augusta Victoria, daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig Holstein. The princess, who was three months older than her husband, has presented him with six boys and one daughter, and has been an excellent wife.

Professor Geffcken, who knew William's father well, told me that the late Emperor Frederick had never committed an act which he need have concealed from his wife on their wedding day. This I believe to be equally true of the present emperor, much as sensational journalists have done to spread rumors to the con-

trary.

The son of an American President, who enters one of our universities as a freshman, has before him a career peculiarly trying, even to a strong character. has to meet temptations which less conspicuous students can easily avoid. is courted by fellow students, made much of by leaders of society, and looked upon with indulgence even by the faculty. Most of my contemporaries can recall half a dozen sons of conspicuous fathers, whose college life has been anything but creditable. That the heir to an imperial throne passed his years at school and at the university not only without scandal, but without even the cause for scandal, is worthy of note.

Men of the world shrug their shoulders when they hear that a man can be a prince and also virtuous. This is because in certain courts of Europe it is still customary to provide an honored guest, not merely with board and lodging, but with questionable female companionship as well. Any one familiar with the court of St.

Petersburg, or with that of Napoleon III, will have no difficulty in understanding what I allude to.

### HIS SCHOOLING IN STATECRAFT.

Between William II's school days and his accession to the throne lies the period of his life which has done most to make him what he is. He was quietly set to work in the government bureaus learning the routine of official business. Bismarck took charge of this part of his education. and no doubt flattered himself that he would some day influence William II as completely as he had William I. Bismarck initiated the young man into the arts by which treaties are made; the traps that must be laid for suspected officials; the diplomatic steps necessary to make a war or conclude a peace. He unfolded the glories of state socialism, the arguments in favor of protection; in short, he sought to inoculate a singularly clever pupil with most of the economic ideas associated with Chinese statesmanship and Pennsylvania protectionism.

In this interesting school William learned many things not included in the Bismarckian curriculum. He learned to know the machinery that kept the German empire in motion; he learned how business of state is despatched; he had an excellent opportunity of making the acquaintance of the officials about Bismarck, and of noting their relative capac-He could not have done this as well had he been crown prince. At that time, however, not only was he not crown prince, but it was not supposed that he would reach the throne until far on in years; for the Emperor Frederick gave the impression of one likely to live as long a life as that of his father, William I.

### THE YOUNG EMPEROR.

In 1888 the plans of all German politicians, courtiers, and prophets were violently upset. The grandfather William died; three months afterwards his son, Frederick III, followed him to the grave, and the imperial throne devolved upon William II, then twenty nine years old.

He commenced his task like a prudent skipper in strange waters. He felt his way cautiously. He paid visits to his neighbors; made the personal acquaintance of the principal statesmen in the countries about him; and it is safe to say that these visits cleared away many false impressions which the press had created in regard to him. He visited St. Petersburg, and did his best to discover there the warm sympathy for Germany which Bismarck had taught him to expect. the contrary, he found that in Russia there existed an anti German feeling as strong as that of the French. He visited Austria, and found that Bismarck again had been mistaken. Instead of the jealousy he had been led to expect, he found himself as among members of his own family. He visited England, where Bismarck had taught him to look for nothing but insult. Among Englishmen he found a cordial welcome, so much so that he returned to Germany enthusiastic in the cause of outdoor sport, and promptly put his name down in the lists of British yachtsmen. Wherever he went, whether to Norway or Sweden, to Greece or Turkey, he brought back a valuable picture of the actual state of things in those countries, so that when his foreign minister placed before him reports upon matters outside of Germany, he was able to follow them intelligently.

His rapid movements about Europe gave rise to much talk, for to people unacquainted with such railway comfort as Americans possess there appeared to be something inordinately restless in an emperor's living on a train, and actually signing state papers while flying from one court to another. His grandfather had not done so, and with many that was argument enough.

William II, however, at once resolved to use the resources of modern civilization to their uttermost. He built for himself a train of cars on the plan of the Chicago Limited, so thoroughly comfortable that he could spend his night in travel and arrive fresh and ready for work early next morning, at almost any point of his empire. He had a first class steam yacht built with the same idea in view. In neither expense was he extravagant, for yachts and cars, used as he uses them, make him capable of double work with no increase of nervous waste.

William II no sooner discovered that Bismarck had been mistaken in regard to one or two important foreign questions, than he began to examine things more closely for himself at home. The old chancellor had made the first emperor

give the police extraordinary powers against socialists, and had promised to exterminate political heresy by stern repression. The law that enabled him to war upon the hated doctrines expired soon after William II came to the throne. and Bismarck asked to have it renewed. The emperor declined to assist him. saw that socialism had not decreased under Bismarck's rule of brute force: on the contrary, it had increased enormously. It was rare in Germany, when the empire was formed; in 1891 there were more than a million votes cast for socialist candidates for the Reichstag. The emperor was shrewd enough to recognize the fact that a large share of these votes were cast, not as an approval of any abstract socialistic program, but merely as a protest against Bismarck.

The chancellor had made himself so thoroughly disliked by his persecutions of those who did not agree with him, that he no longer represented a working majority of the legislature. His omnipotence had made little impression for good after 1871. He had not reconciled the conquered French provinces. He had made enemies of the Polish districts on the eastern frontier by repressive measures clumsily carried out. He had antagonized all Catholic Germany. He had made the work of government difficult, yet persisted that only in his way could government be carried on.

William II loved Bismarck and treated him with every mark of affection and respect. He fully recognized the veteran statesman's services in helping to form the empire. But he could not stand by with folded arms and quietly see this same Bismarck day after day making the government more and more unpopular, and his people more and more discontented. If a man does me a great service, and I ask him to live with me at my expense, I expect to treat him with every token of hospitality which gratitude can suggest. But if that man insults my wife, teaches my children bad language, debauches my servants, and habitually falls asleep with a lighted pipe in his mouth, I feel justified in asking him to go to a hotel, where I may show my gratitude by paying his bills.

In 1890 William II chose to have a political talk with a leading German politician. Bismarck said that if the

emperor did so again he would resign. The emperor did so again. Bismarck did not resign. The emperor naturally sent to Bismarck's palace to know why the promised resignation had not been handed in. Bismarck had become so accustomed to gain his point by the mere threat of giving up his post that he could not imagine a case where the old charm would cease to have effect. This time he found himself invited to make his words good.

### THE RECONCILIATION WITH BISMARCK.

Three years after his departure from the chancellorship, Bismarck fell ill. The emperor had requested the old statesman's physician to let him know from time to time how the illustrious patient was doing: but such was Bismarck's spirit of resentment that he did not allow his doctor to carry out the imperial wishes. During the army operations of that year, about Metz, it was reported in the papers that Bismarck was ill, but not seriously. I can testify that no one about the emperor, and least of all the emperor himself, had any idea that the old chancellor had anything worse than one of his frequent attacks of indigestion. Only after the danger was over did he learn, by accident, that Bismarck had been dangerously ill. At once he reached out the hand of friendship, and offered him one of the royal palaces as a place where he could rest and recuperate. The offer was declined with formal politeness.

In January, 1894, William II celebrated his thirty fifth birthday, and at the same time the twenty fifth anniversary of his admission to the army. He sent a personal aide to Bismarck with a present of very fine old wine, and with an autograph letter inviting the old chancellor to be his guest in Berlin on this interesting occasion.

At last Bismarck yielded, and came to the capital for the purpose of making his peace. The emperor sent his only brother to meet him and escort him to the palace. Every demonstration of respect was offered him: an escort of cavalry; two state carriages, one open, the other closed. It was my good fortune to be in Berlin on that remarkable day. The avenues of the capital were crowded with strangers and idlers eager to see the great man, and they cheered him with general heartiness. It is hard to say what

was the main reason for the cheers. I am inclined to think that here worship and gratitude for past services united to make the demonstration hearty. In all minds, too, there was a sense of relief that a painful situation had ceased in a manner honorable to both parties. It is probable, though, that very few in the crowd wished to see Bismarck chancellor again.

Loud as the cheers were for Bismarck, they seemed faint in comparison with those which went up a couple of hours later, when the emperor rode out from the Schloss, unescorted, save by two aides who followed some distance behind. He was in an officer's undress uniform, and he jogged along the bridle path, taking his accustomed constitutional.

When the crowd caught sight of him it became at once indifferent to the police. Men and women rushed in a body towards him; crowded about his horse, flung their hats into the air, and shouted themselves hoarse. It was a spontaneous movement, and took the emperor completely by surprise. Germans recognized what he had done; the self control he had exercised for the past four years; the delicacy with which he had brought about a reconciliation; the patriotism that had enabled him to put aside personal feeling for the sake of national interests.

I have seen many historical movements in Germany—for instance, the marching out of the German troops to the war of 1870–1871 and their victorious return; the ceremonies attending the laying of the foundation stone of the new Reichstag building, and many more; but none impressed me more than those attending the reconciliation of Bismarck and the emperor in 1894.

### THE KAISER AS A GENERAL.

We cannot dismiss this subject without touching upon William II in his relation to the fighting forces of Germany. When he ascended the throne he had to undertake the very ungracious task of retiring dozens of very worthy commanders for the simple reason that they were old. These men had, for the most part, played an honorable rôle in the war against France; they had been brought up with Moltke and the old Emperor William, and they naturally felt that Germany was going to ruin under a young leader, who

proposed to do without them. The public at large was inclined to take the side of the old generals, and to assume that there were no young officers competent to fill their places. The emperor was criticised as being hot headed and ambitious.

Now war usually comes suddenly, at least in Europe. Commanders of army corps cannot sit in their office chairs and command troops by telegraph. They must be in the saddle early and late; and physical toughness is an element which must not be wanting in their composition. Prussian army was destroyed at Jena, in 1806, because its generals were old men who could not do a day's work. Today the emperor is resolved that if he is attacked his troops will be led by men in the prime of life.

As to his personal capacity as the commander of a great army it is dangerous to speak, because in war capacity is measured only by success. As I read history, however, I note that the successful generals have been, as a rule, men of practical minds; of strong convictions; of simple habits; of great physical endurance; of endless pluck, and with a capacity to control an infinite number of details. In so far as these qualities can make a general in our day, there is hope

for William II.

Beyond these qualities, he has gained a familiarity with the handling of large masses of troops rarely acquired excepting in the great wars of modern times. autumn he commands about sixty thousand men who operate for several days as if in the presence of a real enemy. army has to be provided for as in war; has to be led with as much caution as if a real enemy were before it. There is room for many entanglements and mortifying blunders when men have to be placed on a fighting front extending perhaps ten miles from wing to wing, and when the men have to arrive in position at a given hour from encampments many miles away. It is very easy to get regiments mixed up on the same road; to get them stuck in swamps; to direct them across streams which look small on the map, but prove to be too deep to ford and impassable for artillery. I have seen a whole division of cavalry surrounded and taken prisoner at one of these great war games, to the great mortification of the general commanding.

The practice that an officer gets in these great field exercises, covering hundreds of square miles of unknown country. is of course not equal to the experience gained in actual fighting; but it is the next best thing. And in this kind of warfare the emperor has shown marked ability. He does his work thoroughly: commands in person and in fact, and if no one can yet say that he will be a successful general in war, it is at least equally safe to say that no one is more likely to deserve success. The officers and men who have been under his command have come to see, little by little, that he understands his business. They have confidence in him—and that is half of the battle.

The German emperor knows that the best preparation for war is to have a prosperous, industrious, and united people. At the same time he works early and late, seeking to keep abreast of modern requirements. He visits ship yards, factories, and studios, gathering knowledge,

and imparting suggestions.

I once happened to be with him when the postman brought in the fruit of one letter box delivery. It would have filled a wheelbarrow. I asked him why he took so much trouble with his letters—why he did not let his clerks attend to them. He answered characteristically:

"Any one who writes to me must feel sure that the letter reaches me. I have all my letters opened here by a trusted man, who sorts them, and gives me an

idea of what is in them.'

On another occasion he was walking through the crowded streets of a German town, talking with his companion about dynamiters. The companion remarked that it was rather risky work, going about without protection.

"Oh," said the emperor, "if I had to bother with such considerations, I should

never finish my day's work."

Personally brave, and more inclined to court a combat than to shrink from one, that he does not regard military glory as the principal object of life is proved by the profound peace which has lain upon Europe during the first ten years of his reign. At the same time, he is far sighted enough to understand that Germany is safe only through military preparations that will command respect from hostile neighbors. England and the United States can afford to talk about a millennium of

peace, but Germany cannot. Russia, with a population of a hundred millions, is daily persecuting the Germans of the Baltic provinces, who are Protestants. She has an army put down on paper as about eight hundred thousand, and these troops are massed almost exclusively up against the German frontier, as a constant challenge to fight. France not only maintains a standing army greater than that of Germany, but still proclaims to the world that she means to recover Alsace and Lorraine.

Russia has an army recruited largely

from uncivilized tribes, and France has her more or less barbarous African regiments. Germany has none but Germans in her army—educated, humane lads taken from the plow, the counting house, or the university. Is it strange that Germans look with anxiety upon a coming war in which they are to be set upon by savages little better than our Apaches or Sioux?

But William II has said in public, and I

know that he has said in private:

"I shall never make war; but if I am attacked——!"

The sentence needed no ending.



### THE SPELL.

I HUNG a string of verses
Against my cabin wall.
What think you was the fortune
They prayed might me befall?

Not fame nor health nor riches To tarry at my door, But that my old, old sweetheart Might visit me once more.

Out of the moted day dream

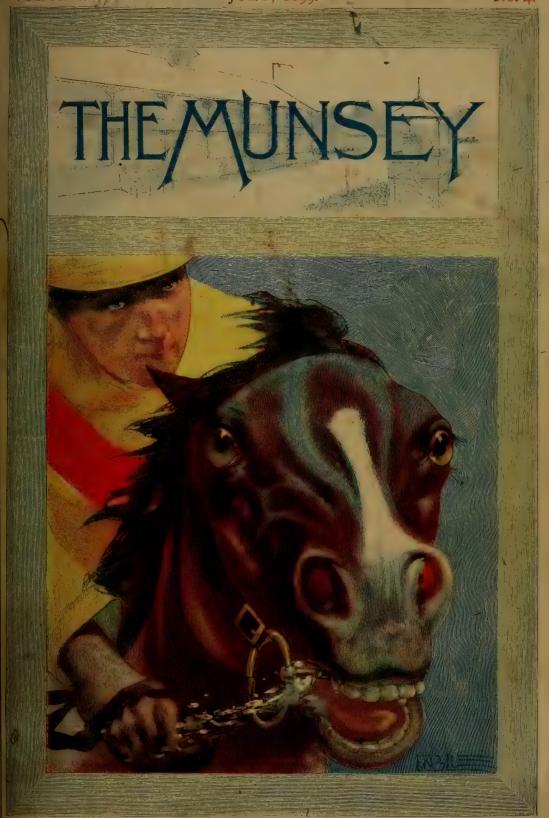
Among the boding firs,
They prayed she might remember
The lover that was hers.

They prayed the gates of silence A moment might unclose, The hour before the hill crest Is flushed with solemn rose.

Oh, prayers of mortal longing, What latch can ye undo? What comrade once departed Ever returned for you?

All day with tranquil spirit
I kept my cabin door,
In wonder at the beauties
I had not seen before.

I slept the dreamless slumber Of happiness again; And when I woke, the thrushes Were singing in the rain.



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THE GATE OF THE CRISTOBAL COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA, IN WHICH ARE THE GRAVES OF THE MAINE VICTIMS.

# CUBA UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

BY WALSTEIN ROOT.\*

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF CHANGE THROUGH WHICH CUBA IS PASSING TODAY — WHAT OUR GOVERNMENT HAS DONE FOR THE ISLAND, AND WHY IT IS NOT SATISFIED WITH AMERICAN CONTROL.

OR more than five months now the military forces of the American government have ruled the island of Cuba. They came here after centuries of unrighteous despotism, at a time when war had worn the country's resources threadbare, and when the people who were left after the Spanish rule of ruin were almost beside themselves with poverty and misery. It was necessary to take hold with a strong hand and to establish a government which might enable the people of the island to stagger to their feet and to decide for themselves, when the atmosphere should be cleared of its distracting influences, under what flag and under what form of government they should prefer to live.

This has been done, and so far as the actual work of reconstruction is concerned, it has been well done. The con-

dition of the Cuban people today, in every one of the six provinces of the island, is immeasurably superior to that in which we found them on the day when Spain's flag was lowered forever in the western continent. They have more real liberty, more rights, and fewer burdens, than ever in Cuba's history, notwithstanding the fact that the logic of the situation has made it necessary to maintain in force, for the time being, the old Spanish laws.

To be sure, there are burdens still and wrongs still, and there must be, in all probability, for many years to come. The undoing of all the evils of the past cannot be accomplished with a stroke of the pen, no matter how mighty the power that wields it, without a lapse into chaos far worse than existing error. So in the full comprehension of this condition, the American military authorities, under the

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Root is the New York Sun's resident correspondent at Havana, and writes as an experienced journalist and an eyewitness of the conditions he describes. Most of the illustrations of this article are from recent photographs by Mrs. O. E. Wood.

direction of Major General Brooke, have labored patiently and persistently in the face of calumny and discontent and friction, not only from Cubans and Spaniards, but from Americans as well, to attain the end set up as the goal in General Brooke's initial proclamation, dated Havana, January 1, 1899.

In that paper it was stated that the object of the present government to give protection to the people, security to person and property, to restore confidence, to encourage the people to resume the pursuits of peace, to build up waste planta-

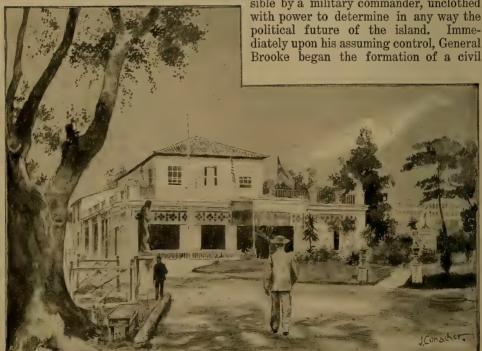
tions, to resume commercial traffic, and to afford full protection in the exercise of all civil and religious rights." this end, General Brooke went on to say, the United States would endeavor to work through the channels of civil ad-



TWO OF GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE'S AIDES OFF DUTY.

ministration, with the preservation of the civil and criminal laws of Spain, modified from time to time as the interest of good government demanded.

The proclamation was satisfactory to the Cubans. It has been carried out in letter and in spirit so far as has been possible by a military commander, unclothed with power to determine in any way the political future of the island. Immediately upon his assuming control, General



THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S SUMMER PALACE ON THE ROAD TO CONCHA STATION, IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA, BUILT BY WEYLER, AND NOW OCCUPIED BY GOMEZ AND HIS STAFF.

government—not such as we Americans might choose, but one suited to the character and customs of the people. At the same time he confirmed in office all the Spanish appointees. This was a disappointment to Cubans, but it was necessary, for it prevented a scramble for office and a tangle in administrative affairs that would have been hopelessly confusing.

With his civil government formed, the

up, and a complete revision of all assessments was made, at the cost of immense labor. The outrageous imposts of the Spaniards were in many cases entirely abolished, and in others so lowered as to come within the range of right and reason. Municipalities which were hampered by suits for debts saddled upon them by the Spaniards for war purposes were relieved by an order preventing



INSURGENT SOLDIERS ENTERING HAVANA TO FORM AN ESCORT TO GENERAL GOMEZ (MARCH, 1899).

military governor began, slowly, and with a conservatism that was utterly incomprehensible to the fiery Cuban character, to reach out upon all sides, perfecting his system, as outlined by himself and his advisers, and rectifying wrongs as they came to his notice. Civil governors for the various provinces were appointed, and the provincial deputations, which had been advisory to the governors, were abolished. The first act was a concession to what might be called the province or states rights idea, made because it had been part of the old system. The second was a step in counter action, in order that the spirit of sectionalism might not grow too strong in so small a country.

The question of taxation was taken

civil action, until some plan of settlement could be determined upon, and many taxes which had formerly gone to the state were turned over to the municipalities, that they might meet their obligations as they occurred under the new régime.

Courts were stopped from prosecuting persons charged with committing crimes during the war while in actual military service, for no sooner did the Americans come into power than all sorts of private revenges were plotted by both Spaniards and Cubans through the instrumentality of corrupt courts. The regulation of cemeteries was another important question dealt with. The church was left in control of those owned entirely by it, but the questions of police and hygiene were

put under the direction of the civil authorities, and each municipality was ordered to establish immediately a civil cemetery. School teachers, who had always been robbed by the Spaniards by means of deductions from salary for an alleged pension fund and for material for use in the schools, were protected by a revocation of authority to commit such robberies.

The principle of church and state separation, so dear to all Americans, was again exemplified by the military govern-

again exemplified by the military government in taking from the ecclesiastical courts the right of divorce and nullification of marriage and placing these matters solely within the jurisdiction seems to have been unfortunate. General Brooke has been extremely careful in his acts, always consulting, where possible, with the ablest and best men of the island, and so far his judgment, fortified

A BLOCKHOUSE AT BUENA VISTA—A SPECIMEN OF THE LITTLE FORTS BUILT BY THE SPANIARDS AT THE INTERSECTIONS OF THE PRINCIPAL ROADS AROUND HAVANA.

of the civil courts. After incessant labor for months, a supreme court was organized, and able lawyers from the various provinces in the island were invested with the ermine. Just now it is about to begin its work, which will be to supplant the Supreme Court of Spain in Cuban litigation.

The question of the payment of mortgages on property ruined by the war was a most difficult and dangerous one. Much has been written upon it in the daily press, both here and in the United States, so that it is pretty thoroughly understood. It is hard to say whether the solution as it has been with an intimate knowledge of the conditions obtaining here, has certainly appeared sounder than that of his superiors at Washington.

obtained is best or not. The consensus

of opinion here seems to be that it is an

unwise one. Many of the creditors, even.

would have preferred the measure advo-

cated by General Brooke, which granted

a longer term than two years for the

payments, with discriminations in favor of

properties which were the more seriously

damaged. In this matter, as in the

matter of the distribution of the \$3,000,-

000, which at the time of writing is still

unsettled, interference from Washington

As to the Cuban army, that is a question which has been the most vexing of all, because it has been so complicated by agitators and professional politicians. The officers, who are to get none of the money, have raised such a disturbance that the men, for whom the money was given, have been almost entirely obscured. The delay made necessary by the compilation of the army rolls has given these fellows time to fuss and fulminate until



THE RAILWAY STATION ERECTED FOR THE CAMP OF GENERAL LEE'S CORPS AT BUENA VISTA.



A CINEMATOGRAPH EXHIBITION OF WAR SCENES, BULL FIGHTS, ETC., IN HAVANA. SCENES IN CUBA UNDER THE AMERICAN MILITARY OCCUPATION.



THE OFELIA HOSPITAL, AT MARIANAO—A BUILDING ASSIGNED BY CAPTAIN GENERAL BLANCO TO DR. PONCE DE LEON, IN AUGUST, 1898, AS A HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED INSURGENTS, AND SINCE MAINTAINED BY AMERICAN CHARITY.

now, although General Brooke and General Gomez have definitely agreed upon a plan of action, which has been sanctioned by Washington, it is impossible to tell what is going to happen. It may be safely asserted, however, that there will be no serious result, because the Cuban army is not the Cuban people, and whatever the recalcitrant officers may do or want to do, they will find no substan-

tial backing if it means armed conflict with the United States.

Not only have the prolonged negotiations over the distribution of the \$3,000,000 been unfortunate, by reason of their influence on the army, but they have delayed other matters of more importance. The almost endless conferences with General Gomez have engrossed not only General Brooke's time and attention. but that also of his able assistant adjutant general, Major L. W. V. Kennon, whose knowledge of the Spanish language and laws has made him invaluable to his chief, especially in the study of difficult civil problems. In consequence, other reforms have been retarded.

One question of great significance which General Brooke has in contemplation is an order changing the methods of criminal procedure, to conform them more nearly to American laws. He has planned to abolish the repugnant principle of incommunicado of which we heard so much during the insurrection, to establish the right of habeas corpus, the right

of the accused to be faced by his accusers, and to destroy the state's power of forcing a witness to testify against himself. These changes are perhaps more far reaching than any which have yet been instituted. They are more essentially Anglo Saxon in character than any of the other reforms, and from the moment of their authorization they will begin to work for the uplifting of the



AMERICAN SOLDIERS CAMPED IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN AT HAVANA.



POVERTY SIDE BY SIDE WITH WEALTH-A PEASANT'S HUT BESIDE A PLANTER'S MANSION AT EL CERRO.



THE HILL OF THE JESUITS, AT EL CIEBA—THE JESUITS BOUGHT AN ESTATE HERE BEFORE THE LATE
WAR, AND INCLOSED IT WITH WALL AND GATEWAY, BUT THEIR PROPOSED
MONASTERY HAS NOT BEEN BUILT.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.



THE BUILDINGS OF A TOBACCO PLANTATION AT MARIANAO.

common people and the establishment among them of faith in American institutions. While they have been delayed, they have not been stopped. They will soon come, and with them others which are slowly but surely being developed.

This brief outline just furnished of what has been done does not begin to tell the whole story. That would be impossible in the brief limits of this article. There is the reformation in the customs service of the island—the change from a

policy of utter rottenness to one of honesty and efficiency. There is the reformation in the sanitary conditions of the city of Havana, under the direct supervision of General Ludlow, acting through his chief of sanitation, Major John G. Davis. There have not yet been a dozen cases of yellow fever in Havana this year—a record almost unheard of in this former plague stricken city.

Beyond question, so far as the material improvement in the condition of the is-



A SUBURBAN HOUSE AT EL CERRO, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF SEÑORA HORIN, NOW THAT OF ESTES RATHBONE, POSTMASTER OF HAVANA.

land is concerned, General Brooke has kept his word—he has furnished the Cubans with a good government. He has furnished them security to life and prop-

He has stripped ertv. from their backs the burdens of an overwhelming taxation. He has fed their poor, and where it was possible he has given the idle work. He has encouraged them to build up their waste plantations and enter into the avenues of commerce. They are now their own masters, governed, if not by their own, at least not by our laws, administered, too, in the main by men of their own race; and yet, and yetthey are not satisfied.

Without a single doubt, the great mass of the Cuban people look upon the American flag as a blight upon the island, and long for the day when it shall be hauled down. Not one man in ten is willing to believe in full faith that the honesty of the McKinley administration with reference to Cuba is above

suspicion. They want their independence, they want their republic, and they cling to this ideal with a persistency which, were it in our own race, would call forth the highest praise from many who now but sneer and jeer at these islanders' ambitions to be self governed.

My candid belief is that there is no question of annexation on this island. If that question exists at all, it exists only in the minds of the people of the United States. Notwithstanding interviews that appear from time to time in the American press, emanating from gentlemen who have been in Cuba on official or private business, to the effect that the substantial Cubans are in favor of annexation. there is no such sentiment here. Who are these substantial citizens who want annexation? Every paper in Havana is wildly opposed to it. Every political faction has this opposition as the basis of its existence. The Union Club, which comprises within its membership the Cuban aristocracy, the landed gentry of the island, is a very hotbed of anti American sentiment.

Here and there, to be sure, there are



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT BUENA VISTA.

men-students of social life and civilization—men who have lived in England and the United States, and have come to recognize the superiority of the social fabric which makes these two peoples dominant in the world today, and they will quietly admit their preference for the Americanization of Cuba through the instrumentality of annexation. But they are few even among these so called substantial men of Cuba, and the consensus of public sentiment is so overwhelmingly anti American that it is the sheerest nonsense to talk of annexation, unless it is to be accomplished by American bullets and bayonets.

And in this dread, this suspicion, which is in the heart of every Cuban, is to be found the impelling motive for all the fuss and friction and fury that, in one form or another, has been existent since our flag went up over Morro Castle. The Cubans are sentimentalists, and they want their republic because for three

generations they have fought and suffered for it; whether it be for weal or woe, they want it. They fear the American. They fear his push, his energy, his industry, his capital. They fear that with our flag up forever we will crowd in here, get possession of the island's resources, and push the natives to the wall. They dislike the type—strong, robust,

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE'S TENT IN THE CAMP OF THE SEVENTH CORPS, BUENA VISTA.

and brusk—forgetful often of the little amenities and courtesies of life which mean so much to them. They hate him for his physical superiority, which laughs at the code duello and reaches for the point of the jaw.

The civilization which we would bring is strange to them as a race, and better though it may be, its very strangeness makes it abhorrent. They see it pushing in slowly, in part through the agency of military authority, in part through the innate active vigor of the people who bring it to their doors. They realize now that the wave of so called Anglo Saxon transformation is

upon them, and the Latin in them is rebelling. Already the Spaniard seems fairer than of yore, and the very laws that once were so repugnant to the Cubans are now beginning to grow in grace as the danger of their death by official fiat becomes daily more apparent. The Latin laws, the Latin customs, the Latin language, are in danger. The Northmen

are knocking at the castle doors of the Southmen, and the instinct of race preservation is roused to make tribal enemies join hands against a common foe. Not yet have the Spaniard and the Cuban been able to forget the differences of the past. The wounds are too deep and the time too short for their healing, but the tendency is already apparent; and the Spanish blood in the Cuban mulatto, Gualberto Gomez, submerged the Cuban patriot who had been burned as an insurrectionist with hot irons in a Spanish prison, when he recently appealed to Spaniards of Cuba to join with the Cubans to preserve the Latin institutions which the American domination was threatening.

Hatred of the strong by the weak is a form of homage, and of that kind America has its fill in Cuba today. Gratitude is crushed. They have forgotten the millions of money and the thousands of lives we have expended for

their cause. They have forgotten that but for us the flag of Spain would still be floating from the heights of El Morro, with the brutal Weyler in the palace, as the exemplar of that type of Latin civilization. They have forgotten that we made their island free and fed their starving thousands by both public and private charity, because the outraged conscience of an enlightened people could not brook such butcheries at its very doors. It is almost inconceivable, but it is true, and why?

Ask the Cubans. Call to their minds all the sacrifices which we have made in their behalf, and they will tell you that it was done not for their sake, but for ours.



THE GATEWAY OF A RUINED SUBURBAN RESIDENCE AT MARIANAO.



THE HOUSE OF A CUBAN PLANTER AT BUENA VISTA, BURNED DURING THE REBELLION.

CUBA AFTER THE WAR—SCENES OF RUIN IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.



THE HOUSE AT LOS QUEMADOS, MARIANAO, USED BY GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AS HIS PRIVATE RESIDENCE. THE FLAG ON THE RAIL OF THE VERANDA IS THE ONE HOISTED OVER THE FORTRESS OF CABANAS ON JANUARY 1, 1899.

They will tell you that they do not believe the United States will ever give up the island of Cuba. There is the whole situation in a nutshell.

General Brooke has gone on with his work of governmental reconstruction, daily bettering actual conditions, and yet he has failed to keep burning the faith of this people in the integrity of his own. Every act of his is looked upon with suspicion. Every word from Washington is scanned with distrust, and, no matter what its purport may be, is taken as an indication of the administration's deter-



THE TOLEDO PALACE, A CUBAN RESIDENCE, USED BY THE SPANIARDS AS A HOSPITAL, AND NOW ASSIGNED TO GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AS HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.



THE "RECONCENTRADOS" OF TODAY—DISTRIBUTING RATIONS TO DESTITUTE CUBANS.



THE CRISTOBAL COLON CEMETERY—DECORATIONS UPON THE GRAVES OF THE MAINE VICTIMS.

CONTEMPORARY SCENES IN HAVANA.



A SUBURBAN STREET IN EL CERRO-A CUBAN FARM WAGON AND MULE TEAM.

mination to keep its grip upon Cuba. So full is the air of these suspicions that we find Americans permeated with them. We see them sitting around the tables in the cafés calmly discussing with themselves the proposition as to whether or not the American government intends to keep the word it gave to all the world when it declared that Cuba's destiny should be left in the hands of her people.

If General Brooke knows what the Mc-Kinley policy is as to this island's future. he does not betray it. He goes stolidly along, acting solely as a military commander, following the lines laid down for himself in his proclamation, which contained no hint of politics. Herein, then, has been the whole weakness of our policy. If we find Americans suspicious of the administration's plans, there should be no wonder that the Cubans are of the same mind; and until the Americans get out, or furnish indisputable evidence of their intention to do so, this feeling is bound to grow in strength. Until that time there can be no such thing as confidence, and business cannot revive with vigor, for prosperity follows only in the wake of settled conditions.

It is marvelous and even shameful that such distrust should exist, because the very character of the reflection is an insult to the American people; but that it does exist, and that it is almost wholly responsible for the present troubles of the situation, are facts that can scarcely be disputed.

The United States has done a great good here in Cuba. It has lifted up a stricken people, and put the reins of government into their unpractised hands. in so far as it has been safe to do so. It is daily increasing the scope of this power, as the Cubans show themselves capable of receiving it. It has kept down the carpet bagger rushing here for employment, until the howl has been raised by indignant Americans that Americans are being discriminated against. It has given a Cuba for the Cubans at the cost of much patience and toil; and still it finds itself, without a breath of scandal or a charge of corruption, an unwelcome benefactor, because of so strange a silence at Washington that even the most loyal citizen of his country hesitates to hold implicit confidence in his nation's world made promise.



MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, COMMANDING THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION-THE TENTH INSTALMENT NARRATES THE LAST DAYS OF THE WAR IN PORTO RICO AND THE PHILIPPINES.

HE story of the Porto Rico campaign recalls the proverb which says that the happiest nation is the one that has the least history. Its brief annals are not lengthened by any record of sufferings and difficulties like those that made the story of Santiago. General Miles' well laid plans were carried out with almost column—consisting of the Eleventh In-

clock-like precision, and in the nineteen days between the landing at Guanica and the end of the war his four advancing columns occupied about one third of the island, with the insignificant loss of three men killed and forty wounded.

General Schwan, with the westernmost



CAPTAIN CHARLES VERNON GRIDLEY, WHO COMMANDED ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE OLYMPIA, IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, AND WHO DIED AT KOBE, JAPAN, JUNE 4, 1898.

fantry (Colonel De Russy), Troop A of the Fifth Cavalry, a battery of Gatling guns, and two of field artillery, a total of 1,447 men, with a few native guides — left Yauco on August 9. At San German, which was reached next morning, he heard that the garrison of Mayaguez—eleven hundred Spanish regulars of the Alfonso XIII regiment, commanded by Colonel Soto, and a few volunteers—was coming out to meet him.

#### SCHWAN'S FIGHT AT HORMIGUERO.

Moving on down the valley of the Rio Grande, the American advance guard encountered the enemy at Hormiguero,

about four miles from Maya-Here the Spaniards were posted on a hillside commanding the valley, and their fire caused a few casualties while Schwan's men were discovering their position and deploying for an attack. Turning into the fields on both sides of the road planted with sugar cane, and intersected by creeks and wire fences — the American soldiers pushed steadily forward; the Gatling guns, under Lieutenant Maginnis of the Eleventh, moved with the firing line, and the artillery was brought to bear from the foothills. The Spaniards, who had the advantage of position, but were outnumbered and had no guns, made a feeble resistance and a precipitate retreat. Schwan's losses in the skirmish were one man killed and sixteen wounded: the enemy's he estimated at fifty killed and wounded.

Early next day (August 11) the American troops entered Mayaguez, a city of 22,000 people, and the chief seaport on the west coast of Porto Rico. The inhabitants received them with every demonstration of satisfaction. The garrison had retreated by a road running inland toward Lares, and Schwan's first intention was to hurry on in pursuit; but the settle-

ment of affairs in Mayaguez demanded attention; his men were tired, the roads were poor, and drenching rains helped to make operations difficult. He decided to send out a flying column, under Lieutenant Colonel Burke of the Eleventh, to follow the enemy.

With seven hundred men—six companies of his regiment, a platoon of cavalry, and another of artillery—Burke set out on the morning of the 12th. That night, after pushing all day along a road that climbed into the mountains, he had bivouacked in the trail, when news reached him that the Spaniards had assembled from one to two thousand men

at Las Marias, and were preparing to make a stand. He sent a courier back to General Schwan with this information, adding that he proposed to move forward at daybreak and attack the enemy.

Fearing that Burke's force might be inadequate, Schwan promptly hurried after him with the cavalry troop, ordering Colonel De Russy to follow as rapidly as vision commander, left Ponce on August 8. Its movements were slower than Henry had anticipated. He had nothing but ox carts to carry his supplies through a hilly country where pack trains would have given better service. Besides a battalion of the Nineteenth Infantry and a small mounted detachment—Troop A of the Second Cavalry—his force consisted



SKETCH MAP OF THE ISLAND OF PORTO RICO.

possible with the rest of the brigade. He found the advance guard drawn up on the crest of a ridge, firing upon the Spaniards, who held the opposite hill and were scattered in the valley between. Through the valley ran a swift and deep mountain torrent, the Rio Prieto, which most of Colonel Soto's men had crossed, but some had been unable to cross. After a brisk exchange of shots, the main body continued its retreat, leaving the rearguard, utterly disorganized, to hide in the woods, where forty prisoners were rounded up by the American cavalry. Colonel Soto was found in a peasant's cottage, disabled by an injury; his second in command was also among the prisoners.

Schwan was ready to move on early the next morning (Sunday, August 14) to attack Lares—which would no doubt have proved easy prey—when he received word that the peace protocol had been signed the day before, and he had to recall his orders for an advance. "No troops," he says, "ever suspended with a worse grace."

#### THE MARCH OF HENRY'S COLUMN.

No fighting at all fell to Garretson's brigade, which, with General Henry as di-

of two unseasoned volunteer regiments, the Sixth Illinois and the Sixth Massa-The discipline of the latter chusetts. had been unsatisfactory both in the skirmish of July 26 at Yauco and during the march to Ponce. At Ponce several of the officers, who had been ordered before a board of inquiry, resigned their commissions, and since then its morale had improved; but on the first day's march northward Henry reports that there was much straggling in the brigade, "new shoes being the alleged cause." Only nine miles were covered on the 8th, and the troops did not reach Adjuntas until August 10. On the 13th, when the order to discontinue hostilities came, Henry was at Utuado with his regulars and two battalions of the Massachusetts men, preparing to advance upon Arecibo, where there was a small body of Spaniards; Garretson, with the rest of the brigade, was still at Adjuntas.

Meanwhile, after some delay in the landing of the necessary supplies and material at Ponce, Ernst's brigade—the Sixteenth Pennsylvania (Colonel Hulings), the Second Wisconsin (Colonel Born), and the Third Wisconsin (Colonel Moore), with

two batteries, Potts' and Anderson's, both commanded by Major Lancaster—had advanced along the main highway across the island, running eastward and northward to San Juan. Before leaving Ponce the volunteers exchanged their Springfield rifles for Krag-Jorgensens. On August 7 the Wisconsin regiments and the artillery were within four miles of Coamo, with the Pennsylvanians about two miles behind them.

On that afternoon General Wilson, the division commander, came out from Ponce. From deserters and friendly natives he had full information of the Spaniards' movements. They were preparing to meet him near Aibonito, at the highest point on the road, where it crosses the mountain ridge that parallels the south coast of the island. Here they had some 2,000 troops in a strong natural position, which they were further strengthening with batteries and intrenchments. Coamo, where the road first reaches the hills, was an outpost held by about 250 men. This, too, was a strong position, not to be taken by direct assault without risk of serious loss, and General Wilson planned a turning movement.

#### THE CAPTURE OF COAMO.

On the evening of the 8th the Pennsylvania regiment struck into a hill trail north of the road, which had been reconnoitered by Lieutenant Colonel Biddle and other staff officers. After bivouacking in the hills, the march was resumed before daybreak, and at eight o'clock next morning Colonel Hulings' men reached a point commanding the San Juan road in the rear of Coamo. The Spaniards were already retreating, Major Lancaster's guns having opened upon them in front. A few escaped toward Aibonito; but their commander, Major Martinez, who exposed himself with reckless gallantry, was shot down, and after returning the Pennsylvanians' fire till their position was evidently hopeless, the main body gave up the fight, waving hats and handkerchiefs in token of surrender. The Pennsylvanians, who had had the fight practically to themselves, marched back into Coamo with 167 prisoners. Their loss was only six wounded; the Spaniards had six killed and about thirty wounded.

A bridge over a deep ravine before

Coamo had been destroyed, but General Wilson saved several others on the road to Aibonito by sending out a mounted detachment—Troop C of the New York cavalry, under Captain Clayton—in prompt pursuit of the fleeing enemy. Five and a half miles beyond Coamo the troopers came under fire from the Spanish batteries on Asomante Hill, commanding the highway where it winds up to the summit of the divide, over which it passes to the village of Aibonito; and here the American cavalrymen were ordered to remain as an entroopt.

main as an outpost.

During the 10th and 11th General Wilson was bringing up his forces and reconnoitering. He found a serious task before him. The Spaniards' position gave them a plunging fire down the steep road. and the American artillery could not be brought to bear except with the disadvantage of firing from points several hundred feet lower than the enemy's guns. On both sides of the road the ground was broken by deep and precipitous ravines. Nevertheless General Wilson decided that another flanking movement was practicable, and ordered Ernst to be ready, on the morning of the 13th, to take a mountain trail branching to the left and running westward and northward over the divide to Barranquito, whence Aibonito could be taken in the rear.

Meanwhile, on the 12th, to engage the Spaniards' attention and develop their strength, Major Lancaster took a field battery to a hilltop on the left of the road and opened fire on the works on Asomante and the adjoining hill of El Penon. At first the Spanish guns replied feebly, and Major Lancaster thought he had silenced them; but after an hour's firing, when his ammunition was running low, the enemy apparently received reinforcements, and he found his battery the target of a hail of shells and bullets, his smoke powder helping the Spaniards to get his range. His position was evidently untenable, and the guns were withdrawn, Lieutenant Hains, who commanded one of them, being shot through the body, and the battery's whole loss being one man killed and six wounded, one mortally.

Knowing that he might at any moment receive news of an armistice, General Wilson delayed Ernst's flanking movement and sent a flag of truce to the Spanish lines with a demand for surrender. The message was forwarded to San Juan, to the captain general, whose reply, received early the next morning (August 13) was a curt refusal; and Ernst was on the point of starting when General Miles telegraphed from Ponce the order to suspend operations.

#### BROOKE'S ADVANCE FROM ARROYO.

General Brooke's advance, too, was halted at the very moment when a sharp fight was imminent. His disembarkation at Arroyo was slow, there being no wharf and few available boats, and two of his transports being delayed by running aground at Ponce. On August 5 the infantry was ready to move, and that morning General Hains marched upon Guayama with the Fourth Ohio (Colonel Coit) and the Third Illinois (Colonel Bennitt), the former leading the way. About a mile from the town the Ohioans encountered a small number of Spaniards, who fired a few shots and retreated through Guayama, of which the Americans took possession. Just beyond the town, on the road to Cayey, there was another skirmish, the enemy being dispersed again by the Ohio regiment's dynamite guns.

No further advance was made till the 8th, when General Hains ordered a company of the Fourth Ohio to reconnoiter towards Cayey. Colonel Coit took two companies, and three miles out they came under a sharp fire from Spaniards posted on a hill commanding the road, near the village of Pablo Vasquez. The enemy had the range accurately, and the reconnoitering party could do nothing but seek shelter and then fall back, which they did with five men wounded. They met the rest of the regiment, with the dynamite guns, hurrying out to support them, an alarming report of disaster having reached

Guayama.

Again General Brooke was forced to wait, in order to get his cavalry and artillery ashore and to the front. On the 12th he issued orders for an attack, his plan being to threaten the Spanish position with the Third Illinois, a battalion of the Fourth Pennsylvania, and a couple of batteries, while General Hains, with the Fourth Ohio, marched northward into the hills to take it in the rear. Hains set out early next morning, and was close upon the enemy—who would seemingly have been taken by surprise, and could scarcely have escaped capture. Brooke's guns being ready to open fire upon them in frontwhen a staff officer overtook him with news of the signing of the protocol.

#### THE MANILA CAMPAIGN.

Like the invasion of Porto Rico, the campaign which completed Dewey's triumph in Manila Bay by forcing the sur-render of the Philippine capital involved little actual fighting: but it was interesting in a military sense, from the novelty and the difficulty of the work it set before the American army, and its political importance was still more momentous. marked, indeed, a new era of history for the United States, setting its flag over a great empire in the eastern hemisphere, and making it no longer an American power merely, but a world power.

Very few Americans, even among those in authority at Washington, realized this in the early days of May, 1898, when hurried preparations to follow up Dewey's victory were afoot. The irresistible logic of events—destiny, if the term be preferred-was swiftly making obsolete the policy that had guided American statesmanship for more than a century; yet it is hard to single out any precise point as that of the new departure. Dewey's instructions (cabled from Washington on April 24) were to "commence operations, particularly against the Spanish fleet." A previous telegram (February 25) warned him that in case of war his duty would be "offensive operations in Philippine Islands." No despatch, or at least no published despatch, gave any more explicit order for an attack upon Manila, and the conquest of the islands can hardly have been a long preconceived plan of the administration that stood committed to a declaration that by the American code of morality the annexation of another power's territory would be "criminal aggression."\*

That a land campaign in the Philippines had not been reckoned among the probable developments of the war is shown by the fact that during April the country's whole military resources had been concentrated in the East and South, the Pacific coast being practically stripped of men and material. General Shafter, commanding the Department of California,

<sup>\*</sup>President McKinley's message to Congress, December 6, 1897.

had gone to Tampa with his whole staff and most of the troops of his command, leaving only the Fourteenth Infantry (Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, then stationed in Alaska) and part of the Third Artillery (Colonel Marcus P. Miller), the latter a force quite insufficient to man the defenses of San Francisco.

THE ARMY'S PROBLEMATICAL TASK.

On May 7, with Dewey's first announcement of his victory, there came another despatch saying:

I control bay completely and can take city at any time, but I have not sufficient men to hold. . . . . Will ammunition be sent?

Secretary Long immediately replied:

The Charleston will leave at once with what ammunition she can carry. Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Peking will follow with ammunition and supplies. Will take troops unless you telegraph otherwise. How many will you require?

Dewey's answer went from Cavite on May 13, and from Hong Kong two days later:

I believe the Spanish governor general will be obliged to surrender soon. I can take Manila at any moment. To retain possession and thus control Philippine Islands would require, in my best judgment, well equipped force of 5,000 men. . . . Spanish force is estimated 10,000 men. The rebels are reported 30,000.

With such an estimate of the situation—by no means an accurate one—coming from the admiral, it is not strange that in the United States there should have been divergent opinions as to the task an army expedition would have to face and the force it would require. General Miles seems to have been the first to formulate a plan of operation. On May 3, when Dewey's victory was known, though not officially reported, he wrote to the Secretary of War:

I have the honor to recommend that General Thomas M. Anderson be sent to occupy the Philippine Islands, in command of the following troops: two battalions Fourteenth Infantry, two troops Fourth Cavalry, one regiment of infantry, California volunteers; two batteries heavy artillery, California volunteers; one regiment of infantry, Washington volunteers; the troops to go with all the necessary appliances, supplies, and equipment.

Miles has been criticised for so greatly underestimating the force needed at Manila, just as Sampson received censure for his statement that ten thousand soldiers could take Santiago in forty eight hours; but he might reply that his figures

agree closely with Dewey's.

On May 11 Major General Wesley Merritt, then commanding the Department of the East, was summoned to Washington, and on the 12th it was announced that he had been appointed to command an army corps—the Eighth Corps—to be organized immediately for service in the Philippines. General Merritt was fortunately unwilling to undertake an almost unknown task with a mere handful of men, and requested (May 13) a total force of 14,400, including more than 6,000 regulars. Two days later, after some further study of the situation. he wrote to the President that still more men might be needed, adding, with remarkable foresight:

It seems more than probable that we will have the so called insurgents to fight as well as the Spaniards.

In answer to a recommendation from Miles that only two regiments of regular infantry should be allowed him, instead of the four he had requested, Merritt wrote on May 17:

Two regiments of regular infantry, two thirds of a regiment of regular cavalry, and two light batteries is a very small proportion of the forty two regular regiments in the army when the work to be done consists of conquering a territory 7,000 miles from our base, defended by a regularly trained and acclimated army of from 10,000 to 25,000 men, and inhabited by 14,000,000 of people, the majority of whom will regard us with the intense hatred born of race and religion.

My letters of May 13 and 15 give the composition and minimum strength of the regular force I

deem necessary.

Merritt's view prevailed at Washington, and orders were finally issued 20,000 men should be assembled and equipped at San Francisco, and sent across the Pacific as fast as transports could be secured. Organizing work was at once begun—or rather had already been begun-under Colonel Anderson, now promoted to a brigadier generalship, and General Merriam, who had succeeded Shafter in San Francisco; and on May 25 the advance guard of the expedition—the first soldiers the young republic of the west had ever sent into the ancient lands of the east-sailed from the Golden Gate. It consisted of the First California (Colonel Smith), the Second Oregon (Colonel Summers), and six companies of the Fourteenth Infantry, in all 2,491 men, under

General Anderson, in three transports, the City of Sydney, the Australia, and the City of Peking.

#### THE CAPTURE OF GUAM BY THE CHARLESTON.

At Honolulu, where the transports put in for coal, they found the cruiser Charleston, which left San Francisco a few days before them, waiting to serve as their They carried an order from Secretary Long to Captain Glass of the Charleston—there being no cable to Hawaii—instructing him to seize the island of Guam, in the Ladrones, on his way to Manila.\* The expedition left Honolulu on June 4, and reached Guam on the morning of the 20th. Glass first visited Agaña, the capital, whose port he found entirely empty; then -in search of a Spanish gunboat of which he had heard rumors at Honolulu-he took the Charleston into the picturesque harbor of San Luis d' Apra, a deep, narrow inlet commanded by high cliffs. The chart showed fortifications-Fort Santiago and Fort Santa Cruz-but these proved to be nothing more than abandoned ruins; and the only vessel in the harbor was a small Japanese trader. No Spanish man of war had called at the island for eighteen months; no news had come from the outer world since April 14, and the exiles who formed Spain's garrison in this remote speck of land knew nothing of the war with the United States. They had no defenses; the only cannon in Guam were four little cast iron antiquities once used for saluting, but condemned as unsafe even for that peaceful purpose.

Captain Glass fired a shot or two at the fortifications before he discovered that they were deserted, and the sound of his guns brought out two officers in a boat, who were mightily surprised to find themselves prisoners. They were paroled and sent ashore to summon the governor, Lieutenant Colonel Marina, from Agaña. That official replied that the Spanish law forbade him to board a foreign vessel, but he would be pleased to confer with Captain Glass on shore. The captain's

answer was a note sent ashore on the following morning, with a landing party under Lieutenant Braunersreuther, giving Marina half an hour to surrender unconditionally. No resistance was possible; the garrison—sixty Spaniards and a few native soldiers—was disarmed; the Spaniards were taken on board the Sydney; and on the 22d the four ships resumed their voyage, entering Manila Bay on June 30.

#### THE SITUATION AT MANILA.

Here the situation had changed little since the destruction of Montojo's fleet two months before. Rear Admiral Dewey (promoted to that rank May 7) had been waiting in the bay, in possession of the Cavite arsenal and of the fortifications on the island of Corregidor, and with Manila itself, rigidly blockaded, lying at the mercy of his guns. He had lost one of his officers, Captain Gridley of the Olympia, through illness,\* the vacant place being taken by Captain Lamberton, who had been serving on the flagship as the admiral's chief of staff. Commander Wood, of the Petrel, was put in charge of the station at Cavite, which was well equipped with storehouses and barracks, and with machine shops that proved very useful for small repairs to the squadron. On May 12 another prize was captured the Spanish gunboat Callao, which steamed into the bay in ignorance of Dewey's presence there.

The position of the Manila garrison was a desperate one. In the harbor were Dewey's ships; on the landward side they were hemmed in by the insurgents, who had pushed their lines close up to the city, and who mustered about fourteen thousand men, commanded by General Emilio Aguinaldo. This remarkable young Filipino leader, who has since been the author of such disasters to his countrymen and so much suffering and loss to the American troops, landed at Cavite on May 19, having being brought from Hong Kong on the Nanshan, sent for despatches. Negotiations with him had been begun in April by United States Consul Pratt at Singapore. Mr. Pratt sent him to Hong Kong, where he met two other consuls— Oscar F. Williams, of Manila, who had

<sup>\*</sup>The Ladrone or Marianne Islands had belonged to Spain ever since their discovery by Magellan in 1521. They consist of fifteen islets scattered in a broken line from north to south, with a total area of 420 square miles and a population of about 10,000. Guam, the most important island, which was the seat of the Spanish colonial government, lies at the southern end of the chain, nine hundred miles north of the equator and thirteen hundred east of the Philippines.

<sup>\*</sup> Captain Gridley was "condemned by a medical survey"—to use the cynical sounding phrase that ends the career of many a brave sailor who has served his country well—in May, and was ordered home. He died on the way, at Kobe, Japan, June 4.

just left his post (April 23) on the declaration of war, and Rounsevelle Wildman, of Hong Kong. Aguinaldo afterwards asserted that these officials promised him that their government would assist him to establish the independent republic for which he had long been fighting; but his allegations cannot be credited in the face of their emphatic denials, and of Dewey's repeated and explicit assertion that no pledges of any sort were given. The admiral thus described his relations with the insurgent leader on June 27, in answer to an inquiry from Washington:

Aguinaldo, insurgent leader, with thirteen of his staff, arrived May 19, by permission, on Nanshan. Established self Cavite, outside arsenal, under the protection of our guns, and organized his army. I have had several conferences with him, generally of a personal nature. Consistently I have refrained from assisting him in any way with the force under my command, and on several occasions I have declined requests that I should do so, telling him the squadron could not act until the arrival of the United States troops. At the same time I have given him to understand that I consider insurgents as friends, being opposed to a common enemy. Aguinaldo has acted independently of the squadron, but has kept me advised of his progress, which has been wonderful. I have allowed to pass by water recruits, arms, and ammunition, and to take such Spanish arms and ammunition from the arsenal as he needed. Have advised frequently to conduct the war humanely, which he has done invariably. My relations with him are cordial, but I am not in his confidence. The United States has not been bound in any way to assist insurgents by any act or promises, and he is not, to my knowledge, committed to assist us. I believe he expects to capture Manila without my assistance, but doubt ability, they not yet having many guns. In my opinion, these people are far superior in their intelligence and more capable of self government than the natives of Cuba, and I am familiar with both races.

#### SPAIN'S ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE MANILA.

Immediately after the battle of May 1, and before the naval weakness of the Spaniards was fully understood, there were rumors that they would make an effort to retrieve their first great disas-When Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands, one of the many conflicting reports, or conjectures, as to his destination was that he was bound for the east, to attack the American fleet with what would indeed have been an overwhelming force. On May 12 Secretary Long cabled to Dewey that the whereabouts of the powerful Spanish squadron was still unknown; but that day its arrival at Martinique was reported by Captain Cotton of the Harvard.

Although it had sent the flower of its navy to sure destruction in the West Indies, instead of probable success in the Philippines, the Madrid government, it soon appeared, still entertained the idea that it could save Manila. Its attempt proved an utterly feeble one, and effected nothing save to expose its lack of resources and the almost ludicrous incompetence of the directors of its military policy. In the whole story of Spanish weakness and failure, the adventures of Camara's squadron form the most pitiable chapter.

During May and June there were active preparations at the Cadiz navy yard—watched, during part of the time, by two young American officers, Ensigns W. H. Buck and H. H. Ward of the Bureau of Navigation, who had volunteered for secret service duty—to equip for foreign service all the war ships that could be sent to sea. The available vessels included two battleships—the old 9,900 ton Pelayo, and the Emperador Carlos V. a fine new ship of 9,235 tons, whose armament was still incomplete; the two armed auxiliaries Rapido and Patriota, formerly the Hamburg American liners Normannia and Columbia; and several torpedo boats and destroyers, of the class whose inefficiency, in Spanish hands, was demonstrated at Santiago. On June 17 it was reported that a squadron under Admiral Camara had left Cadiz, sailing eastward; on the 19th it had reached Cartagena. As far back as May 20 Secretary Long had warned Dewey that there were rumors of such a movement; but on May 29 he had cabled:

There is no Spanish force en route to Philippine Islands.

Even when Camara's sailing was reported, it was not believed at Washington that he would actually leave the Spanish coast. On June 22 Secretary Long telegraphed to Dewey:\*

Our special agents report Camara's fleet at Cartagena, Spain. It is thought reliable information. His future destination not ascertained yet.

That there was no alarm at Washington is shown by the secretary's despatch of the same date to Sampson at Santiago:

<sup>\*</sup>Correspondence between Dewey and Washington wentthrough the American consulate at Hong Kong, requiring from two to five days to pass between Hong Kong and Manila. The McCulloch and Dewey's supply ships made frequent voyages to and fro with despatches.

Spanish fleet at Cartagena, Spain; movement probably made to satisfy people. This information probably reliable.

As a matter of fact, Camara passed Cape Bon, in Tunis, on the 22d, and on the 26th he appeared off Port Said, at the northern end of the Suez Canal. Sagasta, the Spanish premier, announced in the Cortes, on the 23d—the legislature was dissolved on the following day—that Manila was the objective point of the expedition. On the 25th, and again on the 27th, Secretary Long cabled the news to Dewey.

#### DEWEY'S INTENDED RETREAT.

Admiral Dewey is established in the popular regard as so invincible a hero that many Americans, no doubt, vaguely assume that if Camara had reached Manila he would have been destroyed as speedily as was Montojo's feeble fleet. They may be surprised to learn that the admiral himself was very far from possessing such an easy confidence. On the contrary, it is recorded by General Greene,\* who was personally in conference with him, that he fully decided, in case the Spanish squadron continued its voyage, to abandon Manila Bay and retreat before it. He was not prepared to pit his unarmored cruisers against a pair of heavy battleships. He resolved, the general relates, to take his men of war and the transports out into the Pacific, and cruise eastward to meet the monitors Monterey and Monadnock, which were on their way to him from California. this important addition to his fighting strength, he would return and give battle to Camara. The army, meanwhile—its senior officer, General Anderson, having readily accepted Dewey's plan - would march inland from Cavite, intrench itself in the interior of Luzon, and await the The result, as General fleet's return. Greene observes, would have been a very interesting campaign; but on July 22, just as the admiral was on the point of taking steps to put his design into action, the news came that Camara had turned back.

#### WATSON'S EASTERN SQUADRON.

To Dewey himself, apparently, belongs the first suggestion of the effective

counter stroke that removed the danger. In the first despatch he sent to Secretary Long after hearing of Camara's start from Cadiz he said:

In my judgment, if the coast of Spain was threatened, the squadron of the enemy would have to return.

This reached Washington on June 27, and that very day an official bulletin of the Navy Department announced that "Commodore Watson sails today in the cruiser Newark to join Admiral Sampson at Santiago, where he will take under his command an armored squadron, with cruisers, and proceed at once to the Spanish coast." The new move was not kept a secret, and news of it immediately went all over the world, and to Madrid in particular. Further information was given out the same day. Watson's fleet—the command, it may be presumed, would have been Schley's had he made a better record with the Flying Squadron-was to be called the Eastern Squadron, and was to consist of the Newark as flagship, the battleships Iowa and Oregon, the armed auxiliaries Yosemite, Dixie, and Yankee, When the squadron and three colliers. was actually commissioned (July 7) these arrangements had been modified, the Massachusetts taking the place of the Iowa; and as it never sailed for Spain, all the vessels named remained under Sampson's orders.

Here we may note another testimony to the supreme importance of the destruction of Cervera's fleet as the great decisive event of the war. While his squadron remained intact, it would have been exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to hold the American position at Santiago, to maintain the blockade of Cuba, and at the same time to detach a powerful force for offensive operations beyond the Atlantic. The triumphant ending of Sampson's naval campaign made this last undertaking entirely feasible, and ended Dewey's chief apprehension.

Camara reached Port Said short of coal, after the fatal habit of Spanish admirals; and according to instructions from Washington, Mr. Watts, the deputy consul general, who was in charge of the American consulate at Cairo, promptly lodged a protest against his being allowed to take on fuel in any Egyptian port. The fact that the protest was successful

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;The Capture of Manila," published in the Century Magazine for March and April, 1899.

is ascribed to the good offices of Lord Cromer, the British agent. Nevertheless, the Spaniards passed through the canal—except the three torpedo boat destroyers Audaz, Osada, and Proserpina, which were ordered back to Spain from Port Said; but they still lay at Suez on July 6, the war ships having taken some coal from the auxiliaries, when an order came recalling them to the threatened coast of the peninsula. The fiasco of the Camara expedition was over, and Manila was left to its fate.

#### DEWEY'S CLASH WITH DIEDRICHS.

Though the position of the Spanish garrison was now hopeless, that of Admiral Dewey was not entirely easy or comfortable. He was seven thousand miles from an available base; his stock of ammunition was small, and supply of provisions - most of which came from Australia-more or less precarious, though he never was actually short of food or fuel.\* He had to face a peculiar embarrassment, moreover, in the behavior of some of the foreign war ships which lay, ostensibly to watch the interests of their respective flags, in the blockaded harbor. Germany, in particular, was represented by a squadron that seemed disproportionate to her share in the commerce of Manila. Admiral Diedrichs, commanding the German fleet on the East Asiatic station, came into the harbor on June 12, and at the end of the month he had with him five vessels whose rated strength was superior to Dewey's small fighting force.

Amid the excitement of war, and under the strain of a trying situation, it is probable that anxiety and resentment were created by incidents which under other conditions would have passed unnoticed. It is entirely clear, now, that the German government cherished no insidious designs against the United States, and had no idea of provoking a conflict with its forces in Asiatic waters. It is equally clear that the American officers at Manila, from the admiral down, believed the situation to be one of real danger, and that there was a bitter ill feeling between the two fleets. It appears that Diedrichs failed to display a proper respect for Dewey's position as a blockader of the port, and that Dewey, at least on one occasion, was peremptory in enforcing his rule that every vessel entering or leaving the harbor should be examined by his guardship of the day.

The situation was not improved by an incident which occurred early in July, when Aguinaldo sent word that his troops had captured the shore defenses of Subig Bay, and had endeavored to attack the main Spanish position on an island in the harbor (Isla Grande), but had been prevented from doing so by the German cruiser Irene, which had threatened to fire on their boats, on the ground that they flew no recognized flag. Dewey met the difficulty by sending the Raleigh and the Concord to Subig, where the Spaniards, numbering about thirteen hundred, surrendered without resistance, the Irene ---whose interference with the insurgents. though perhaps officious, was technically quite correct—of course interposing no objection.

#### THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS.

The first American troops, as has been said, arrived on June 30, and next morning General Anderson began to disembark his men and material at Cavite. During the day he had an interview with Aguinaldo, whom he found to be in control of everything between the navy yard gates and the Spanish lines. The Filipino leader, the general reports, "did not seem pleased at the incoming of our land forces." No further move was made, though Anderson did some reconnoitering meanwhile, till July 15. Then, in order to secure space for the landing of Greene's brigade, whose arrival was expected, a battalion of the California regiment was sent across from Cavite to the eastern shore of the bay, and encamped near the hamlet of Tambo, some three miles from Malate, the southernmost village held by the Spaniards. To the new camp—christened Camp Dewey -the rest of the Californians went on the 17th, on which day the second army expedition came into the harbor. This consisted of a battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry and another of the Twenty Third; three regiments of volunteer infantry, the

<sup>\*</sup>On June 13 Dewey sent to Washington a request for six months' supplies in all departments, stating that it was "practically impossible to obtain further supplies within the limits of the station during the war." On July 20, however, he said that he had six months' provisions on hand. On August 9 he reported "provisions for three months, fresh; also plenty of coal." A British ship, the Ellen A. Reed, brought him a cargo of coal from Cape Town in July; he also took a supply from another British vessel, the Honolulu, laid up at Manila by the blockade.

First Colorado (Colonel Hale), the First Nebraska (Colonel Bratt), and the Tenth Pennsylvania (Colonel Hawkins); and two batteries of volunteer artillery from Utah—in all 3,586 men, commanded by General Francis V. Greene, a former officer in the regular army, and late colonel of the

Seventy First New York.

Greene's brigade left San Francisco on June 15, on the four transports China, Colon. Zealandia, and Senator. After calling at Honolulu (June 23-25), and passing Wake Island (July 4) and Guam (July 9), off Cape Engano, at the northern end of Luzon, the Boston was found waiting to escort the transports to Manila. On the 17th they were in the harbor, and next day the men began to go ashore at Camp Dewey, where General Greene took command, General Anderson, who until Merritt's arrival was senior officer, remaining at Cavite. Aguinaldo had moved his headquarters from Cavite to Bakor, across the small bay of that name, to make room for the Americans, but his attitude was by no means cordial, and he gave them no aid in securing what they most needed-vehicles and draft animals. The insurgents still occupied a thin line of intrenchments between Camp Dewey and the Spanish works.

On July 25 the transport Newport, with Major General Merritt and his staff, reached Cavite, and on the 30th five other vessels brought in Brigadier General MacArthur and his brigade. This pretty nearly doubled the force in the field, the new arrivals numbering 4,847, including four volunteer regiments—the Thirteenth Minnesota, First North Dakota, First Idaho, and First Wyoming; another battalion each of the Eighteenth and Twenty Third Infantry; and the Astor Battery, a volunteer field battery organized as a gift to the government by Colonel John Jacob

Astor of New York.

#### THE NIGHT SKIRMISH OF JULY 31.

With almost eleven thousand men under his command, besides nearly five thousand more already on their way from San Francisco, General Merritt was eager to end a situation that was full of perplexities by an immediate attack on Manila. After reviewing the ground he decided, as Anderson and Greene had already agreed, that the best approach to

the city was by the road from the south. the Calle Real ("Royal Road"), which ran parallel to the shore from Camp Dewey to the Spanish lines at Malate, within easy range of the guns of the fleet. clear the ground for an advance it was necessary to get the insurgents out of the way; and Greene was commissioned to arrange this with Aguinaldo—unofficially. as Merritt preferred to have no dealings with the Filipino leader. Aguinaldo consented to withdraw his soldiers four hundred vards from the beach, on condition that the request should be made of him in writing; and on July 29 this arrangement was carried out, the abandoned line being occupied by some of Greene's men. who were promptly set to work to

strengthen the trenches.

The growth of the defenses, in plain view of their lines, and but a thousand yards distant, seemingly apprised the Spaniards that American troops had taken the place of the Filipinos, and on the night of July 31, just before midnight, they opened a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. The trenches were held, at the time, by the Tenth Pennyslvania, with four guns of the Utah artillery. Spaniards kept up a hot fusillade for about two hours, but did not advance from their works, though an attack in force was momentarily expected, and the whole American camp was under arms. A company of the Third Artillery, serving as infantry, hurried to support the Pennsylvanians, and the California regiment was also moved up.

It was a dark, stormy night, with high wind and tropical rain, and it was difficult to ascertain what was happening. Major Cuthbertson, commanding a battalion of the Pennsylvanians, reported that the enemy had sallied out and attempted to turn the right flank of the American line. but he was undoubtedly mistaken. General Greene, who was at the front, had been ordered to remain on the defensive, and therefore sent no more men forward than were necessary to hold the trenches. For the same reason he did not signal to the Boston, which lay off the shore, ready to use her guns if called upon. The skirmish—the expedition's baptism of fireended without result, though not without casualties, Greene's loss being ten killed

i to and forty three wounded.

# MODERN INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS.

BY THE LATE GOVERNOR ROSWELL P. FLOWER AND SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE ADVANTAGES AND THE DANGERS OF THE GREAT CORPORATIONS COMMONLY CALLED TRUSTS, AS VIEWED BY TWO LEADERS OF THE WORLD OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

1

GOVERNOR FLOWER, IN AN ARTICLE WRITTEN JUST
BEFORE HIS DEATH, POINTS OUT THAT IT IS
BY SERVING THE PUBLIC BEST THAT
INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES
THRIVE MOST.

THE beginning of the industrial combinations goes back a great many It dates from the abandonment of the spinning wheel and the knitting needle in the home of your mother. When she went out of the stocking knitting and rag carpet business, that industry was taken up by men who had machinery with which to carry it on more cheaply When the cotton gin and more quickly. was invented the industrial combination had its beginning. When the machinery that makes boots and shoes was invented the great boot and shoe factories were made possible, and the business of the individual shoemaker was taken from his hands and put into the hands of the capitalists.

I could quote hundreds of illustrations You can find of these combinations. them in the most familiar places. the oyster men on the Long Island shore began to turn their oysters over to the owner of a big sloop, who took them to market, they economized time and made what was in principle a business combination like what are known as the trusts. The dairy farmer in New York or New England sends his milk to a cooperative cheese factory, where the work which was once done on his own place is done much more cheaply and much better; and he gets a better price for his product at a smaller expenditure of labor.

Some years ago the attention of the people of Ireland was directed to the fact that Sweden was sending butter, cheese, eggs, and poultry to the English market. It was suggested to the Irish farmer that, instead of taking his few eggs to market, he should give them into the hands of a

man who would gather all the eggs raised in the neighborhood and put them on the market at one time. He was told that it would be cheaper in the end to give his potatoes to a man who went through the country gathering up the product of all the farmers to take to market than to have a horse in his barn eating its head off while he was in the field and to leave the field for the purpose of driving that horse to market with his crops.

Lessons like these have been learned by the farmer and the laborer in many They have still much to learn. For example, when the first fish from Long Island were brought to market in New York City, there was no railroad. fisherman hauled his fish as far as he could by day and at night put them in a well to keep cool. In those days cold storage was not known, and the fisherman had no ice because he had not saved it through the winter. Much of his product spoiled on the way to market. Today perishable products are put in cold storage and kept for an improvement in the

At my own little farm in Jefferson County I raise ducks. There is a season when the market is glutted, when it is not possible to get their market value. If I had on my farm the facility for cold storage, I could save those ducks, as is done by the dealers in the city, until such a time as they were worth a fair price. The dairy farmer will learn to use cold storage, in time. He will enter into combination with his neighbors to establish a primitive cold storage plant and save his product until he can sell it at a profit. If the grape farmer, for example, would put his crops in cold storage at a time when he is selling them at half a cent a pound —that is, at a loss—he could get five cents a pound for them later in the year.

These combinations are being formed everywhere. Cartwright's power loom gives employment to half a million people in the United States, and their wages are one hundred and sixty million dollars a year. Whitney's cotton gin enables us to put on the market every year two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of cotton goods at a price which makes clothing plentiful and cheap, but still gives employment to hundreds of thousands of men at good wages and brings to capital a fair return.

The old hand process of shelling corn was so slow that it would take one third of the whole population of the United States working every day in the year to shell the corn crop of this country, if machinery had not been invented that does the work with marvelous rapidity and

cheapness.

These are some of the things which invention has done. And invention is the foundation of industrial combination. These combinations have not only increased enormously the productive capacity of the people, but increased the wages of labor and the certainty and steadiness of employment, and cheapened the product of labor to the consumer.

It is because of these combinations that we are today sending enormous quantities of manufactured goods to all the countries of the world. Three years ago we sent six hundred thousand tons of iron and steel to England and sold it at cost or at a little less than the market price in competition with English manufacturers. Today we are selling steel rails in England at a profit, and Andrew Carnegie says that we are to be the great steel producing nation of the world in a very few years. This has been done through a combination and concentration of capital, by which production has been cheapened without reducing wages. when the price of steel rails went down because makers of steel stopped paying money to the middle man in the iron business, not only could we sell our steel abroad in competition with the steel producers of the old world, but the wages of the steel workers went up immediately ten per cent. this condition you will find always—that when the price of the product is cheapened by economy of production the wages of labor advance. The wages of labor employed by the great industrial combinations are going up all over the country, and the working people of the

United States are more prosperous today than they ever have been. More of them are employed, and more of them have money put away. And there is developing among them a disposition to put their money into the stocks of good companies or into land.

I am a great believer in allowing the man of small capital, and especially the employee, to become a stockholder in any industrial enterprise. When I went to Brooklyn and took hold of Rapid Transit there, I urged workingmen to take their money out of the bank and put it into Rapid Transit stock at ten. Every little while now I receive a letter from some man who bought Brooklyn Rapid Transit at thirty or twenty or ten, and who today is better off than he would have been if he had kept his money out at interest. The development of this Rapid Transit scheme is going to bring remote places twenty or twenty five minutes nearer New York City than they now are. That means that land in these places is going to increase in value. The man who sees that and puts his money into land is going to realize a large profit. It is the man who is far sighted who prospers in the business world. Usually in a family of five there is one who will see the advantages of an investment. Sometimes he will take the other four with him and they will all prosper. But often the others will wait until they see how high the price of land is going before making investments.

An editor came to me not long ago, and said that with the great concentration of business capital he did not see how he was to select a future for his son. I said to him that his son had more to look forward to than he or I had had. If he went to work on a salary and saved a little money, he could become gradually a stockholder in some great corporation, and if he was capable he might rise to one of the positions which command enormous salaries. Do not forget that these salaries are paid only to men who earn them.

I want to lay particular stress on the fact that industrial combination is not possible unless it reduces the market price of the article produced. If the Standard Oil Company tried to make half a cent or a quarter of a cent a gallon, there would be competitors in the field immediately. It is satisfied with

people out of business, and they must either move to some smaller place, where there is no department store; go into the employ of the department store that has supplanted them; or find new occupations—and the last is almost impossible.

Some trusts differ in principle from this. Some merely undertake to combine the interests of those who are engaged in a certain business, and to bring about economies of operation that will increase the profits of all. But there are others which get together just enough producers in a certain line to control prices and then freeze all the other men out of the business. The latter class of trusts is oppressive, and will not bear any defense.

As to the first named class of combination, it finds two opposing forces. The first is composed of the men who are forced to sell out their business and go to work for the trust, losing their independence and their individuality in a great measure. On the other hand there is the great mass of consumers of the product which the trust makes, who are naturally interested, in a selfish way, in the cheapening of that product. There is no doubt that industrial combination can cheapen the cost of manufacture, and therefore lower the selling price to the consumer. It has recently succeeded not only in doing that, but in raising wages all along the line, with a suspicious unity which I am disposed to believe was suggested by a desire to secure the good will of the workingman.

It is not unnatural to suppose that the consumer, being largely in the majority, would influence public opinion in favor of the trusts. On the contrary, it is the small producer who is making public sentiment. The saving to the consumer is small in individual cases, though great in the aggregate; but the plaint of the independent manufacturer is long and loud. He is making today the public sentiment which finds expression in the demand that trusts be the subject of adverse legislation. At the same time he is creating a bitter feeling against wealth in general.

We do not know in the United States the socialism and the anarchy of Europe. There the workingman is growing into the belief that he is entitled to as many privileges as the holder of hereditary prerogatives. In this country it is impossible to create the same feeling of discontent among the working people, because, in the first place, we have no distinctions of class. Then, there are too many examples before the workingman's eyes of the sons of other workingmen who have risen to eminence and wealth, and his thought is fixed on educating his own son and preparing him for a like career. It is not among the working people that discontent exists, but among the people of what we might call the middle stratum of society—the small property holders. These people are the strength of the country, and it is they who bring influence to bear on Legislatures and on Congress. It would not be safe, perhaps, to say that these people are becoming socialists. And yet I think I may say from my study of human nature that there is a point where every person becomes a socialist or an anarchist.

Let me illustrate this proposition. counsel for the New York Central Railroad it was my duty for a great many years to represent the road before committees of Congress and the New York Legislature. At one time, when there was before the Assembly a new scheme for drastic regulation of rates below the cost of carriage, one of its advocates was a man whom I knew to be worth a million dollars. He was very bitter against aggregated capital" as represented by the great interest of the Vanderbilts in the New York Central Road. I may say parenthetically that it was in recognition of this feeling, which was very general, that William H. Vanderbilt, who at one time owned more than two thirds of the road's capital stock of eighty nine million dollars, sold all but five million dollars of it before his death.

This millionaire statesman made a very warm speech before the committee about the necessity of taxing great fortunes out of existence. I asked him where he would draw the line. He said at a million dollars, because that amount was necessary to carry on a large business; or, with allowance for increase in the plant, two millions. That was his socialistic limit. Anything above that amount he would tax one hundred per cent—in other words, confiscate it.

At another time a committee went from New York to Albany to protest against the proposition that Mr. Vanderbilt should build a rapid transit railroad

for New York. The rapid transit commissioners had asked him to undertake the work, and he had consented. In this day the people of New York would probably be very glad to have the Vanderbilts offer to build the rapid transit road for them: but then they sent a committee to Albany to prevent it. One of these gentlemen I knew to be worth not less than ten millions. He made a speech before the committee. In the course of it he said that Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth was estimated at a hundred millions, and that any man who had accumulated a fortune as big as that was such a public danger that he ought to be taken out and hung to a lamp post.

I said, "What would you do with a

man worth ten millions?"

At that he fairly foamed at the mouth. He could not speak bitterly enough of any one who would find fault with so modest a fortune. So, you see, he had his socialistic limit, and it was measured by the amount of his own possessions.

The feeling of twenty years ago against the Vanderbilts is being duplicated today as a result of industrial combinations. It is a hatred of the very wealthy, and a desire to deprive them of the greater part of their wealth. Whether it will find expression in stringent legislation against the trusts, no one can tell The American people, when they have had time to consider a matter carefully, are pretty sure to form a correct judgment about it. They sometimes act hastily and do wrong; but they are sure to come out right in the end.

As I look at it, the trust is on trial. If it proves, like the corporation, to be inoppressive, and a necessity to the conduct of certain operations which are for the public good, it will live. If, on the other hand, it oppresses the people, they will very quickly put a stop to it. If it violates public sentiment, it cannot live —if, I mean, it puts into the hands of a few men the manufacture or distribution of any article of prime necessity, so that the American people feel that they are dependent on any set of men for coal or steel or anything which is in univer-sal use. Even if the people got their building material, their household utensils, and so on, cheaper under the arrangement, there would be a sentimental feeling which would lead them to

take drastic measures in restraint of such a combination.

The Carnegie Steel Company, with its capital of two hundred and fifty million dollars, and the Federal Steel Company, and the American Company, are of enormous wealth and power. and each controls a large part of the trade. But they operate independently of each other, and it is possible for the other steel and iron plants also to live; hence there is no popular feeling against them. If they combined to form one gigantic corporation, and to crowd out some of the smaller though still important makers of iron and steel, they would find public opinion operating to bring about legislation to restrain them, and eventually to break up their business, if it did not break up through the natural operation of the laws of trade.

The whisky trust met its fate without the intervention of the law making power. It undertook to do so much for its stockholders that it actually made it profitable for the man of small capital to start in business; for if he could not compete with the trust, he could at least sell out to it; and in time the building of distilleries to sell to the trust became a recog-

nized industry.

It remains to be determined whether the regulation of the trusts is a matter for Congress, or, as the Attorney General holds, for the States which charter them. In any case, a discrimination should be There are trusts and trusts, just made. as there are corporations and corpora-The State of New York has this year undertaken to put a franchise tax on corporations, at the demand of the real estate owners. There is no doubt that there are corporations which do not pay their share of taxation; but the law making power should have determined, through the work of a commission, whether a general law increasing the tax on all corporations might not work unjustly in the case of a railroad earning four per cent on its invested capital and already paying two per cent in taxes to the State, while hardly affecting a telephone company which earns one hundred per cent on its cost of construction and pays one per cent in taxes. The same care should be exercised in enacting legislation for the control of industrial combinations.

Chauncey M. Depew.

# THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

BY JOHN C. HEMMENT.

THE FOREMOST AMERICAN YACHT CLUB, WHICH IS PREPARING TO DEFEND THE AMERICA'S

CUP AGAINST ANOTHER BRITISH CHALLENGER—ITS INTERESTING HISTORY, AND

ITS SERVICES TO THE SPORT OF YACHTING—ILLUSTRATED FROM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

HIS is an eventful year in the history of the New York Yacht Club. For the first time in its annals it will possess its own club house in New York —a mansion in every way worthy of the organization, situated in the very heart of the club quarter. Not only its thirteen hundred members, but all Americans as well, are watching its preparations for the defense of its most cherished trophy. the America's Cup, for which a British vachtsman has challenged once more. Another event of interest is the building of a new flagship—to cost half a million dollars, and to replace the old Corsair, which did such capital war service as the Gloucester—for the commodore, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who generously presented the club with the site of its new building.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the club was celebrated quietly in 1894. The occasion seemed to have no special significance, except that the secretary, Mr. J. V. S. Oddie, brought out an édition de luxe of the club book—which, incidentally, was a remarkable record of what this association of amateur sailors has done for the sport at home and abroad. Starting in a small way, it now boasts of a fleet whose equal cannot be found anywhere, of a membership unsurpassed for spirit and sportsmanship, and of a history brilliant with memorable achievements.

The first yacht club in the United States was the Boston Yacht Club, organized in 1835 by Captain R. B. Forbes, his little schooner Dream—a tubby, apple bowed vessel of twenty eight tons—constituting both fleet and flagship. The club, which went out of existence two years later, was purely a social organization, the members being enthusiastic fishermen and jolly good fellows. It did nothing to foster yacht building or yacht

racing, and can only be called a yacht club by courtesy and from respect to the brave old Boston salts who were its

organizers.

It was on July 30, 1844, that a number of vachtsmen who realized the need of an American yachting organization met in the cabin of John C. Stevens' schooner Gimcrack, anchored off the Battery, and founded the New York Yacht Club. The organizers were Hamilton Wilkes, schooner Spray, 37 tons; William Edgar, schooner Cygnet, 45 tons; John C. Jay, schooner La Coquille, 27 tons; George L. Schuyler, schooner Dream, 28 tons (late flagship of the defunct Boston Yacht Club); James M. Waterbury, schooner Minna, 30 tons; Louis A. Depaw, sloop Mist, 40 tons; George E. Rollins, sloop Petrel, 16 tons; and James Rogers, of the sloop Ida, of whose tonnage I can find no record. It should be remembered that tonnage was then calculated by the old system of custom house measurement.

The yacht owners present were men of action, who had met with a definite object in view. At their first session they organized the club, elected Mr. Stevens commodore, and resolved to sail on their first cruise next morning, their destination

being Newport.

The little squadron—whose combined tonnage was less than that of a moderate sized steam yacht—cruised down Long Island Sound, touching at Huntington, New Haven, Gardiner's Bay, and Oyster Pond, now known as Orient Point, and arriving at Newport on August 5. Newport was then only an old fashioned fishing town, with quaint streets and buildings and quainter inhabitants. No palaces crowned its picturesque heights. No millionaires had discovered its marvelous beauties. The advent of the squadron was nevertheless an important epoch in the history of the town, which owes its

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nothing. Is it always ready to weep at a

farce and laugh at a tragedy?

"But you've nobody else," she went on ftly. "I shouldn't have dared if you'd had anybody else. Long ago-do you remember?-you had nobody, and you liked me to kiss you. I believe I began to love you then: I mean I began to think how much some woman would love you some day. But I didn't think I should be the woman! Oh, don't look at me so hard, or-or you'll see-"

"How much you love me?"

"No, no. You'll see my wrinkles. See, if I do this, you can't look at my face." And putting her arms round my neck, she hid her face.

I was strangely tongue tied, or perhaps not strangely; for there comes a time when the eyes say all that there is desire or need to say. Her pleadings were in

answer to my eyes.

"Oh, I know you think so now," she murmured. "But you won't go on thinking so-and I shall." She raised her head and looked at me; now a smile of triumph came on her face. "Oh, but you do think so now," she whispered in a voice still lower, but full of delight. "You do think so now," and again she hid her face from me. But now I knew that the triumph had entered into her soul also and that the shadows could no longer altogether dim its sunshine for

The afternoon became full and waned to dusk as we sat together. We said little; there were no arrangements made; we seemed in a way cut off from the world outside and from the consideration of it. The life which we must each lead, lives in the main apart from each other, had receded into distance and went unnoticed; we had nothing to do save to be together; when we were together there was little that we cared to say, no protestations that we had need to make. There was between us so absolute a sympathy, so full an agreement in all that we gave, all that we accepted, all that we abandoned. Doubts and struggles were as though they had never been. There is a temptation to think sometimes that things so perfect justify themselves, that conscience is not discrowned by violence, but signs a willing abdication, herself convinced. For passion can simulate right even as in some natures the love of right becomes a turbulent passion, in the end, like most of such, destructive of it-

"Then, I am yours, and you are mine.

And the embassy is Wetter's?"

"The embassy is whose you like," she

cried, "if the rest is true."

"It is Wetter's. Do you know why? That everybody may know how I am vours."

She did not refuse even the perilous

fame I offered.

"I should be proud of it," she said,

with head erect.

"No, no; nobody shall breathe a letter of your name," I exclaimed in a sudden turn of feeling. "I will swear that you had nothing to do with it, that you hate him, that you never mentioned it.'

"Say what you like," she whispered.

"If I did that, I should say to all Forstadt that there's no woman in the world like you."
"You needn't say it to all Forstadt.

You haven't even said it to me yet."

We had been sitting together. Again I fell on one knee, prepared to offer her formal homage in a sweet extravagance. On a sudden she raised her hand, her face grew alarmed.

"Hark!" she said. "Hark!" "To your voice, yours only!"

"No-there is a noise. Somebody is coming. Who can it be?"

"I don't care who it is."

"Why, dearest! But you must care.

Get up, get up, get up!"

I rose slowly to my feet. I was indeed in a mood when I did not care. The steps were close outside. Before they could come nearer, I kissed her again.

"Who can it be? I am denied to every-

body," she said, bewildered.

There was a knock at the door.

"It is not Max," she said with a swift glance at me. I stood where I was. Come in," she cried.

The door opened, and to my amazement Wetter stood there. He was panting, as though he had run fast, and his air displayed agitation. The countess ran to him instantly. His coming seemed to revive the fears that her love had laid to

# THE FILIPINOS.

#### BY EDWIN WILDMAN, UNITED STATES VICE CONSUL AT HONGKONG.

THE EIGHT MILLION ORIENTALS WHO HAVE COME UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG--WHAT THEY ARE TODAY,
AND WHAT EDUCATION AND GOOD GOVERNMENT MAY HELP THEM TO BECOME.

THE native Filipinos are a picturesque, intelligent, and curiously interesting race; particularly so to the American, who is already trying to analyze their character and lay down a set of rules by which to gage them. Perhaps he will succeed: if so, he will show himself a better student of humanity than the Spaniard, who has been vainly trying to take the Filipino's measure for three centuries. will endeavor to present some of the salient traits of this enigmatical race; but as to deducing conclusions, I should prefer to leave the task to those who, for the present at least, must bear the heavy responsibility of governing it.

The Filipino men are sturdy little fellows; the women are graceful and not without good looks. They have never known the dwarfing influences of the class distinctions, and the mixture of idolatry and skepticism, that are the heritage of the Chinese and Japanese, their neighbors. They know neither the mandarin nor the coolie class; in a sense all Filipinos are

equal.

China and Japan have made unsuccessful efforts to bring the islands under their control, but nature seems to have intended that their identity should remain distinct. She hedged them about with rains and heat, typhoons and earthquakes, that have effectually protected them from invaders. Fleets of Chinese war junks, thirsting for the wealth of the Philippines, have had their greed checked by the death dealing storms of the China Sea.

The Chinaman of the present century, profiting by the fate of his ancestors, finally relinquished the perilous undertaking of capturing and looting the Philippines; and he has gone there at the invitation of the crafty Spaniard, who sought his skill and industry at wages on which only a Chinaman can exist. The invitation was extended to John alone. His

wives and daughters were not included. John must marry, if at all, a native woman, and especial advantages and inducements were offered if he took to himself a Filipino wife. The result has been that the mestizo, or halfbreed, is found everywhere in Manila and throughout the provinces. The mestizo is a good citizen. He is thrifty, inheriting his father's industry and commercial ability, and the gentle and self possessed disposition of his mother. Of the mestizo type there are some attractive women; and many Spaniards have taken native or halfbreed wives. The descendants of these unions form a large percentage of the business population. In Manila this class usually call themselves Spaniards, but the Tagalo and Chinese cast of countenance is easily recognized.

The Philippine Malay is invariably short of stature, but is well formed, round of limb, having a good chest expansion and a well shaped head. His looks are boyish and he never seems to grow old, nor does his hair appear to lose its deep black and ebony polish with advancing years.

The native woman always wears her hair loose, flowing at the pleasure of the breeze on her bare shoulders. She dresses it frequently with a shell comb, which, when not in use, is the sole hair ornament, clinging to the back of her head. Cocoanut oil is used liberally to give her tresses luster and aid their growth, and no self respecting woman, native or Spaniard, ever wears a hat. In this respect Manila is a paradise for theater goers; but unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—only one company of American players has as yet favored a Philippine audience.

The Filipinos are cleanly. Bathing is a national sport with them, and one which in interest for the observer outclasses golf and polo. In the Rio Grande, up the swift flowing Pasig, and on the beach in



A COMPANY OF AGUINALDO'S FILIPINO SOLDIERS.

From a photograph taken in December, 1898, in the outskirts of Manila.

front of the Luneta—Manila's Riverside Drive—I have seen hundreds of native men and women splashing about and sousing themselves with water from bamboo buckets, for in the code of Filipino etiquette there is no rule that says "Don't" on the subject of men, women, children, sharks, dogs, ponies, and water buffaloes

bathing together.
Raiment is some

Raiment is somewhat meager, especially in the provinces, but the popular garb is appropriate and not inartistic, and it is kept as spotless as soap, clean water, and hand rubbing and pounding can conspire to make it. The Filipinos in the interior, as well as in the vicinity of Manila, use clothes lines. This struck me as a fact worth noting, for in all the Celestial empire I do not believe Christianity has been able to accomplish the introduction of that characteristic institution of the Anglo Saxon back yard.

When the Filipino woman gowns herself in her Sunday best, she produces quite an agreeable picture to the eye; and even in her every day costume she is not unpicturesque. I could never study out a satisfactory reason why a woman, shoeless, stockingless, and devoid of waist covering, hatless, gloveless, and décolletée to a degree that would make a ballet dancer envious of her liberty, should insist upon wearing a ball gown, with a train, while engaged in doing the family washing or pounding rice paddy; but the ways of women are as mysterious to man in the Philippines as elsewhere. The same Filipino woman, however, her well poised head bearing a burden that would make a Chinese coolie stoop, moving majestically along the street or through the fields, one well rounded arm steadying the head tray or water bottle, the other swinging easily at her side, is a picture that is filling the



AN YGOROTE WARRIOR. SIX HUNDRED YGOROTES,
ARMED WITH SPEARS OR BOWS AND ARROWS,
ARE SAID TO HAVE ATTACKED A BATTERY
OF AMERICAN FIELD GUNS DURING
THE FIGHTING BEFORE MANILA.

notebook of every American artist in the Philippines, amateur or professional. The only detail that gives it a touch of the grotesque is the frequent appearance of a big Manila cigar clinched between two rows of betel stained teeth, with great clouds of smoke issuing from the mouth and nostrils. Betel nut chewing and cigar smoking are the vices of the Filipino women. There is a chance for missionary work here, if for no other purpose than in the interests of art.

Filipino women have good necks and shoulders, and there is no costume in vogue that hides them from view. The popular and almost universal gown consists of a piña cloth waist and an elabo-

rately embroidered satin skirt, with a train that bells out as if it were sustained by the air that it compresses in moving. The needlework upon the skirt is frequently a thing of real beauty. Raised figures of flowers and birds are favorites, and the tropical luxuriance of the foliage and the gorgeous plumage of the birds are imitated with artistic effect and marvelous precision. The blouse waist, the flowing sleeves, and the handkerchief neck scarf, two corners of which hang down the back, must ofttimes be stumbling blocks to domestic felicity, for to possess these articles of raiment the Filipino woman will throw economy and prudence to the winds. I have seen neck scarfs alone that cost three hundred dollars, Mexican money, their making requiring from one to two years of patient needlework. So perfect is the embroidering that the test of the magnifying glass fails to reveal a bad stitch or a flaw.



A FILIPINO GIRL IN A PIÑA SILK DRESS.



A NATIVE CHIEF IN MINDANAO, THE GREAT SOUTHERN ISLAND OF THE PHILIPPINES, ATTENDED BY HIS DATOR (LORDS) AND THERR SERVANTS. THE COSTUMES OF THE GROUP SHOW THE FONDNESS OF THE PEQPLE OF MINDANAO FOR BRILLIANT COLORS.



A MESTIZO OR HALFBREED WOMAN OF MANILA, WEARING A LONG SKIRT OF BRILLIANTLY COLORED PIÑA CLOTH.

dollars, Mexican money, in return for her work. And Manila hats are unrivaled for tropical climates, being light as feathers, while their double weave permits the air to circulate within, forming a partial resistance to the sun's fiercest rays.

Although the women as a class are industrious, it may be said here, as a tribute to native character, that the beast of burden of the Philippines is not woman. To those who know the degenerate Chinese, their neighbors, this fact will be a feather in the cap of the Filipinos. I do not credit this stride toward civilization to the influence of Spanish rule, but to the native manliness that exists in the Filipino character. Across the China Sea, womankind is the lowest of her species. As a wife or a concubine, she is a domestic slave. As a coolie,

American women in Manila have frequently she is the main support of her family, gone into raptures over this work, but a common day laborer of the most

seldom have their pocketbooks opened wide enough to secure

the best specimens.

The clothes of the Filipino men form a striking contrast to those of the women. White cotton drilling and piña cloth of the coarser weaves are the typical materials. I use the word "white" advisably, for they are scrupulously clean. The Manila hat, not unlike the Panama article, though of a finer weave and material, is the universal male headgear. A peculiarity is that the weave is double, and if trimmed around the edge, as the leaves of an uncut book are separated with a paper knife, two complete and perfectly formed hats would result. Cocoanut fiber, hemp, and even bamboo fiber are used in the manufacture of these hats. which will stand many washings without losing their original shape and color. A native woman will spend a month's labor in the production of one and consider herself well paid if she gets four



A FILIPINO WOMAN OF MANILA, WEARING A BODICE OF PIÑA SILK AND A LONG SKIRT OF EMBROIDERED SATIN.

degraded type, tilling the fields, carrying the burdens, doing the household drudgery, and working at the most menial labor. She toils for the merest pittance, while her lord and master smokes opium or basks in the sun, chattering gossip with others of his kind.

In bright contrast to this, the Filipino

life. In Manila and in some of the large towns school houses exist, but they are mere kindergartens, and the teaching is confined to the native language and the most meager rudiments of knowledge. The average native youth spends his boyhood in playing games of chance, cock fighting, minding the baby, and doing



THE ITINERANT MERCHANT OF THE PHILIPPINES—A CHINESE PEDDLER SELLING COTTON GOODS TO FILIPINO WOMEN.

woman's sphere is her home and her family, though if necessity demand it she is not averse to becoming a merchant, or even taking a hand at the labor of the fields. She is a fisherwoman, too, and aids in supplying the family with food. She sews, spins, weaves, and gathers thatch and twigs to keep the hut in repair. She preserves her youth to a considerable age, and the custom of carrying her burdens upon her head makes her straight of form and graceful in her movements.

The lack of early education is one of the unfortunate conditions of Filipino petty household tasks. He rides the water buffalo through the rice fields at planting and harvesting time, and helps his mother on fishing excursions, but all his work is desultory and his discipline is ineffective. He therefore grows up lazy, unambitious, and dependent. Not until he becomes a man with the responsibilities of a family does he mature into an industrious citizen. Stern necessity becomes his first disciplinarian, and under its force he rapidly develops. Had it been applied earlier, the dormant qualities of his nature might have made a better showing.



FILIPINO WOMEN IN CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES, WITH NECK SCARFS, EMBROIDERED SLEEVES, AND LONG SKIRTS OF PIÑA CLOTH OR SILK.

Under compulsory education the two or three millions of civilized Filipinos would in a decade outstrip any native race in the tropics. Many instances prove that they are capable of high culture. In music they are naturally gifted, and it is not unusual to see a native band reading scores at sight and playing upon French instruments. Hundreds of natives speak English and thousands Spanish; some have been educated in Madrid and Paris. There are native assistants in the Manila Observatory who handle the delicate instruments for measuring sound waves, registering seismic oscillations, determining the movement of atmospheric disturbances, and calculating weather prognostications.



A NATIVE CART ON THE SHORE OF MANILA BAY, DRAWN BY WATER BUFFALOES (BUBALUS BUFFELUS),
THE CHARACTERISTIC BEAST OF BURDEN OF THE PHILIPPINES.

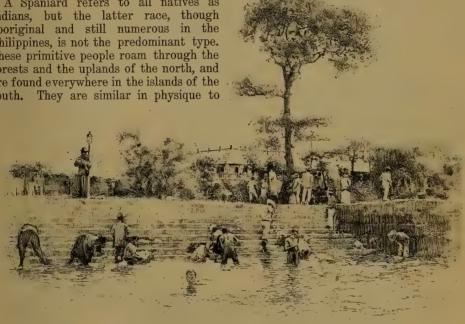
Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph.

The richest man in the archipelago is a native. Native curés occupy many of the churches in the provinces.

Like all orientals, the Filipino loves color and display; but his taste does not run to the gaudy effects that are found elsewhere in the east. He is largely imitative in this respect, and the Spaniards have been the only model he has

A Spaniard refers to all natives as Indians, but the latter race, though aboriginal and still numerous in the Philippines, is not the predominant type. These primitive people roam through the forests and the uplands of the north, and are found everywhere in the islands of the south. They are similar in physique to

shifting, untranslatable character. Indeed, he has been called by still harder names. As a matter of fact, two thirds of the inhabitants of the great tropical archipelago are as uncivilized as the aborigine of central Africa; but one third of them have already risen far above primitive savagery. What a few genera-



A WASHING AND BATHING PLACE IN THE PASIG RIVER, IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. Drawn by M. Stein from a photograph.

the Filipinos, but bear a more striking resemblance to the natives of the West Indies. They have round faces and coarse curly hair; are athletic in form, swift runners, good huntsmen, and fearless fighters when attacked, though their habits are peaceful and their natures simple and childlike.

The Filipino, native or domesticated, has been termed an anomaly, an enigma, tions of contact with the best influences of modern progress may do for this interesting people is a fruitful theme for speculation. Unquestionably there is good material in our new found friend the Filipino—for it is inconceivable that he will decide to be our enemy; and the time is ripe for his development into a worthy and self respecting member of the family of nations.



## OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

#### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE A TRIUMPH, OPENING

A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION — THE SEVENTH INSTALMENT CONTINUES

THE STORY OF THE EVENTFUL DAYS WHEN SHAFTER AND SAMPSON WERE

BELEAGUERING THE SPANISH STRONGHOLD OF SANTIAGO.

SHAFTER'S orders for the arrangement of the army ashore directed Lawton to lead its advance, occupying "a strong defensive position" a little way beyond Siboney, on the road toward Santiago; Bates' brigade was to be close

and Daiquiri. But Wheeler, who was the senior officer ashore—Shafter remained on the Segurança until the 29th—partly upset this program. The gallant veteran was as eager to get at the enemy as he had ever been thirty five years before,



WITH WHEELER'S DIVISION BEFORE SANTIAGO DE CUBA—THE SIXTH CAVALRY IN THE TRENCHES NEAR SAN JUAN, JULY 3, 1898.

Drawn by V. F. Campbell from a sketch made on the field.

behind, supporting Lawton; Kent's division was to be held at Siboney, where it landed; Wheeler's was to bring up the rear, taking its station between Siboney

when he was a daring young leader of Confederate cavalry. On the evening of the 23d he ordered the commander of his second brigade, General Young, who had just reached Siboney from Daiquiri, to move forward, in the morning, to reconnoiter General Rubin's position near Sevilla. He had received information of the Spaniards' whereabouts from General Castillo, whose men had had a skirmish with their rearguard, and had been driven off with one killed and nine wounded.

#### YOUNG'S PLAN OF ATTACK.

The main road from Siboney to Santiago runs inland along a small valley, and then ascends some three hundred feet to a gap in the hills, at a point called Las Guasimas ("the guasima trees"), where it turns westward to Sevilla and thence through an undulating country to the capital of the province. General Castillo had pointed



BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM S. WORTH, WHO, AS LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, LED HIS REGIMENT IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, WHERE HE WAS WOUNDED.

From a photograph by Rinehart, Omaha.



BRIGADIER GENERAL (NOW MAJOR GENERAL) HAMILTON S. HAWKINS, WHO LED HIS BRIGADE IN THE CHARGE AT SAN JUAN.

From a photograph by Reed, Mobile.

out another trail, which climbs the hillside directly above Siboney, and passes along the high ground to join the main road at Las Guasimas, about three miles inland. The former is an ordinary Cuban highway, rough and narrow; the latter, a mere footpath through dense woods. General Young's plan of attack was to advance a squadron of the First Cavalry and another of the Tenth, 464 men in all, with a battery of Hotchkiss guns-he had not been able to get rations for his other two squadrons of regulars—along the main road, while his other regiment, the Rough Riders, with 500 men, nearly its full strength, moved forward by the hill trail

to join them. General Castillo was to support the attack with 800 Cubans, whom he promised to bring up at five

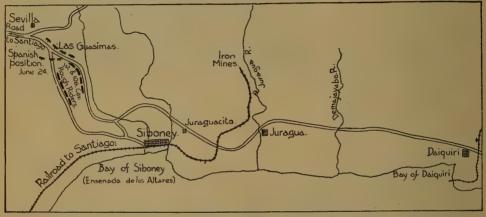
o'clock the next morning.

At half past five Young's men were ready to move, and he sent Lieutenant Rivers, one of his aides, to notify Castillo, who had not put in an appearance. Rivers came back and reported that the Cuban general was asleep, and his sentries would not allow him to be aroused. Young then gave the order to march, and the First Cavalry led the way forward, followed by the Hotchkiss guns, and by the negro troopers of the Tenth. At half past seven, approaching the

Hotchkiss guns began the fight. The enemy then replied with rifle volleys from behind rough breastworks of piled stones, and their fire was so hot that Young ordered his guns under cover for a time.

Meanwhile his troopers were creeping forward through dense undergrowth and wire fences till they reached a position close under the Spanish lines. Here for the first time they opened fire, advancing upon the enemy's front and left flank, and pressing forward with the greatest courage and determination over very difficult ground and up a steep slope.

Colonel Wood's men came in contact with the Spaniards just before Young's



SKETCH MAP OF THE SCENE OF THE BEGINNING OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JUNE 22-24, 1898.

enemy's position, the column was halted in an open space and scouts were sent forward to reconnoiter. They reported the Spaniards in plain sight on a hill above the gap through which the road passed.

THE FIRST LAND FIGHT OF THE WAR.

Young advanced two of his guns along the road to draw the enemy's fire, while he deployed his men, keeping them covered in the thick chaparral, for an attack upon the left of Rubin's lines. In order to allow the Rough Riders, who had a more difficult trail to follow, time to reach the Spanish right, he waited twenty minutes before opening fire. During this delay General Wheeler rode up and joined him, but made no change in his arrangements. The two commanders were with the guns, in full view of the Spaniards, who did not fire until the

column got into action, meeting them almost face to face in the tropical jungle. It has been stated that the Rough Riders were ambushed, but the term cannot be applied to an encounter so deliberately planned. The volunteer troopers were advancing cautiously through the woods, knowing that the enemy was close in front, when they came directly upon the first Spanish line, and received a fire that caused several casualties, one of the first to fall being Sergeant Hamilton Fish. a member of a well known New York Deploying both to the right, to get in touch with the other column, and to the left, to outflank the enemy, they pushed on as bravely as the regulars, the Spaniards before through the woods. A small blockhouse at which Rubin's men made a brief stand was charged and captured, and about an hour and a quarter after the action began



GRIMES' BATTERY, POSTED ON THE HILL OF EL POZO, FIRING THE FIRST GUN OF THE ATTACK ON THE SPANISH POSITION AT SAN JUAN, IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 1, 1898.

Drawn by William J. Glackens from sketches made on the field.

the brigade had captured the entire position of the enemy, who "fled precipitately," according to General Young's report; but as they carried all their wounded with them, their disorder may have been more apparent than real.

#### THE SPANISH SIDE OF IT.

The Spanish account of the action, as given by Lieutenant Müller, is that General Rubin was attacked by a strong American force, which he drove back, but

under cover of his armored ships, armed with the most modern and powerful guns.

Linares' tactics seem to have been weak and undecided. Sampson's guns could sooner or later have rendered untenable any position within three miles of the shore, but a more determined stand at Las Guasimas, a position quite as well suited for defense as Caney or San Juan, might at least have checked Shafter's advance and given time for the arrival of reinforcements from Manzanillo. The



BEFORE SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 3, 1898 — AMERICAN SOLDIERS TAKING THEIR POSITION IN THE TRENCHES NEAR SAN JUAN.

Drawn by William J. Glackens.

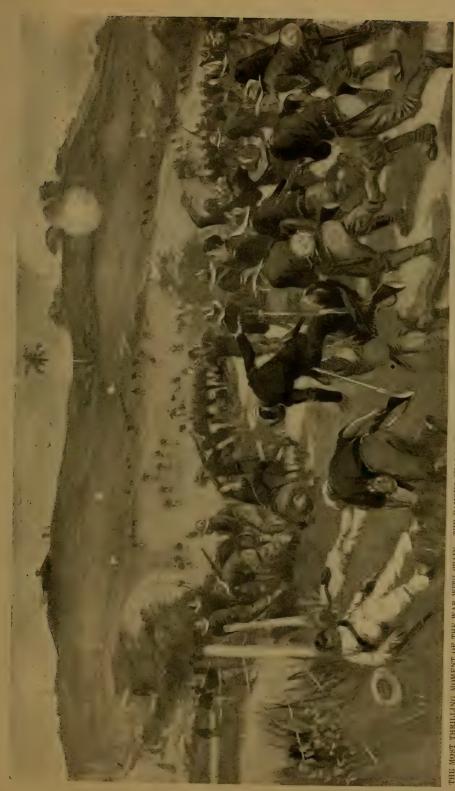
that he withdrew in obedience to orders received the day before from General Linares. Two days later Linares issued a general order, in hich he declared:

Soldiers! We left the mineral region\* because I did not wish to sacrifice your lives in unequal battle, with musket fire, against the pompous superiority of the enemy, who was fighting us

\* The neighborhood of Daiquiri and Juragua (near Siboney), where there are extensive iron mines owned by three American companies.

half hearted resistance that Rubin offered to Young was worse than useless, and his hasty retreat before so small a force was not calculated to encourage the defenders of Santiago.

Young's attack was so bold that the enemy very probably mistook his four squadrons for the advance guard of a much larger body. With 964 men he had driven from a strong position a Spanish force which he estimated at



THE MOST THRILLING MOMENT OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN-THE FAMOUS CHARGE UPON FORT SAN JUAN AND THE SPANISH TRENCHES, AT HALF PAST ONE O'CLOCK, JULY 1, 1898. Pream by William J. Glackens from sketches made on the field.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS SEARCHING FOR SPANISH SHARPSHOOTERS DURING THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

2,500 \* with a couple of machine guns. Bravery is expected of American soldiers, but his troops had fought notably well, though practically none of them had been under fire before, and the Rough Riders

\*The Spanish force at Las Guasimas has been variously stated, American estimates running from 2,000 to 4,000, while Lieutenant Müller asserts that only part of Rubin's troopseven companies, under Commander Alcaniz, with some engineers and artillery, perhaps 800 men in all—were actually in the fight. It is quite possible that Rubin's whole force was not engaged, though the Spanish army officers from whom Lieutenant Müller got his information were by no means unimpeachable authorities. The detailed list they gave of the American regiments in the attacking force was lrighly imaginative.

had never fired a Krag-Jorgensen rifle until that day, having received their guns only just be-fore they left Tampa. The American loss was killed (8 in each column) and 52 wounded, the dead including officer — Captain one Capron, of the Rough Riders, a son of the Captain Capron who was with the expedition as commander of a battery of artillery.\* As for the enemy's loss, General Young reported that 42 dead bodies were seen: Colonel Wood, that the Rough Riders alone found 40; but the Spanish official report admitted only 9 killed and 27 wounded. General Wheeler, in his book on the campaign, that General records Toral told him that the Spanish loss on June 24 was about 250, and that General Escario put it at about 200-statements which strongly discredit the official report.

It has been pointed out that in attacking the enemy's position with a divided force, General Young violated a rule of tactics. The trails along which his command moved, however, were nowhere more than a mile and a half apart—

much less than that at the point where fighting was expected; and his two columns were ut of touch with each other for only a prief time. Moreover, Castillo had assured him that the Cuban outposts covered both roads. And, like many another move in warfare, the plan was vindicated by its complete success. After the fight, Young said to

<sup>\*</sup> It was one of the pathetic incidents of the campaign that both Caprons lost their lives, the son by a Spanish bullet, the father by a Cuban fever.

THE

ENGAGING

MOUTH OF

Wheeler\*: "General, if I had lost this battle and lived through it, you would have had my resignation."

#### THE RACE TO THE FRONT.

The day was an oppressively hot one, and Young's men were too much exhausted to pursue the Spaniards, even had it been prudent to do so. The race to the front-for the eagerness of the American commanders really made it a race—was now taken up by Lawton's division, headed by Chaffee's brigade, which reached the scene of the engagement soon after it was Naturally, over. view of Shafter's instructions, Lawton and his brigade commanders had been surprised to find that Wheeler was in front of them. soon as the firing was heard in Siboney, Chaffee mounted and galloped along the Sevilla road till he overtook Young, with whom he remonstrated warmly. It may be mentioned here that on the night before, as the Rough Riders' dynamite gun was being hurried forward from Daiquiri, under Wheeler's orders, to join Young's attacking col-umn, its captain, Sergeant Borrowe, was halted by one of Lawton's officers, who refused to let him pass to the front. Shafter, no doubt, was

\*\*According to a newspaper report (New York Sun, January 22, 1890) of General Young's own account of the action. Newspaper reports are seldom good authorities for the historian, but this one bears the marks of authenticity, and the journal in which it appeared is a far more trustworthy chronicier than most of our "great dailies."



CUBA—CERVERA'S CRUISERS, SHORTLY AFTER BATTLESHIPS IOWA AND INDIANA DE SANTIAGO 1898, OFF က် OF NAVAL BATTLE

also astonished when he heard that his rearguard division had pushed forward and won a sharp fight; but he accepted the result with soldierly readiness, and commended Wheeler and Young in his official report. At the same time, while he remained on the Segurança he sent daily despatches to the veteran cavalryman enjoining him not to bring on another fight.

army, the campaign revealed, on the Spanish side, a state of affairs exceedingly discreditable to Spain's military administration in Cuba. Few or none of the preparations that ordinary foresight would have suggested had been made. When Cervera's squadron first lay in Santiago harbor, helpless for lack of coal, and the American blockaders gathered outside, the least accomplished



THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF JULY 3, 1898—THE BATTLESHIP OREGON CHASING THE SPANISH CRUISER CRISTOBAL COLON.

Castillo had not appeared during the action at Las Guasimas, but after it was over a column of Cubans came up, led by a Frenchman, who, according to General Young, "was in a very bloodthirsty mood. He said that he had orders from Castillo to follow up the Spaniards and fight them wherever he found them. I ordered him to go back," Young adds, "and would not have him near me." From this time the insurgents figured less prominently in the American plans of campaign.

THE WEAKNESS OF SPAIN'S DEFENSE.

If the mobilizing of Shafter's corps brought to light serious weaknesses in the organization of the United States strategist might have seen where the war was about to center; yet no timely steps were taken to gather men and supplies at the threatened point. Not until the last days of May were the medieval batteries at the harbor mouth reinforced with guns from the Reina Mercedes. There had been a chronic shortage of provisions, and nothing was done to remedy it. Had not a German steamer come in on May 7 with a cargo of rice,\* the troops would have fared even worse than they did.

<sup>\*</sup> This vessel, the Polaria, was bound for Havana, but put in at Santiago on hearing of the blockade. Lieutenant Müller states that she carried 1,700 sacks of rice; Commander Jacobsen of the German cruiser Geier, who visited Santiago during the blockade, and whose account of his observations has been published by the Navy Department, says 14,000 sacks.

With more than 30,000 soldiers in the province, and with plenty of time to send reinforcements to the garrison of Santiago, no effort was made to do so in season to render effective aid.

Captain General Blanco's first defensive move was an order issued on June 20almost three weeks after the beginning of the blockade—constituting the forces of the extreme southeastern district, extending from Manzanillo to Baracoa and Guantanamo, a separate army corps, under Lieutenant General Arsenio Linares. Two days later General Frederico Escario left Manzanillo for Santiago with 3,550 men and two guns. His march was a difficult one, and the insurgents constantly harassed him, killing or wounding 97 of his men, but failing to keep him out of Santiago, where he arrived on the evening of July 3—just too late for the decisive fight of the campaign. It is stated in General Miles' report that another body of Spaniards started to Linares' relief from Holguin, but was compelled to turn back. The 5,000 men whom Shafter left in his rear at Guantanamo never attempted a hostile movement, and had apparently no orders to do so.

On withdrawing Rubin's brigade from Sevilla, Linares posted his forces along a line beginning on the coast at Fort Aguadores, following the railroad from that point to its terminus at Las Cruces on Santiago Bay, and thence running northeastward, his last outpost on the left wing being in the village of Caney, four miles northeast of Santiago. This long line was thinly held, there being, according to Lieutenant Müller, 3,000 around the city and as far in front of it as San Juan; 800 on the right wing, from Las Cruces to Fort Aguadores; and 520, under General Vara del Rey, at Caney in all 4,320 men, of whom about two thirds were Spanish regulars, the rest being mobilized troops (Spanish militia), volunteers, and sailors from Cervera's Besides these, there was in Santiago a small reserve force of cavalry, police (the guardia civile), and firemen; nearly 1,000 men were stationed in the harbor batteries—450 at the Morro, 400 at the Socapa, 120 at Punta Gorda; and 900 more, under Colonel Aldea, were intrenched west of the bay. There were also outlying detachments at Palma Soriano, San Luis, and other inland points.

This does not seem to be the best disposition that could have been made, Shafter moved straight forward to deliver his attack, not veiling it by feint or strategy, and the defending force might have been concentrated more effectively to meet him. It may have been necessary to station a regiment west of the bay, but the garrison of the harbor forts might well have been diminished to strengthen the position in front of Shafter's advance. Lieutenant Müller accounts for the effort to cover so wide an extent of country by the necessity of protecting the aqueduct that supplied Santiago with water, and of holding a district that kept the troops supplied with a certain amount of fresh food presumably mangoes, sweet potatoes, and sugar cane.

#### SHAFTER PREPARES TO ATTACK.

On the evening of June 24—the day of the action at Las Guasimas—the last men of Kent's division were ashore at Siboney. Six comparatively uneventful days followed, during which the corps gradually pushed forward and occupied the hilly, wooded country about Sevilla, as far as The first tactical problem, that El Pozo. of the landing, had been successfully accomplished; General Shafter was now struggling with the second—that of getting ashore the supplies that his army needed before it could go into battle. It proved an exceedingly difficult task, owing to the lack of tugs and scows, and for several days the troops lived from hand to mouth, provisions being landed no faster than they were consumed. Had a storm driven the fleet from the coast, the result might have been serious. or even disastrous. Two weeks passed before the corps had three days' rations in advance.

On the 25th and 26th Garcia and 3,000 of his Cubans were carried on the transports from Aserraderos to Siboney. On the 27th the first reinforcements arrived from the United States, the Thirty Third and Thirty Fourth Michigan, forming a brigade under Brigadier General Duffield, being landed at the same point. These regiments came from Camp Alger.

On the 29th Shafter came ashore, and established his headquarters about a mile east of El Pozo—that is, a mile behind his outposts—close to the trail along

which most of the army was encamped. His heavy guns were not landed, and the equipment of his corps was still far from complete, but he was unwilling—and very properly so-to delay a day longer than was absolutely necessary. Coming into the tropics in the rainy season, his men were certain, if the campaign were prolonged, to find the fevers of Cuba a more deadly foe than the guns of the Spaniards,\* "It was to be a dash or nothing," as Shafter himself said.

General Shafter did not attempt any reconnaissance in person, beyond overlooking the country before him from a hill near his headquarters. He has been severely criticised for failing to keep in closer touch with his troops, and to foresee more exactly the difficulties of the field of battle; but it must be remembered that he was a man of sixty one, exceedingly stout, and that his health suffered seriously in the tropical climate and under his tremendous burden of hard work and responsibility. Besides the exhaustion of malaria, he was enduring great pain from an attack of the gout, which incapacitated him from putting his foot into a stirrup. He was absolutely compelled to let other men represent him at the front.

Generals Wheeler, Lawton, and Chaffee, Colonel Derby of the engineers, and other officers, had been active in reconnoitering, and had received pretty full information as to the Spanish forces and positions from Cuban peasants. The enemy's weakness in artillery and lack of supplies were also learned, and it was concluded that his resistance would not be strong. Shafter undoubtedly underestimated the task he was about to set his men: but his mistake was shared by his ablest officers, and probably by every member of his Wheeler, who had been close up to Caney, asked permission to attack at that point, his plan being to concentrate a heavy artillery fire upon it, and cut off

the retreat of its garrison, which was known to be small, by placing a division between the village and Santiago. Shafter agreed with him as to the direction of the first attack, but preferred to intrust it to Lawton. On the 29th the commanding general telegraphed to Washington:

Advance pickets within a mile and a half of Santiago. No opposition. Spaniards have evidently withdrawn to immediate vicinity of the town. Expect to put division on Caney road, between that place and Santiago, day after to-morrow, and will also advance on Sevilla road to San Juan river, and possibly beyond. General Garcia, with 3,000 men, will take railroad north of Santiago at the same time to prevent Pando reaching city.

On the afternoon of the 30th Shafter summoned his division commanders to a council of war, at which his plans for an immediate attack were formulated. Lawton's division, supported by Bates' brigade and by one battery of artillery (Captain Capron's) was to assault Caney at daybreak; the other two divisions were to march straight forward toward Santiago by the road through San Juan, Kent's deploying to the left, Wheeler's to the right; and Lawton, who promised to take Caney in two hours at most, was to come down the high road from that village, and bring his left in line with the right of the cavalry division in time for the attack upon the Spaniards' central position. Captain Grimes' battery, posted at El Pozo, was to support the left wing; the other two batteries of light artillery, and the Gatling guns, were to be held in The only infantry reserve was reserve. the Thirty Fourth Michigan, back at Siboney; the other Michigan regiment was ordered to move along the narrow gauge railroad from that point and threaten the Spanish detachment at Fort Aguadores.

General Wheeler was not at the council. The veteran cavalry commander was lying in his tent, exposure to heat and rain having brought on a slight fever; and though he had not reported himself unfit for duty, it seems that Shafter, or possibly one of Shafter's aides, considered him so, and summoned his senior brigade commander, General Sumner, to headquarters in his place.

Lawton's division marched toward Caney during the night, and at sunrise next morning (July 1) was in position for the attack. For his plan of action Law-

<sup>\*</sup>During nine weeks, while the Fifth Corps was in Cuba, it lost 318 men from disease, against 263 who were killed in action or died of their wounds.

In describing the conditions under which he went into battle, Shafter said in his official report: "These preparations were far from what I desired them to be, but we were in a sickly climate; our supplies had to be brought forward by a narrow wagon road which the rains might at any time render impassable; fear was entertained that a storm might drive the vessels containing our stores to sea, thus separating us from our base of supplies; and, lastly, it was reported that General Pando, with 8,000 reinforcements for the enemy, was en route from Manzanillo, and might be expected in a few days." The movement of Ecsario's brigade was of course the foundation for this last report. General Pando, it afterwards appeared, was not in that part of Cuba at the time.

ton gives credit to General Chaffee, who had made a very thorough reconnaissance close up to the enemy's lines. Chaffee's own brigade was to move upon the village from the east, while Ludlow came up on the south, along the road from Santiago, with Colonel Miles' two regiments to support him. Bates' brigade, which had to march from Siboney, did not reach the front until several hours after the fight began.

#### THE BATTLE OF CANEY, JULY 1.

The first shot was fired by Capron's battery at a quarter past six. There was no reply till Chaffee's skirmish line was within half a mile of the trenches, when the Spaniards opened fire with unexpected spirit and effect, and for three hours the battle was a sharp infantry duel. It was soon clear that Lawton's estimate had been far too sanguine, and that the garrison of Caney, though greatly outnumbered, had heavy odds in the strength of its defenses. The key to the position was a small conical hill at the southern end of the village, on the top of which stood an old masonry fort. In front of this were trenches—some of them cut in solid rock —and wire entanglements. There were also five blockhouses, with connecting trenches, dotted around Caney, and when the Spaniards were finally driven into the village they continued a desperate resistance from its houses and its stone church, whose walls were loopholed for rifle fire.

The defense of Caney was the best and bravest bit of fighting the Spaniards did in the whole war. It was worthy of the finest traditions of a nation whose most famous deeds of valor, from the days of Saguntum to those of Saragossa, have been done in defense of beleaguered towns. For more than ten hours General Vara del Rey's five hundred men kept at bay ten times their number of American soldiers. And while the Spanish resistance was nothing less than heroic, the action was equally creditable to Lawton's troops. whose attack was finally successful only because it was pushed home with unfaltering courage and persistence.\*

The fire of the American artillery was

disappointingly ineffective, and the work was done by hard fighting on the part of the infantry. The first movement to get at close quarters with the enemy was made by the Seventeenth Infantry, forming Chaffee's extreme right, who advanced along a slightly sunken road to seize a low ridge commanding the village on the northeast. As they deployed through a gap in the hedge that bordered the road, they met such a heavy fire that they had to withdraw, Lieutenant Colonel Haskell, who was leading his men, being badly wounded by three bullets. The regiment was moved to a less exposed position still further to the right.

The Seventh Infantry then came up along the road, deployed behind the ridge, advanced, and held it under a heavy fire, which caused serious losses, and to which they could make little reply, the Spaniards being seldom visible. General Chaffee, who was with them, had a button shot from his coat, and a bullet went through his shoulder strap.

His other regiment, the Twelfth Infantry, was fighting its way forward a little further to the left, along a valley that led close under the Spanish fort. Far to the left, Ludlow was gradually closing in on the southwest side of the village; Miles had come up in line with him, on the south; and when Bates' brigade arrived, and occupied the gap between Miles and Chaffee, Caney was surrounded on three sides with a continuous ring of fire. Ludlow's two regiments of regulars, the Eighth and the Twenty Second Infantry, were hotly engaged with the Spanish riflemen in two blockhouses and behind loopholed walls. His third regiment, the Second Massachusetts, took little part in the battle. Like all the volunteers except the Rough Riders, they were armed with the old Springfield rifles, firing non smokeless cartridges, and their first volley drew so heavy a return that they were ordered to the rear, after losing five men killed and forty wounded.

It was about half past two o'clock when Chaffee, judging that the enemy had not strength left to resist a charge, ordered the Twelfth to storm the stone fort. Lawton had authorized him to make this decisive movement at his discretion; and it was executed with great gallantry, Bates' advance guard coming up almost simultaneously on the other side of the

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;On the 1st of July," says Lieutenant Müller, the Spanish historian of the campaign, "the Americans fought with truly admirable courage. . . Did they think that all they had to do was to attack our soldiers en masse to put them to flight? God knows."

This point of vantage captured, the assailants commanded the village; but fighting lasted fully two hours longer. the Spaniards resisting stubbornly as they fell back from house to house. At five o'clock the battle was over, and Canev had been taken, at a heavy cost to its captors, for the division had lost almost five hundred men killed and wounded. On the Spanish side, General Vara del Rey had been killed at noon; he was wounded in both legs, and as he was being carried to the rear on a stretcher another bullet despatched him. Two of his sons had fallen with him, and of his 520 men about 300 were dead and wounded, 120 were captured, and 100 escaped to Santiago.

A considerable body of Garcia's Cubans took part in the battle of Caney by making one of their characteristic attacks upon an outlying blockhouse about a mile from the village. Although they are said to have numbered several hundred, while the blockhouse was garrisoned by possibly a dozen men, they remained about a mile from the enemy, at which distance they poured in a hot but harmless fire until their ammunition was exhausted and General Chaffee refused them a fresh supply.

#### THE ADVANCE UPON SAN JUAN.

Meanwhile the other two divisions had moved forward toward the San Juan river, where, according to Shafter's plan, Lawton was to come up in line with them on their right, after taking Caney. There was only one road for the advance—a rough, narrow trail, deep in mud from the daily rains. It ran through thick woods until it reached the river, beyond which there was open ground, sloping upward to the low ridges on which the first Spanish lines were posted. In General Wheeler's absence, the cavalry division formed, at sunrise, under the command of his senior brigadier, General Sumner, who was replaced as brigade commander by Lieutenant Colonel Carroll of the Sixth Cavalry. The other cavalry brigade was commanded by Colonel Wood of the Rough Riders, General Young being down with a severe attack of fever. But about nine o'clock, when the fighting had scarcely begun, Wheeler, ailing as he was, rode up and took command as senior officer in the field.

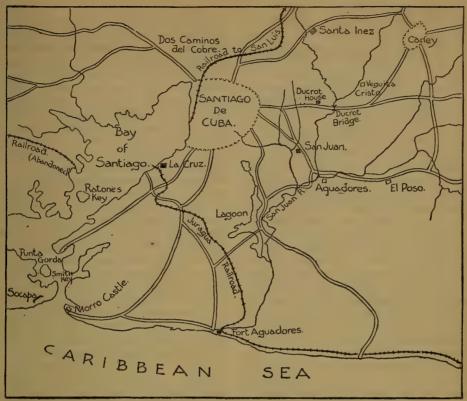
Kent had his division ready to move at

seven o'clock, when Lieutenant Colonel McClernand, Shafter's adjutant general, gave him the word to advance. His first brigade (General Hawkins') was leading. followed by the third (Colonel Wikoff's) and the second (Colonel Pearson's). head of his column was a few hundred vards beyond El Pozo when he received orders to allow the cavalry division right of way, and his troops halted along the trail. There was a delay of three quarters of an hour, which Kent and Hawkins utilized for reconnoitering. They rode down to the river, forded it, and observed the Spanish position, from which a sharp fire, both of rifles and of artillery, was already coming. The enemy's guns were replying to Grimes' battery at El Pozo, and a damaging fusillade was attracted by the signal corps balloon, which was being slowly drawn forward along the crowded trail, revealing to the Spaniards the precise line of the American advance\*. The balloon was finally anchored at the main ford of the San Juan river, making the passage of the stream a bloody one.

It took the two divisions more than six hours to push through the mile and a half of woods between El Pozo and the river, and to deploy on the further bank of the stream. During the continual halts and delays along the narrow and crowded trail they were under a severe fire, to which they could make practically no reply, the enemy's position not being in sight. It was impossible to tell from what quarter the Mauser bullets, fired with smokeless powder, were flying. They came, as General Kent said in his report, or seemed to come, "from all directions. not only from the front and the dense tropical thickets in our flanks, but from sharpshooters apparently posted in our

Much was heard of these Spanish sharpshooters. It is probable that they were fewer than was generally supposed, for a reason given by General Shafter, who says: "I do not think there were any sharpshooters in the rear of our lines. The Mausers have a range of two miles,

<sup>\*</sup>For this costly blunder General Greely's annual report, on behalf of the signal corps, emphatically disclaims responsibility: "The forcing of the signal corps balloon to the skirmish line, where its position is reported to have caused serious loss to the troops by disclosing their movements and attracting the enemy's fire, was the action of Major General Shafter, through his chief engineer, Colonel G. McC. Derby, in the face of professional advice given him by Lieutenant Colonel Maxfield of the United States Volunteer Signal Corps, who was charged with the practical operation of the balloon."



SKETCH MAP OF THE COUNTRY AROUND SANTIAGO DE CUBA, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLES OF JULY 1, 1898.

and it was dropping bullets which gave this impression." Some, however, there undoubtedly were, posted here and there in the trees. They were accused of deliberately firing on wounded men and Red Cross attendants. It is doubtful whether they could be proved guilty of this crime against civilization; but the fact that such a form of warfare was used at all was a blemish upon Spanish chivalry. "Sniping" of this sort may annoy an enemy, and certainly adds to the horrors of war; but it could never win a battle or change the course of a campaign.

#### THE BLOODY MORNING OF JULY 1.

Kent's and Wheeler's divisions lost nearly a thousand men on the 1st of July, and most of the loss was suffered during their slow and toilsome advance into a position where they could begin to fight. The movement was one to be commended to students of strategy as a warning rather than a model. It would scarcely have been undertaken had the

ground been more thoroughly studied beforehand, and had not the enemy been held in something very near to contempt. If the defenders of San Juan had been stronger in numbers, had their marksmanship been more accurate, and had they been better supported by artillery, the attacking force would have been annihilated. As it was, the two divisions lost thirteen per cent of their strength (reported at 362 officers and 7,391 men) in killed and wounded.

The spirit of the American troops was signally displayed by their unflinching endurance of such a trying situation. There were, of course, as always happens, individual cases of straggling,\* but among the regiments there was only one partial exception to the army's record of heroism—an exception which any but the most censorious historian might have passed

<sup>\*</sup>Early in the afternoon Lieutenant Colonel McClernand, stationed at El Pozo, sent back this message to Shafter's headquarters: "If you have a troop of cavalry or a company of infantry to spare, they can do good work out here stopping stragglers. This does not imply any reverse at the front, but the firing was probably hotter than some like."

over unnoticed had it not been so loudly advertised by the bitter controversies subsequently waged over it. The facts of the case, though they have been hotly denied, are clearly and incontestably on record. Besides the official reports and various published accounts, the writer has the personal testimony of a correspondent who was an eyewitness.

### THE INCIDENT OF THE SEVENTY FIRST NEW YORK.

The advance was well under way when Colonel Derby, who had been reconnoitering from the balloon-work that should have been done earlier-informed Kent of a narrow wood road that branched to the left from the main trail, and led to another ford of the San Juan river, a little further down the stream. general at once went to the forks of the road, with his staff. The two leading regiments of Hawkins' brigade, the Sixth and Sixtéenth, had already passed, marching in double or even in single file, together with the cavalry troopers. Seventy First New York, coming up next, was ordered by General Kent to take the left hand trail. It did so, but its first battalion had gone only a short distance when it fell into confusion under the galling fire, and, as the general says in his report, "recoiled in disorder."

Such an incident is nothing exceptional with raw troops first going into battle, especially under conditions so trying as those of the advance upon San Juan. There were many instances in the Civil War, some in the case of regiments that afterwards made notable records as fighters. If there be any word of blame, it must be for the officers who failed to rally their men. General Kent's staff to a certain extent took their place, and, as he states, "formed a cordon behind the panic stricken men," who were ordered to lie down in the thicket, leaving the trail clear. The other two battalions of the volunteers came forward in better order, but they were halted, and were passed by Wikoff's brigade of regular infantry-Thirteenth. Ninth, and Fourth, which moved down the left hand road, crossed the river, and deployed into position to the left of the lower ford. All this was done under a heavy fire—how heavy may be judged from the fact that within half an hour, between twelve and

one o'clock, the brigade had four commanders. Colonel Wikoff — the ranking American officer killed in the war—was shot dead near the river; his successor, Lieutenant Colonel Worth of the Thirteenth, fell five minutes later, severely wounded; in another five minutes Lieutenant Colonel Liscum, of the Twenty Fourth, the next in command, was also wounded; leaving Lieutenant Colonel Ewers, of the Ninth, senior officer of the brigade.

Meanwhile Kent was hurrying his remaining brigade—the second, Colonel Pearson's—forward, the Tenth and Second Infantry by the left hand trail, to the left of Wikoff's men, the Twenty First by the main road, to support Hawkins; and about one o'clock all these regiments were in line beyond the river. The cavalry division was already in position on the right wing, Colonel Carroll's brigade, which led the way across the river, being posted in advance of Colonel Wood's. In the subsequent attack, the two lines mingled and moved together.

Before the American line, at an average distance of about six hundred yards, was a ridge of high ground, from which the enemy was pouring down a destructive fire. The Spanish position was a strong one, its center being Fort San Juan, a large brick blockhouse with loopholed walls, while deep trenches ran along the crest of the hill, and barbed wire entanglements defended the slope. Further to the right, in front of the cavalry division, a low hill rose in front of the main ridge. On this detached elevation—the San Juan Hill proper, so called from the San Juan plantation house upon its topwas posted the Spanish advance guard, "favorably positioned," as General Wheeler says, "but not strongly forti-

#### THE CRITICAL MOMENT OF THE BATTLE.

fied."

There is some doubt as to the direct responsibility for what followed. General Shafter, in his narrative published by the Century Magazine, states that about nine o'clock he decided to send the main column forward without waiting for Lawton, as originally intended. "They understood," he says, "that they were to assail the Spanish blockhouses and trenches as soon as they could get into position." It seems, nevertheless, that some at least of

the commanders did not so understand their instructions. Both in his official report and in his book on the campaign, General Wheeler describes the original plan of attack in which Lawton was to have joined, and adds that after his division crossed the river he ordered an assault for the reason that "it was quite evident that the enemy had our range very accurately established, and that it would not increase our casualties to charge." The general does not add that his men had already been in position for two hours or more, holding their ground under a fire from which they had very little shelter. Several messages came and went during the day between Shafter and Lieutenant Miley, who was representing him at the front; but no mention is made of any that passed at this critical moment of the battle. Communication with the corps commander was by no The field telegraph had means easv. been extended only to El Pozo, nearly two miles from the firing line along a rough and narrow trail blocked with wagons and wounded men.\*

General Hawkins, the gallant brigadier who led his men up the bullet swept hill, is quoted by a correspondent as saying, after the fight: "My understanding of the orders was that the left wing was to wait at a designated place on the road to San Juan for Lawton to come up, but the fire was so hot that we either had to go on and take the ridge or to retire."

General Kent's report does not locate the responsibility for his division's assault upon the hill. It does state, however, that early in the morning Lieutenant Colonel McClernand, Shafter's adjutant general, pointed out a green knoll which was to be his objective on the left; but when his left, formed by Pearson's brigade, had crossed the river, it "passed over the knoll and ascended the high ridge beyond." When it did so, Kent's center and right were already holding the Fort San Juan Hill, for the capture of which he gives credit to "the officers of my command, whether company, battalion, regimental, or brigade commanders, who admirably directed the formation of their troops, unavoidably intermixed in the dense thicket, and made the desperate rush for the distant and strongly defended crest."

THE STORMING OF THE SAN JUAN HILLS.

The story of the assault, in brief, was that the cavalry division-armed, it should be remembered, with carbines which had no bayonets—charged up San Juan Hill, drove the enemy from the top, descended the further slope, and then, in line with Kent's division, moved onward against the main Spanish position on the ridge of Fort San Juan. The charge was not a swift rush of cheering regiments, sweeping forward in serried ranks, as the popular fancy has pictured it. It was a climb up a steep slope that rose about a hundred and forty feet above the river, and the assailants were irregular and scanty masses of men, now halting to fire, now rushing on, breaking down the wire entanglements or vaulting over them, and pushing onward and upward to the Spanish trenches. There was little attempt at orderly formation; men of different companies, of different regiments, and even of the two divisions, were mingled in the advancing host.

The Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry—the latter regiment is said to have gone up the hill in better order than any other command—were led forward by General Hawkins himself; and shortly afterward, when General Kent came up, the gallant brigadier reported to his division commander that his two regiments of regulars had taken the Spanish position at Fort San Juan. Kent later pronounced this a mistake, and attributed an equal share in the exploit to the three regiments of Colonel Ewers' brigade, the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty Fourth. The Spanish flag on the blockhouse was captured by a private of the Thirteenth. No less credit was due to Wheeler's six cavalry regiments, whose attack was made further north along the ridge.

It appears from Lieutenant Müller's rather confused account of the battle that the Spaniards' "foremost echelon," posted on San Juan Hill, consisted of three hundred men under Colonel Jose Baquero, with two small rapid fire guns commanded by Colonel Ordoñez. The guns were placed behind the crest of the first hill, and were withdrawn in time to escape capture. Of the two commanding officers, Colonel Baquero was killed, Colonel Or-

<sup>\*</sup> It may be recalled at this point that in Shafter's despatch of June 29, quoted on page 50, he announced his intention of advancing, two days later, "on the Sevilla road to the San Juan river and possibly beyond."

donez wounded. The force in the second line, that of Fort San Juan, the lieutenant does not specify, beyond stating it at three hundred men when the battle opened. Several bodies of reinforcements were sent forward during the morning, among them being a detachment of marines under Captain Bustamente, Admiral Cervera's chief of staff, who was mortally wounded early in the afternoon. About the same time Lieutenant General Linares. who had come up from his headquarters at the junction of the roads from Santiago to San Juan and to Caney, was shot through the arm. He was carried on a stretcher to his house in the city, relinquishing his command to General Jose Toral.

#### THE COST OF THE DAY'S FIGHTING.

Lieutenant Müller states the Spaniards' whole loss for the day, including both Caney and San Juan, as being 94 killed, 376 wounded, 123 prisoners and missing. Elsewhere he gives these same figures as the casualty list for the three days, July 1 to 3—a discrepancy which does not create added confidence in the accuracy of his statistics. It is easy to believe, however, that the defenders' losses at San Juan were much smaller than those of the assailants.

On the American side, Kent's division, with 5,104 men engaged, had 89 killed, 495 wounded, and 58 missing. Most of the missing were in the Seventy First New York, and nearly all reported later. The cavalry division suffered still more severely, losing 46 killed and 329 wounded, with only one missing, of its total

strength of 2,649 men.

The attack upon Fort San Juan was supported by the Gatling gun detachment, whose commander, Lieutenant Parker, had been sent forward with the somewhat vague order to "make the best use he could of his guns." He got three of them into position with the firing line just before the storming of the hill, and poured a destructive stream of bullets into the Spanish trenches at the critical moment of the assault. The Hotchkiss guns that figured at Guasimas were with the second cavalry brigade, and Colonel Wood reported that they were handled with "conspicuous gallantry." The field artillery played no great part in the battle. General Shafter states that when Grimes'

battery—the only one brought into action—opened fire, early in the morning, upon the San Juan blockhouse, "this fire was effective, and the enemy could be seen running away from the vicinity of the blockhouse." Evidently, however, they came back again when the bombardment, which seems to have done no noticeable damage, was over.\*

The Spaniards' defense at San Juan was far less tenacious than at Canev. They retreated from their trenches as their assailants came up the hill, without waiting for a hand to hand fight. Their abandoned lines were occupied by the American soldiers, who might probably, in the demoralized condition of the enemy, have pushed straight forward into Santiago; but after eight hours' marching and fighting under a blazing sun our men were too much exhausted to do more than hold what they had won. They had no available reserve, except the Seventy First New York, some of whose men had already joined other regiments in the assault of the hill, and the rest of which was moved forward during the afternoon. Lawton's non arrival left the right of the American line without support, and along the thinned ranks of the cavalry division it was fully expected that the enemy would return in force to retake the captured position. In response to urgent messages from Sumner and Wood, Kent moved the Thirteenth Infantry over from his center to support them, but he could spare no other troops.

#### LAWTON ORDERED UP FROM CANEY.

Viewing the battle from the hill near his headquarters, Shafter had naturally felt anxiety at Lawton's failure to finish his work at Caney in the two hours allowed him. As the day wore on and Vara del Rey's men still held out, he sent one of his aides with instructions that Lawton should withdraw from Caney, and march down the Santiago road to join Wheeler's right. The movement ordered was undoubtedly a correct one. Lawton's division was urgently needed at the front, while Caney was not a vital point in the American campaign, and would in any case become untenable by the Spaniards

<sup>\*</sup>In his interesting narrative, "The Gatlings at Santiago," Lieutenant Parker states that not a shell struck the San Juan blockhouse or exploded near it. The lieutenant perhaps exaggerates the work of his machine gun battery and depreciates that of the artillery, but his statements of fact are presumably trustworthy.

when the hills of San Juan were taken. But to abandon an attack in which so many lives had been sacrificed would be to admit a defeat, and the order was not obeved. General Shafter, whose reports were notably generous to his subordinate officers, says that when his messenger reached Lawton, "the troops were in the act of making the final charge; nothing could stop them; and when that charge was over, the fight at El Caney was won. It was then near evening." In his account of the battle of Caney Captain Lee, the British military attaché, records the arrival of Shafter's order at half past one -at least an hour before the storming of the fort. In Lawton's report it is not mentioned at all.

The first American troops to leave Caney were the two regiments of Bates' brigade, the Third and the Tenth. General Bates says in his report that "after consultation with General Chaffee" he withdrew at about half past four, hoping to be in time to take part in the battle at San Juan. Retracing their steps towards El Pozo, his men, who had been marching or fighting all day and most of the previous night, were too much exhausted to move fast, and as darkness was coming on Bates halted them at the first stream they crossed, and rode to Shafter's headquarters for instructions. The general ordered him to the left of Kent's line, and at midnight his tired troops were in position there.

It was near sunset before Lawton could get his men in motion, marching forward in column along the road from Caney to Santiago, which is a good macadamized highway, the only good road running east from Santiago. The head of the column had passed the Ducrot house—the abandoned country place of a French resident of Santiago—and was nearing the right of Wheeler's position, when the order was given to halt for supper. The soldiers were boiling their coffee when bullets began to fall among them. It was impossible to tell just whence the fire came, and Lawton, not knowing what might be in front of him, and not considering it safe to advance further in the darkness, sent back to Shafter for orders. messenger reached headquarters half an hour after midnight, and returned with instructions that Lawton should turn about face toward Caney, and make his

way to the front along the El Pozo trail. This long and circuitous march took all the rest of the night. At half past seven next morning (July 2) Chaffee's brigade reached San Juan and deployed to the right of Wheeler's lines; and the whole division was in position by noon.

THE "FEINT" AT FORT AGUADORES.

To complete the story of the operations of July 1, it only remains to mention General Duffield's movement against Fort Aguadores. On the previous day Shafter wrote to Sampson:

I wish you would bombard the works at Aguadores in support of a regiment of infantry which I shall send there early tomorrow.

Accordingly, at sunrise on the 1st, the New York, the Gloucester, and the Suwanee were lying off the shore, ready to use their guns. Three hours later the Thirty Third Michigan came up, having been brought from Siboney on the narrow gage railway, and the ships opened fire on the old fort west of the San Juan river, and on a couple of rifle pits upon a hill behind it. Not more than twenty Spanish soldiers were to be seen, and these disappeared when the shells began to fly. When the order to cease firing was given by the New York, the Suwanee signaled for permission to knock down the flag on the fort. Sampson replied that she might have three shots. tenant Blue, the hero of two venturesome reconnoitering expeditions, fired them with a four inch gun, at thirteen hundred yards. The first tore the Spanish ensign, the second struck near the base of the staff and bent it, the third shot staff and flag away.

The Michigan volunteers now advanced as far as the bridge over the river, which the enemy had broken down, and for some time a few Spaniards concealed among the trees on the hill beyond the stream exchanged a desultory fire with them. Several requests were signaled to the ships to drive the enemy off, to which the New York uniformly replied that there was no perceptible enemy to drive About noon the Spaniards brought a fieldpiece along the railway from Santiago. It had fired only four or five shots when the New York turned her guns upon it and silenced it; but General Duffield, who had had two men killed and several wounded, withdrew his regiment to Siboney. The New York remained off Fort Aguadores another hour. She was joined by the Oregon, and both ships slowly fired eight inch shells over the hills in the

direction of Santiago.

In his official report of this decidedly half hearted engagement, Shafter states that General Duffield "attacked Aguadores as ordered, but was unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity." In his Century article, he says that the general "was ordered to make a feint at Aguadores, to detain the Spanish troops in This movement was well the vicinity. executed." Shafter's reports, as has been remarked, are generous to his The statement that Duffield's movement was intended merely as a feint disarms criticism of its management; but at a time when men were so urgently needed where real fighting was in progress, it was a peculiar maneuver to use a whole regiment, not to mention three war ships, to detain the few Spaniards who held Fort Aguadores. As much might have been accomplished by a single company, or by a boat load of marines from the fleet.

THE "THIN BLUE LINE" AT SAN JUAN.

On the evening of July 1, the "thin blue line" of Wheeler's and Kent's divisions was holding the ridge from which it had driven the Spaniards, and keeping up a rifle duel with the enemy posted in their second series of trenches, a few hundred yards nearer Santiago. The soldiers had won a very gallant victory, but the situation was one of no little anxiety. A thousand men had been killed and wounded, and many others detailed to find and bury the dead and to carry the injured to the rear; all were exhausted, and as most of them, while fighting in the tropical heat, had thrown away everything but guns and ammunition, there was little to eat except the scanty rations the Spaniards had left in the captured position. Few men had coats, still fewer had blankets. The discomfort of the situation was extreme, but its imminent danger was the thinness of the American line at such a distance from its support, and so close in front of a considerable force of the enemy.

General Wheeler records that a number of officers urged him to abandon

the San Juan heights, and take up a more defensible position further back; but the veteran fighter stoutly refused to withdraw, and fearing that the same appeal would be made to the commanding general he sent a message to headquarters that such a movement "would cost us much prestige." He had already requested that intrenching tools should be hurried forward. As soon as it was dark Shafter sent all he had, and Wheeler personally set his weary men at work to fortify their position, telling General Kent to do the same. As with most of the supplies of the corps, there were not enough shovels to go around, but the deficiency was partly supplied with Spanish tools found along the enemy's trenches.

During the night the chief artillery officer, Major Dillenback, came up from El Pozo with Grimes' guns and the two batteries that had been held in reserve there. All these went into position on the heights, with orders to open, at dawn, on the nearest part of Santiago, the center of the Spanish position. "We ought to knock that part of the town to pieces in a short time," Shafter told Colonel McClernand, but this proved too much to expect of a dozen three inch fieldpieces. Their first shots drew so warm a reply that they ceased firing and withdrew all

the way to El Pozo again.\*

All day, on the 2d of July, firing was kept up between the two armies. The American line was now extended by the arrival of Bates and Lawton, but it was as thinly held as ever, and another anxious day followed. Lying on their arms, at some points only a quarter of a mile from the enemy, under a continual fire and in constant expectation of an attack in force, the men felt the strain of the situation severely. Without shelter, they were alternately drenched with rain and scorched by the sun. The trail to the rear had become almost impassable, and so little food could be brought up that semi starvation was added to physical exhaustion.

At the rear, the sufferings of the wounded were nothing less than shocking. The journey from the chief emer-

<sup>\*</sup>Lieutenant Parker's somewhat caustic account of this exploit of the artillery is that the gunners "fired four shots, and then withdrew with more haste than dignity. They remarked, 'This is the hottest fire to which artillery has been subjected in modern times,' and lit out to find a cooler place. They found it—so far in rear that their fire was almost equally dangerous to friends and foes on account of the close proximity of the two firing lines."

gency station, at the ford of the San Juan river, to the hospital at Sibonev was a terrible one. There were practically no ambulances, and but a limited number of wagons-springless vehicles of bare and splintered boards that caused frightful agony to the ghastly freight they bore over the rough trail. They carried only those who could not possibly make their way over the six miles afoot, perhaps with a rude crutch cut from a Most of the wounded men were half naked, many entirely so. were not enough coverings for them at the hospital, not enough surgeons, not nearly enough nurses, no better food than canned meat and hardtack. heavy penalty was being paid for the failure to bring proper hospital equipments from Tampa, but it was not being paid by those responsible for the failure.

Though the Spaniards maintained a constant fire until fighting was suspended by Shafter's flag of truce about noon on the 3d, it does not seem that they made any real sortie against the beleaguering lines, although there were several alarms of an attack, and once, at least, the American troops believed that they had repelled an assault in force. This was between nine and ten o'clock on the night of July 2, when a wave of fierce firing swept around the trenches. Shafter speaks of it as "the attack called the night sortie," and adds that "it did not amount to much, though there was wild firing in the dark." This is no doubt a more correct account than the earlier one he gave in his official report: "About ten P. M. the enemy made a vigorous assault to break through my lines, but he was repulsed at all points." This was probably based on the statement in Kent's report, that "at nine P. M. a vigorous assault was made all along our lines. This was completely repulsed, the enemy again retiring to his trenches." Wheeler makes no mention of the supposed sortie. The division commanders, at the time, were with Shafter at El Pozo.

"Suddenly a burst of firing broke out," says Lieutenant Parker, who was at the front with the cavalry division, "and it was believed by many that a serious night attack had been made." The lieutenant tells how two officers near his position tried to stop the waste of ammunition in

the dark. Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt strode along the trenches in front of the Rough Riders and told them that "he thought cowboys were men who shot only when they could see the whites of the other fellow's eyes." Captain Ayers, of the Tenth Cavalry, called to his negro troopers that they were "no better than the Cubans," upon which the men laughed and ceased their wild firing.\*

On their side, at the same time, the Spaniards believed that they had sustained and repelled an attack. "A little before ten P. M.,†" says Lieutenant Müller, "the enemy, who no doubt intended to surprise us, furiously attacked our lines, and was repulsed with great loss."

At six o'clock on the evening of the 2d, General Shafter summoned his division commanders to meet him at El Pozo. The conference began about eight, and each of the officers he had sent for-Wheeler, Lawton, Kent, and Bates-beginning with the junior, gave his view of the situation. The four men were not unanimous upon the question of a withdrawal; but after an hour's discussion. Shafter stated his intention of making no move at present. Early the next morning he took two steps which may at first seem somewhat contradictory, but which can readily be reconciled. He telegraphed to the Secretary of War:

We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it we find it of such a character and the defenses so strong it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between the San Juan river and Siboney, with our left at Sar-dinero, so as to get our supplies to a large extent by means of the railroad, which we can use, having engines and cars at Siboney.

At the same time he sent a flag of truce into the enemy's lines with this message to the "commanding general of the Spanish forces":

SIR: I shall be obliged, unless you surrender, to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please inform the citizens of foreign countries, and all women and children, that they should leave the city before ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

<sup>\*</sup>Lieutenant Parker seems to date this incident as occurring "on the night of the 3d" ("The Catlings at Sautiago," page 16t), but the night of the 2d must be meant, as firing was suspended, at noon on July 3, until 10 A. M. on the 5th. † This appears, in the translation published by the Navy Department, as "ten A. M."—an evident mistake, as it occurs at the end of the day's chronicle, and a few lines further on the affair is called "a night surprise."

#### A TALE WITH A MORAL.

#### BY FREDERICK W. WENDT.

DARSTON'S DANGEROUS ADVENTURE WITH A "NEW JOURNALIST"-A STORY OF ROMANTIC LOVE, OF CALCULATING DECEPTION, AND OF CRUEL DISILLUSIONMENT, WITH A HIGHLY PRACTICAL HEROINE.

A CCORDING to physiology men cut their wisdom teeth at twenty or thereabouts. It is then that real and expensive foolishness begins. This I can

Poor boy! He was one of those unfortunate beings who have an ideal. Worse! He had one whose little slippers touched the ground and whose queenly head moved among the ether of heaven. People with such notions sometimes get into trouble.

Of course he was doomed to disappointment from his youth. A man who chisels his ideal like unto the Venus of Milo, animates her with the spirit of perfection, and then expects to find her on earth, ought to be disappointed.

He had written about her; he had dreamed about her; but he had never

found her.

Having arrived at the age of twenty two, Jim Darston should have known better: but he didn't.

On the ocean even more than on land, he was susceptible to a maiden's charms. "Any girl can make herself look pretty at home," he said. "The test comes at sea, when one can study his fellow

creatures at their worst."

It was strange that he should have crossed the ocean seven times without serious entanglements. But the eighth proved fatal, for Miss Isabelle Wildworth, a young woman of more than ordinary charm, was aboard the ship. Possibly the case of nervous prostration with which he was traveling had something to do with it, as it may have weakened his Darston maintained that he intellect. fell in love with her at first sight, when they left the pier. As he expresses it, "It rushed upon him all at once."

If any one who sees these lines can ever give me a rational explanation of this feeling, I should be deeply indebted to Never having experienced the sudden "rush" myself, I am unable to

describe it. But it seemed inconsistent to me that Darston, who always spent days and weeks in examining the lungs and pedigree of a horse before he bought it, should, when it came to linking himself for life, shoot off at a tangent without even the meager advice of a veterinary surgeon. But such was the case. In the space of three days he was engaged to the pretty but absolutely unknown Miss Wildworth.

They had met for the first time at shuffleboard, and he cleverly managed an introduction to her by offering her his cue stick, which was straight and new at the end, in exchange for hers, which was crooked, and with which she had difficulty in pushing the wooden disks over the deck.

Then he told her that the vessel was rolling, and that they might possibly have a storm, and then again that possibly they might not. She said she hoped it would be rough, real rough, horribly That always sounds well and courageous, even if you do not mean it. Other similarly inane remarks followed, which you can no more avoid on board of a steamer than you can avoid the law of gravitation.

They were playing on opposite sides of the game, but he showed that he liked her by shooting his wooden disk against hers, which was in the "minus ten square," thereby sending it into the "plus ten." If you think it is an easy thing to do, try it some time when the vessel is rolling.

At the end of the game they knew each other quite well, or thought they did, which amounts to the same thing. A few days of ocean sunshine seemed to ripen the acquaintance thus begun into more than friendship.

To say that he worshiped her would be to describe it inadequately. He carried meals to her; he staggered under her shawls; he read to her; and afterwards he raved about her in the smoker.

I reasoned with him once or twice: that is, I told him what the rest of the passengers thought of him, adding a few forcible remarks of my own, all of which were not flattering. But he only growled softly, like a cat that has its fur stroked the wrong way. As for moral effect it had none. Which was sad.

Then I brought out my stock simile of buying horses. "When you buy a

horse-

"Yes, yes, I know that," he broke in. "You look at his teeth and see that they are perfect," I went on, bound to make my point, "you pound his chest to see that it's sound, you look at his knees and see that they are flexible; in short-

"In short," he interrupted, "you don't know what you are talking about. Her teeth are pearls, her chest is superb, and her knees—she doesn't appear spavined. Look at her eyes, her mouth, her figure,

"Look at that porpoise," I said, by way of changing the conversation. "It is you who are going to marry her, not I. Besides, it is unhealthy and unwise to get excited on the ocean before breakfast."

Jim Darston let me say a great many things that he would have killed other

men for saying.

The girl was pretty, there was no doubt of that, and observant, too, for it did not take her long to discover in me

an enemy to her plans.

Slowly we became accustomed to his lovelorn ways, and avoided hidden nooks on deck, where the two might be cooing after dark, sitting on rope coils or signal cannon.

Engaged people are particularly objectionable on board ship, and unless you have been doomed to travel with such a couple you would never even suspect how objectionable. On the best of ships the deck has but few exclusive places where there is just room enough for a man to sit down comfortably, alone with his pipe, to grumble at the stewards and the dinner smell and the thousand and one other little annoyances.

These places are invariably occupied by

the engaged couples.

So we practically saw nothing of Miss Wildworth and Jim, and when we left the ship and assembled for one more meal, our first on land and our last together, no one knew what had become

When we bade them farewell, they were standing together, amidst boxes and

trunks, looking radiantly happy.

Eight weeks later I boarded a steamer homeward bound. It was not with unmixed pleasure that I found Jim Darston's name on the passenger list, and, soon after, its proud possessor behind a bottle of champagne in the card room—a case of lonely and despondent prodigality.

As I entered he jumped out of his "At last some one I can talk to!" he cried. "I heard you were coming on this boat, and waited over. I've been in France, and found my French had gone to seed. Then I crossed to London. confounded British English is about as easy to understand as Choctaw. going home to commit suicide." "Why don't you say somepaused. thing?"

"I was waiting for you to finish."

"I have. I'm done. Finished. Waiting to be buried. Tombstone marked. 'Here lies a fool.'"

"That's quite an original inscription, but it would fit a number of graves. You, however, are too young to start the innovation, so let us see what we can concoct to keep you this side of the Styx. What did she do?" I asked.

"What do you mean? How did you

know?" he said.

"It's the easiest problem I ever tried to solve. I leave you eight weeks ago, plus a girl, happy. I find you, today, minus the girl, unhappy. Ergo, cherchez la femme. Quod erat demonstrandum."

"It isn't to chercher la femme, it's to

lose her, I want you to help me."
"Ah! I——" There I stopped, for I was about to commit the time worn, moss covered, universal crime of saying, "I told you so."

"Why?" I said instead.

"Because I have a letter from home, threatening to throw me out of the fam-

ily in case I marry her."
I summed up: "So the case stands: on one side family trouble, disinheritance, and accompaniments—but with the girl, and love, and all that." I looked at him, but he did not move a muscle. "On the other hand, family reunion, the prodigal's return, and the usual breach of promise

"Yes, that's it. That's it. A breach She wrote me that it of promise suit. was me or thirty thousand." His champagne glass fell to the floor with a crash. but he did not seem to notice it.

The mariner often takes his bearings from two observations. I had mine.

The next morning, coming on deck, I found a stout man, calmly wrapped up in my rug, stretched in my steamer chair. I was so surprised that I did not dare to claim it, and walked up and down, wondering what to do. I was still walking and ruminating when a coarse, heavy, bediamonded female stepped on deck, and the stout individual jumped up and offered her my chair and my rugs, which she immediately accepted.

The stout man, evidently not knowing how deeply I was interested in his gallantry, came over to the railing, where I

was standing.

"Vat a shoke!" he chuckled. tinks it's my share, und it ain't. odder tamn fool pays fur it, und I inhabid it."

"Yes," I said, watching the huge mass of flesh as it quivered under its chuckle

like a jellyfish.

"Vat's your line?" he continued. "Mine's meat und groceries." He paused an instant, then his mind shifted once again from meat and groceries to the chair episode. "Von't dere be trouble ven der owner of dat share comes? Ha, ha ha!"

Silence on my part did not seem to

"Mine name's Ambrosius Feigenspund.

Vat's yours?" he went on.

The stout woman who sat in my chair called to him, and he calmly sat down next to her, rolling himself up in some one else's shawls this time. He certainly was the concentrated essence of vulgar-And this man Jim Darston and I

had opposite to us at table.

He consumed unheard of quantities of food, to say nothing of liquid, and literally shoveled down his meals with any utensil that was nearest at hand—preferably his knife—and while so doing he kept up a running dissertation on the merits of the eatables, giving market prices of the various articles, and general advice as to their quality. His huge face, beaming with good nature, assumed even larger proportions at meal times. Every now and then he would break out into moralizing. One evening at supper, after he had upset a bottle of claret, without the slightest apology to Jim Darston, into whose lap most of the wine had spilled, he unburdened his mind on the subject of children.

"Children is ungratitude," he said.
"You feed 'em, you raise 'em. Ven dey is large dey go off. Mosdly esbecially girls. I have a girl vich——" Just then some one cut off his food filtered speech by asking him for the salt. This started him on a lecture on salt, pepper, and mustard, and the present commercial adulteration of these articles, with prices. There was absolutely no way to keep him quiet, but you could steer his conversation into any channel you wished provided it were shallow. In deeper subjects he floundered about ridiculously.

I slowly became accustomed if not reconciled to Mr. Ambrosius Feigenspund's comical vulgarity, knowing that after a few days he would disappear from my horizon. But Jim Darston loathed him. Curiously enough, Mr. Feigenspund showed a decided liking for Jim, and confided any number of family secrets to him. In fact, Jim seemed hopeless when Ambrosius Feigenspund chose to make him his victim.

One morning as I was standing at the railing, looking into the water, contemplating its depths and wondering at things in general, I heard voices and knew that the spider had once more captured the fly. "That—that photograph is not your

daughter?"

"Yaw-sure-dat is my daughter. Und dis is her shild."

"Her child! She is married?"

"Yes und no. She married Vildwort, a scoundrel, she was getrennt."

"What? I don't understand you. She

is married?"

"No, she is getrennt—left him, von half

year past."

I moved away. Jim was in even hotter water than I had imagined. Engaged to a divorced woman with a child-the daughter of Ambrosius Feigenspund!

My feelings were those of a noncombatant who sees a man slaughtered before his eyes. Being unable to help, I walked quickly away to the forward deck. Standing there I could watch the steerage passengers amusing themselves. Some were eating a combination dish of onions and herring; another group danced around a fiddler, who drew most awful tones from the violin, but kept excellent time. of the dancers looked up, saw me, and grinned.

"Yous fellers up dere pays the cash,

and we has the fun."

He was right. The amount of amusement I had procured for my expenditure, with Jim Darston thrown gratis on my hands, was very much out of proportion to theirs. So I was an attentive audience to their mirth, while mile after mile of ocean slipped along the keel of the ship.

"Excuse me, sir. The gentleman in 167 asks if you will kindly come to see

him," said the steward.

Stateroom 167 was Jim Darston's. I knew it had to come, and I was prepared for anything; but not to find him in bed! In bed at high noon, with the sun painting tan over any one who dared to face it on deck!

He said little. I suppose in some way he knew that I knew. There was a knock

at the door.

"I vants to see how is Mr. Darston." Jim trembled, and I took matters in

With a rush I pulled the door open and

stood before the mountain of flesh.

"Look here, Mr. Feigenspund, you'll either keep away from this stateroom and Mr. Darston the rest of this trip, or I will know why."

"I didn't know that," he said, retreat-

ing.
"That's the trouble with you. You don't know anything. I am going to meet you in the smoking room in about fifteen minutes, and then you and I will have a little talk together. Good by." With that I closed the door in his face.

Jim was absolutely unstrung, and putting himself entirely into my hands. made a clean breast of everything to me -his father confessor for the time being.

I learned that he had written Isabelle Wildworth in regard to breaking off, and that she had replied with threats of a breach of promise suit. A number of letters had been exchanged on this topic, and at last Jim, driven to desperation, had tried to escape to America.

When I had all particulars at my finger's ends I told Jim to remain in bed, locked his stateroom door, put the key into my pocket, and climbed up to the smoking room.

In one corner sat Mr. Feigenspund, calmly smoking an enormous black cigar. Before him, scattered over the table, lay the contents of four boxes of matches. with which he was slowly building a cage tower, with hippopotamus-like dexterity.

"I haf neffer builded it higher dan a foot," he said, when he saw me enter. And I had come in to battle with a man who I thought would fly at me to wreak vengeance, and found an elephantine idiot playing with matches!

Not knowing what to say, I watched him, ready to take advantage of any

opening he might present.

"How is our frient?" he asked at last.

He had given me the cue.

"Mr. Feigenspund," I began slowly and impressively, "you have been laboring under a misapprehension. You thought I was Mr. Darston's friend. I am not. I am his keeper."

"His geeper?"

"Yes; Mr. Darston is a maniac, but violent only at times."

"Mein Himmel! Und I haf been sitting

next to dat man for six days!"

"I have watched you constantly, and should have helped you the moment he had grown violent. But we have not lost all hope. The doctors think he will be benefited by his coming marriage.

"Marriage?" gasped Feigenspund. "Who iss fool enough to marry an insanity man? Mein Himmel! Who is fool

enough?"

"That brings me to the second part of my story. On our way to Europe Mr. Darston and I met a very charming young woman, who promised to marry him. Her name, I believe, was Isabelle Wildworth."

"Isabelle Vildwort!" he gasped again. The match tower fell and spread over the table, a complete wreck. "Das gebe ich nie zu!" he fairly shrieked, in his excitement falling into his mother tongue. neffer gif dat to-I mean agree. Neffer! Neffer!"

"I don't see what you have to do with

it," I said innocently.
"I—I—she is—my daughter—my

daughter!"

"Oh! That's really too bad. So she is your daughter? She is of age, I believe, and able to do as she likes; she can marry a lunatic if she chooses."

"Ach, she iss, iss she? Vell, ve vill see." He pulled half a library of papers and notebooks from his pockets, among them a photograph. "Dere must be some mistake. Is dat the young lady?"

It was an excellent likeness of our young fellow passenger of eight weeks ago. There was not the slightest doubt left in my mind. I realized that to save Jim I had to play my game carefully to the end.

"That is the lady, and I am sorry for

her."

"You are sorry for her. So! You are

a keeper off a grazy man?"

"You are right, but this marriage may benefit him." Feigenspund's face had swollen to meal time size.

"She neffer intended to marry him," he

blurted out.

"Then we shall sue her in the courts for trifling with Mr. Darston's affections. Besides, how do you know that she did not intend to marry him?"

"I do, I do." Again he brought out his library of letters, and selected one. "Look at dat, Mister Geeper—look at

dat."

I took the letter.

DEAR POP:

On the steamer I found a man who went into my net more easily than I had dared to hope in my wildest dreams. I have sketched him proposing and in every other position of lovemaking. Do not be alarmed. I no more intend to marry him than I intend to marry the man in the moon.

After two weeks, just as I was beginning to wonder how I had best crawl out of my engagement so as not to get into trouble with my own little dissolute brute of a husband at home, he became frightened and wanted to withdraw. I saw it was safe to play on, so I gave him the alternative of myself or thirty thousand. Then such dear stupid 'letters the poor fool wrote! "For my family's sake"; "for all that you hold sacred." A perfect romance from beginning to end. My paper will be proud of me, my dear, vulgar pop.

Your lost daughter,

ISABELLE WILDWORTH.

Scales seemed to drop from mv eyes; but I needed a few more threads to complete the evidence. With all the calmness I could command, I said: "What does she mean by 'My paper will be proud of

"Ach, she is a reporter for de New York *Gazette*. You know, new churnalism. Deyrented her, hired her to go ofer to make lofe to any one."

"And you expect me to believe that,

Mr. Feigenspund?" I said solemnly.

"You do not belief? You vait." With that he vanished from the smoking room, only to return in a few moments with a bundle of papers.

"Dere!" he cried. "You do not belief? Look! Look!" He threw the ponderous Sunday issue of one of our great

papers upon the table.

He had spoken the truth. There, covering two whole pages, was the story of Jim's ocean wooing, illustrated handsomely and profusely with sketches. She had mercifully given fictitious names, all else was true to life and told sarcastically well. Even poor Jim's letters were printed there verbatim. The double leaded title stood out beautifully at the top:

#### SNARED ON THE DEEP.

And as a sort of introduction were these words:

A MAN'S PERFIDY EXPOSED.

At great expense we have *created* for our readers a true love story at sea. Our clever correspondent, Miss Isabelle Wildworth, had been chosen for the difficult part, and has acquitted herself nobly, etc., etc.

Then it gave a true account from the shuffleboard introduction to Jim's letters

begging for release.

When I had finished reading, Mr. Feigenspund was gone. I carefully pocketed the letter and the paper for future reference—should any be neces-

sary.

Only a day remained of the trip, and during that time I saw no more of him. He must have taken his meals in his state-room. Jim I kept in bed until we were fast to the pier. I wished to run no more chances. I would rather be on a ship with a panther roaming loose between decks than be appointed "keeper" of Jim Darston on the high seas.



# THEMUNSEY



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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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111 Fifth Avenue, New York.





CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. COOK, UNITED STATES NAVY, COMMANDING THE BROOKLYN, COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAGSHIP.

From a photograph by Hart, Brookiyn.

## MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1898.

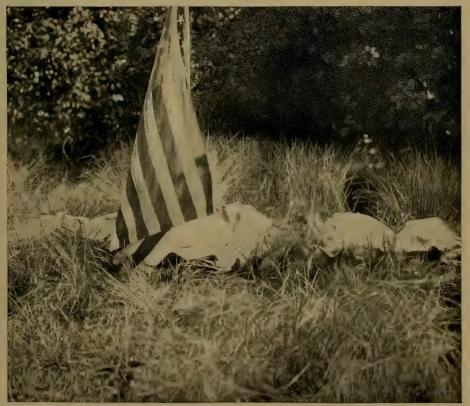
No. 1.

### WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT TELL THE STORY OF THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN, WITH ITS GLORIES AND ITS HARDSHIPS-SOME OF THE MEN WHO CARRIED THE STARS AND STRIPES TO VICTORY ON SEA AND LAND.

THE photographs of scenes in the could scarcely have been secured in any in these pages, form a remarkably inter- cost of no little labor, hardship, and esting historical document, such as peril, the photographer being several

Santiago campaign, reproduced previous war. They were taken at the



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"GLORY GUARDS WITH SOLEMN ROUND THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD"—DEAD BODIES LAID OUT FOR BURIAL AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL, PLAYA DEL ESTE, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph taken July 2, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.

times under fire, and receiving a wound in the arm from a piece of shrapnel, besides having many narrow escapes from Spanish bullets.

A photograph, of course, pictures its

army and our navy did such splendid work at Santiago de Cuba.

\* \* \*

Short as the war with Spain has been, it has given us a goodly company of



MAJOR GENERAL HAMILTON S. HAWKINS, HERO OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE AT SAN JUAN. From a photograph by Reed, Mobile.

subject with a vivid fidelity that no drawing can equal, and in looking over the accompanying illustrations the reader sees before him our fighting men and the scenes amid which they fought just as they actually were during those eventful July days when our

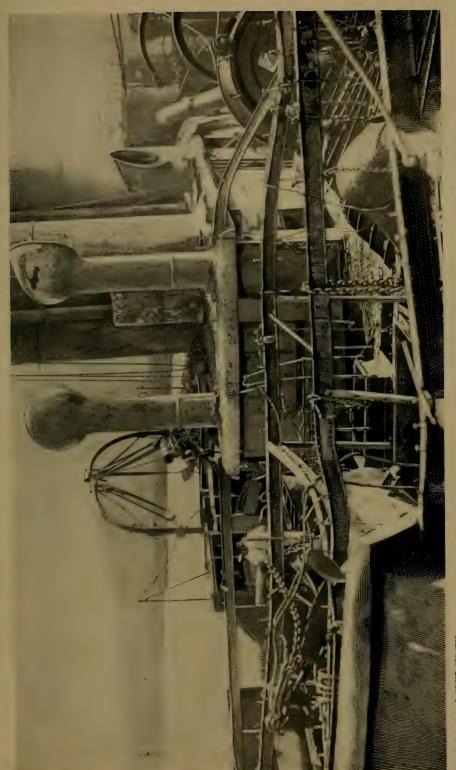
heroes with none of whom would we willingly part company. One of the foremost of these is Major General Hamilton S. Hawkins, who led the desperate and now historic charge at San Juan. General Hawkins has been a soldier for the better part of a lifetime.



From a photograph taken off Santiago by J. C. Hemment on the 4th of July, 1848, after the Oregon's return from her pursuit of the Cristobal Colon



THE WRECK OF THE ALMIRANTE OQUENDO, SHOWING THE AFTER TURRET AND DISMOUNTED GUNS ON THE STARBOARD SIDE. From a photograph taken July 4, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.



THE WEBCK OF THE VIZCAVA—THE DECK, AMIDSHIPS, FROM THE AFTER TURBET, From a photograph taken Inde 4, 1848, by I. C. Hennoul.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. R. HEARST, NEW YORK,



COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. R. HEARST, NEW YORK.

THE WRECK OF THE VIZCAYA, SHOWING THE FIGHTING MAIN TOP FALLEN OVER THE TURRET OF THE ELEVEN INCH RIFLE. THE WHITE APPEARANCE OF THE SHIP'S SIDE IS CAUSED BY THE BURNED PAINT.

From a photograph taken July 4, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.

He was born in South Carolina, entered the army from civil life in 1861, made a splendid record in the Civil War, and attained the colonelcy of the Twentieth Infantry in 1894. When war was declared against Spain, he was within a few months of the retiring age, but went to the front as a brigadier general of volunteers, and at San Juan added a brilliant closing chapter to his active career. General Kent's official report of the battle pays a warm tribute to the

bravery of this gallant officer and gentleman.

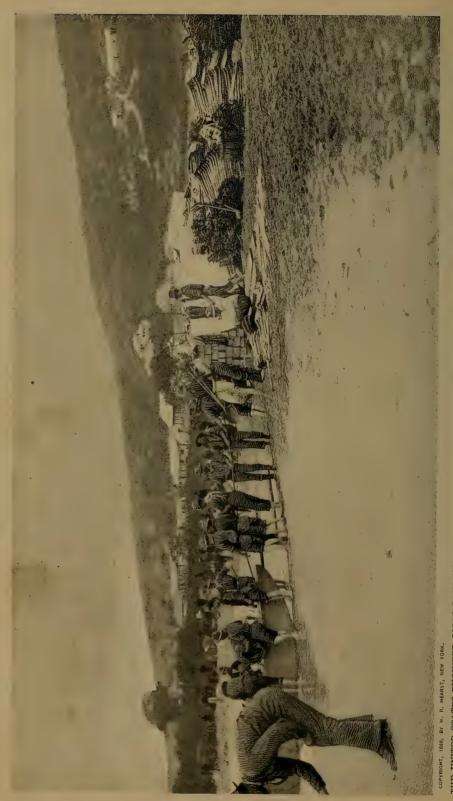
General Hawkins looks the splendid soldier that he is, standing a couple of inches more than six feet. The late General Sheridan's recommendation caused him to be made commandant at West Point, and more recently he has been at the head of the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth.

Another of the heroes of the fight at



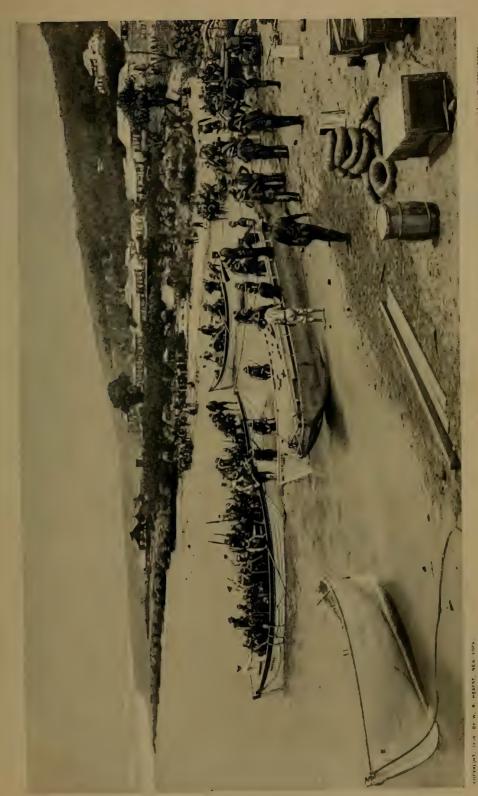
THE WRECK OF THE MARIA TERESA, ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLAGSHIP.

From a photograph likeled July 4, 1808, by J. C. Hemment.



THE UNITED STATES ENGINEER CORPS LANDING SHOVELS AND OTHER SUPPLIES AT SIBONEY, TO PREPARE THE WAY FOR THE ARMY. THE BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND, TEMPORARILY USED AS HOSPITALS, WERE ORDERED BURNED BY GENERAL MILES ON HIS ARRIVAL.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment,



LANDING OF MASSACHUSITTS AND MICHIGAN VOLUNTEERS FROM THE AUXILIARY CRUISER YMLE (FORMERLY THE AMERICAN LINER PARIS) AT SHONEY. From a thotograph by J. C. Homment.



COLONEL WALLACE A. DOWNS, SEVENTY FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

From a photograph by Parkinson, New York.



COLONEL CHARLES PFAFF,
FIRST MASSACHUSETTS
ARTILLERY.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.



COLONEL WILLIS J. HULINGS. SIXTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

From a photograph by Chappell, Oil City.

San Juan was Major James M. Bell of the First Cavalry, a native of Pennsylvania, who achieved a fine record during the Civil War as an officer first of Ohio and later of Pennsylvania volunteers. He holds brevets from first lieutenant to lieutenant colonel for bravery at the Wilderness and Reams Station, and for gallant services in action against Indian hostiles at Canyon Creek, Montana, in 1867. Major Bell has now completely recovered from the serious wound which he received in the thick of the battle at San Juan, and ap-

San Juan was Major James M. Bell of parently has still before him many the First Cavalry, a native of Pennsyl-years of honorable and efficient service.

Few of the more than a hundred volunteer regiments called into being by the war with Spain have been under fire or have performed active service at the front. One of the exceptions is the Seventy First New York, which was in the thick of the fighting in front of Santiago and—in spite of the momentary break of one of its battalions at San Juan—acquitted itself well. Gallantry, however, is an old story with the Sev-



LIEUTENANT JULES G. ORD, SIXTH U. S. INFANTRY, KILLED AT SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Bellsmith, Cincinnati.



LIEUTENANT NATHANIEL R. USHER, COMMANDING THE TORPEDO BOAT ERICSSON.

From a photograph by Bilbrough,
Dubuque.



MAJOR JAMES M. BELL, FIRST U. S. CAVALRY, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.



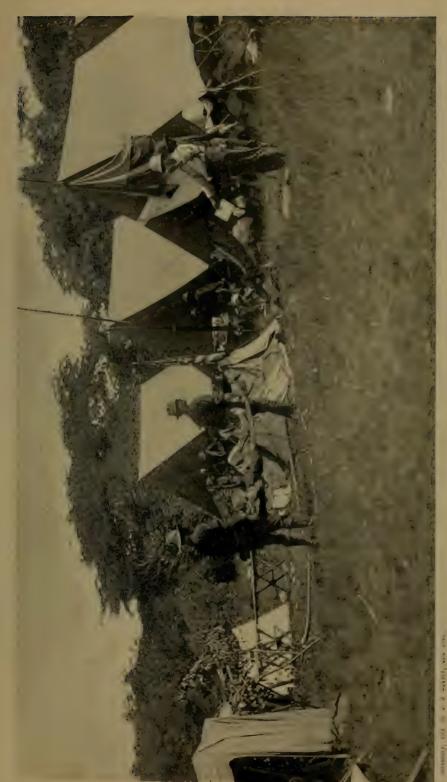
CAMP OF THE MINTH INFANTRY AT GUASIMAS, ON THE GROUND OVER WHICH THE ROUGH RIDERS FOUGHT THERE WAY ON JUNE 21, WHEN THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN WAS FOUGHT.

som a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

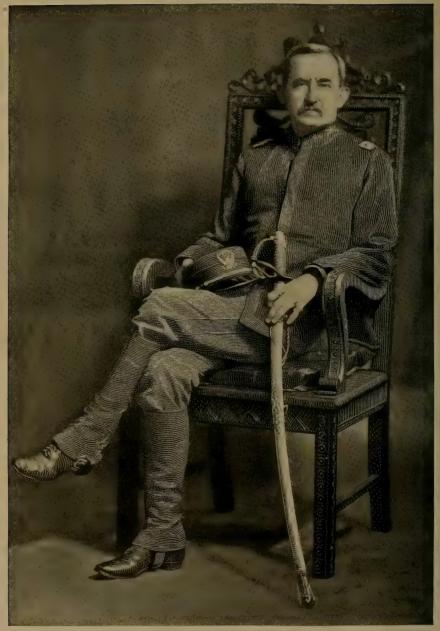


THE WRECK OF THE CRISTOBAL COLON ON THE BEACH AT RIO TARQUINO, FIFTY MILES WEST OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a photograph taken July 5, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.



VERIENT, OF WOUNDLD MEN AT THE MAIN HOSPITAL, PLAYA DEL ESTE ON THE ALTERNOON OF JULY 2-1858 - MAJOR WOOD, THE SURGEON IN CHARGE, STANDS IN IRON OF THE TIME THE CIVIL IN AN OPPRISHED IN I rom a fle degraphet, I'm Hommond

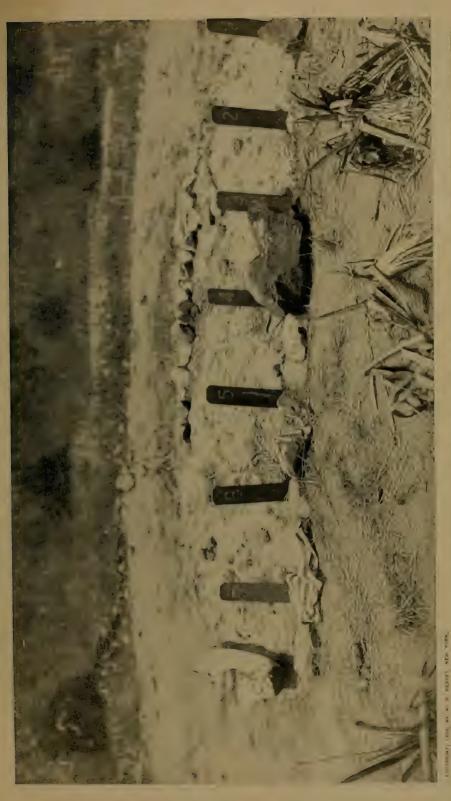


BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM W. GORDON, OF GEORGIA, MILITARY COMMISSIONER IN PORTO RICO.

From a photograph by Hoffman, Savannah.

enty First, which boasts a history half a century old, and achieved a splendid record in the Civil War. At the disastrous battle of Bull Run, where the regiment was one of the first engaged, it fought with conspicuous gallantry, and was one of the last to leave the field in good order. The present commander of the Seventy First is Colonel Wallace A. Downs, who succeeded Colonel Greene when the latter was promoted to a generalship in May.

Another regiment which has given



GRAVES OF THE ROUGH RIDERS KILLED IN THE FIGHT AT GUASIMAS, JUNE 21, 1998 NO. 7, AT THE LEFT, WAS THE GRAVE OF SERZEAVE HANH FON FISH From a fleter of the J C Hemment

an excellent account of itself is the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel Willis J. Hulings, which led the advance in General Miles' Porto

was Colonel Castleman who conceived and led the well nigh successful Confederate conspiracy for the capture of the Northwest, but today the South



BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT.
From his latest fhotograph by W. M. Vander Weyde, New York.

Rico campaign, and fought a successful action at Coamo. The same operations have claimed the services of the only Southern regiment to reach the front—the First Kentucky, under command of Colonel John B. Castleman, a handsome, white haired veteran, who wore the gray from 1861 to 1865, and who has been for many years one of the foremost business men of his State. It

holds no more hearty supporter of the Union.

It will remain one of the curious incidents of a peculiar war that the first volunteer regiment mustered into the Federal service was never called upon to leave the State from which its members hail. This regiment was the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, com-

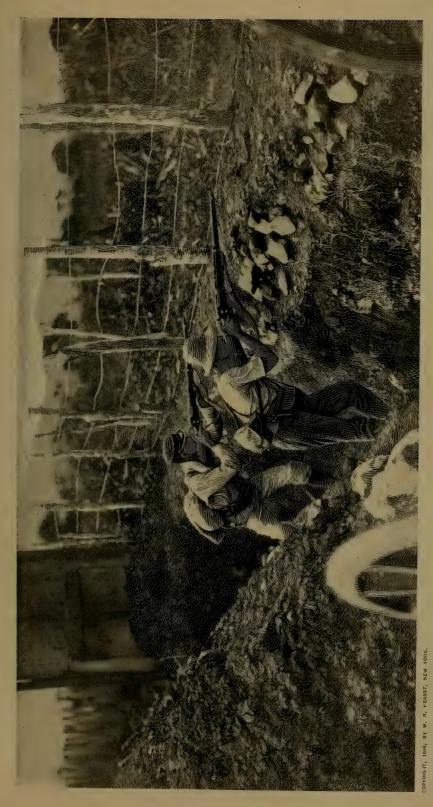


CLAIRAY SHAFITR'S HEAD-CARTERS AT PLAYA. THE GENERAL S OWN TEXT IS THE CENTRAL ONE, AND IN THIS HE REMAINED DUGING THE ENGINEER BEIGHT SANTIAGO

From a photograpital of Homment.

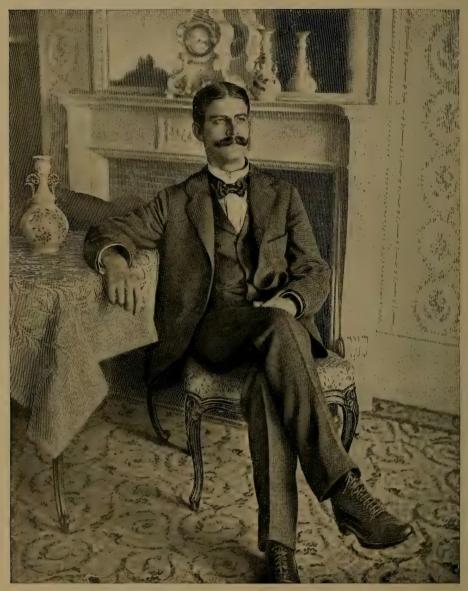


PART OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF EL CANEY, WITH THE OLD SPANISH FORT ON THE HILL ASSAULTED AND CAPTURED BY LAWTON'S DIVISION, JULY 1, 1898. From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.



SPANISH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES AT EL CANEY, WHERE A DESPERATE RESISTANCE WAS MADE TO THE ADVANCE OF LAWTON'S DIVISION, JULY 1, 1898. THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES ARE PRISONERS, WHO POSED FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER; BEHIND THEM LIES A SPANIARD KILLED IN THE BATTLE.

From a photograph taken by J. C. Hemment on the day after the battle.



COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY W. M. VANDER WEYDE, NEW YORK.

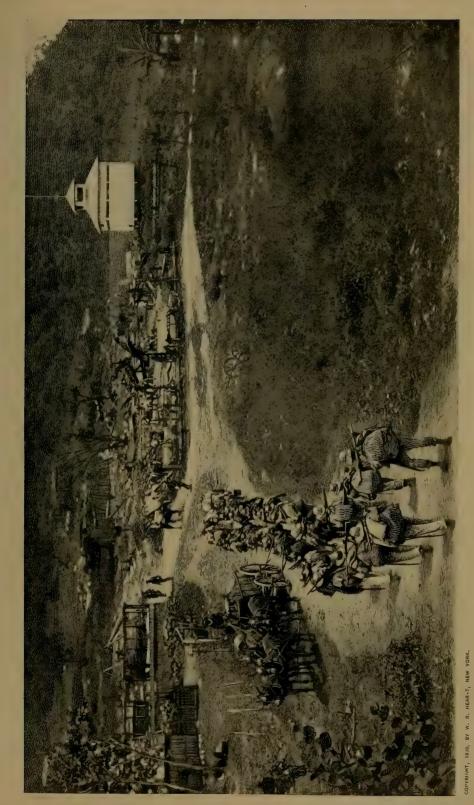
LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, UNITED STATES NAVY.

From his latest photograph taken in his room at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

manded by Colonel Charles Pfaff, which passed the liveliest days of the war in garrison duty at Fort Pickering and other points. Colonel Pfaff is every inch a soldier, and regarded his enforced inaction with keen regret.

The military commissioners who are to supervise the taking over of Cuba

and Porto Rico were selected, apparently, with generous regard for cases like that of Colonel Pfaff. Major Generals Wade and Butler are members of the Cuban commission, and Brigadier General William W. Gordon of the one despatched to Porto Rico. General Gordon served with distinction in the Confederate army, and was senior col-



A COMPANY OF CUBAN INSURGENTS, IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER, ARRIVING AT SIBONEY TO REPORT TO GENERAL GARCIA. From a photograph by J. C. Hemment,



COLONEL JOHN B. CASTLEMAN, FIRST KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS.

From a photograph by Klauber, Louisville.



COLONEL THOMAS H. BARBER, COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES TROOPS IN HAWAII.

From a photograph by Kurlz, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL ARTHUR MEARTHUR, A DIVISION COMMANDER AT MANILA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



ERIGADIER GENERAL ROY STONE, WHO SERVED WITH GENERAL MILES IN PORTO RICO.

From a photograph.



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CUBAN METHODS OF WARFARE—CUBAN OUTPOSTS FIRING ON THE SPANISH PICKETS NEAR EL POSO, JUNE 28, 1898.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

onel of the Georgia National Guard, when mustered into the volunteer service with the rank of brigadier general a few months ago. He is a leading citizen of Savannah, a man of wealth and high social position.

The death of Lieutenant Ord of the Sixth Infantry was a tragic incident of the victory of San Juan. He was one of the first to reach the summit of the hill, shouting "Come on, boys!" to his men. The Spanish blockhouse had surrendered, when Private Bradford of the Sixth, seeing a Spanish officer in a trench sitting up with his gun across his arm, raised his rifle to fire.

Ord called out: "Don't shoot that man! He's wounded!"

The next instant the officer, who had been wounded in his right arm, pulled the trigger with his left hand and shot Ord. Ord's men—he being a great favorite with them—seeing their young leader fall, were wild with rage, and literally tore the body of the Spaniard to pieces with their bullets.

Lieutenant Ord was a son of the late General E. O. C. Ord, and was only thirty one when he died. He went to Cuba as a quartermaster to General Hawkins, declining a better appointment on General Coppinger's staff, because Hawkins was likely to be first in





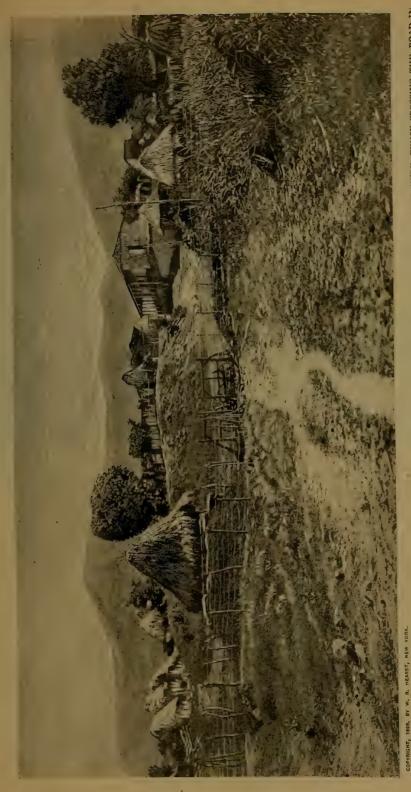
WOUNDS RECEIVED IN THE FIGHT WITH CERVERA'S SQUADRON—THE PATH OF A SPANISH SHELL THROUGH THE INNER AND OUTER ARMOR OF THE ASH HOIST.



MR. RILEY, THE FELINE MASCOT OF THE TEXAS, WHO WAS BORN ON THE SHIP, AND WENT THROUGH THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN WITH IT. THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO ASSISTED HIM TO HAVE HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN IS CAPTAIN PHILIP'S SON.

SCENES ON THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS AFTER HER RETURN FROM SANTIAGO.

From photographs by W. M. Vander Weyde.



THE VILLAGE OF CANEY, OR EL CANEY, TAKEN BY LAWTON'S DIVISION, JULY 1, 1893—THE INTRENCHMENT AND BARBED WIRE FENCE CROSSING THE ROAD IN FROM OF THE VILLAGE APPEAR AGAIN IN THE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 21. From a photograph taken by J. C. Hemment on the day after the battle.



SEARCHLIGHT TAKEN FROM THE VIZCAYA, TO REPLACE ONE SHOT AWAY DURING THE FIGHT WITH CERVERA'S SQUADRON.



A MINE STRUCK BY THE TEXAS' PROPELLER IN GUANTANAMO BAY. VERY FORTUNATELY, IT FAILED TO EXPLODE.

TROPHIES BROUGHT FROM CUBA BY THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

From photographs by W. M. Vander Weyde, New York.

the field. On the day of his death he had, at his urgent request, been excused from his duties as an aide in order to take his place with his regiment in the fighting line.

\* \* \* \*

Last June, during the early days of the blockade of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, Lieutenant Usher, commanding the torpedo boat Ericsson, requested Admiral Sampson to allow him to undertake a deed of daring beside which, had the request been granted, Lieutenant Hobson's brave exploit would have seemed comparatively commonplace. The commander of the Ericsson volunteered to take his ship into the harbor and attack the Spanish squadron

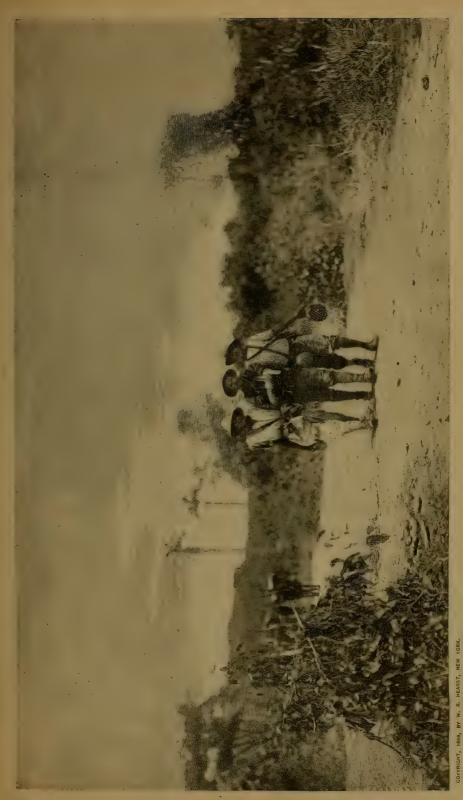
single handed. He was confident that he could torpedo one or two of Cervera's cruisers before they could destroy his little craft.

A number of interesting incidents have attended the formal annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States. One of these was the sending of a regiment of volunteers to garrison

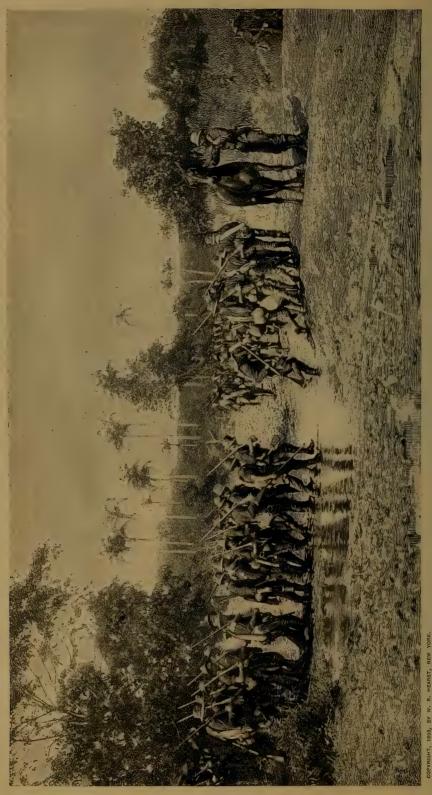
of a regiment of volunteers to garrison Honolulu, the command selected being the First New York, commanded by Colonel Thomas H. Barber.

Colonel Thomas H. Barber.

Colonel Barber was graduated at West Point so long ago as 1867, served for nearly two decades as an officer of the First Artillery and aide to General Hancock, and more recently has



A WOUNDED ROUGH RIDER BEING HELPED BY CUBANS ON HIS WAY TO THE RECEIVING HOSPITAL. THE FIRST BRIGADE OF THE SECOND DIVISION (LAWTON'S BRIGADE) PASSED OVER THIS ROAD IN ADVANCING TO THE FRONT. From a photograph taken July 1, 1848, by J. C Hemment.



THE SEVENTY FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS ADVANCING TOWARD SAN JUAN, 8.30 A.M., JULY 1, 1898. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THE REGIMENT WAS UNDER FIRE, AND IN THE AFTERNOON IT ASSISTED IN STORMING SAN JUAN HILL. From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.



BILL HILL'S PACK MULI TRAIN, STARTING FROM PLAYA DEL ESTE WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE FRONT. OWING TO THE WRETCHED CONDITION OF THE ROADS, WAGONS WERE OF LITTLE SERVICE, AND THE PACK MULES PROVED EXCEEDINGLY USEFUL.

From a photograph taken July 2, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.



SPANISH PRISONERS AT EL CANEY, JUST ROUNDED UP UNDER GUARD. THESE UNSOLDIERLY LOOK-ING SOLDIERS HAD OFFERED A VERY STUBBORN RESISTANCE TO THE AMERICAN ATTACK, From a photograph taken July 2, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.

been prominent and active in the national guard of New York. He is British by accident of birth, but there is no better American, as those who know him best will testify.

General Arthur MacArthur, one of Merritt's division commanders at Manila, is a fighting veteran of the Civil War, who went to the front in 1861 as a private in the Twenty Fourth Wisconsin volunteers. The close of the war found him colonel of his regiment, with a medal of honor won at Missionary Ridge. General MacArthur is an acute and vigilant officer, and has done excellent work under somewhat trying circumstances at Manila.

In our August issue we inadvertently libeled Lieutenant Hobson by publishing a portrait that showed him "bearded like the pard." The photograph from which our engraving was made was the latest obtainable, and as the gallant lieutenant was in a Spanish prison, he was inaccessible to the most enterprising knight of the camera. Lieutenant Hobson parted with his hirsute adornment some time ago, and now looks like the bright faced young American who faces you on page 22.

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

#### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS WON SO REMARKABLE

A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE FIRST

INSTALMENT SKETCHES THE HISTORY OF SPANISH POWER IN THE ISLANDS

THAT ARE THE NATURAL OUTPOSTS OF OUR SOUTHERN SHORES,

AND TRACES THE EVENTS THAT GRADUALLY AND

INEVITABLY LED US INTO WAR.

THE war of 1898 between the United States and Spain was the logical and inevitable ending of a long chapter of history. The conditions that caused it began with the earliest settlements of the English and the Latin peoples in the new world. The race that was to dominate the wide continent of North America came into conflict with

its French rivals two centuries ago, and their struggle was decided by Wolfe at Quebec in 1759. While Spain held Florida and Louisiana, hostilities with the English colonies, which had now become the United States, were a constant probability, and were averted only by the timely cession of both those great provinces. For the possession of



HAVANA IN 1720.



THE TOMB OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT HAVANA. THE PEOPLE OF SANTO DOMINGO CLAIM THAT THEY POSSESS THE ASHES OF COLUMBUS, AND THAT THE TOMB IN HAVANA IS THAT OF HIS BROTHER DIEGO.

Texas and California we fought the war of 1846 and 1847 against the Spaniards of Mexico—a war that seems to have finally settled the southwestern frontier of our dominion. Cuba, lying scarcely more than a hundred miles

from our shores, facing our southern seaports, and commanding the Gulf of Mexico, is geographically as necessary an appanage of our territory as Florida. Under Spanish rule it has been an unfailing source of anxiety in our foreign relations, a perpetual problem to our statesmen—a problem to which there could be but one ultimate solution. The unhappy island has long been a running sore in the body politic of the northern half of the new world. It is extraordinary that the nineteenth century should almost have ended before

of October, old style, or the 7th of November, new style, in the year 1492. Here was no low lying islet, such as he had seen in the Bahamas; it was a land of forests and rivers and noble mountains—a part, doubtless, of the Asiatic mainland of which Columbus was in search. In the discoverer's optimistic



MUNDUS NOVUS.

RUYSCH'S MAP OF THE NEW WORLD (1508). THIS MAP SHOWS GRUENLANT (GREENLAND) AND TERRA NOVA (NEWFOUNDLAND) TOO FAR TO THE SOUTH. HAITI APPEARS AS "SPAGNOLA," SOUTH AMERICA AS "TERRA SANCTE CRUCIS" (LAND OF THE HOLY CROSS).

CUBA RUNS INDEFINITELY WESTWARD.

the great American power to which nature has set her in such close relation found itself compelled to draw the sword against the government responsible for her intolerable condition.

#### "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LAND."

It was the first westward voyage of Columbus that made Cuba known to European civilization. Sixteen days after the Italian navigator's landing on the island that he christened San Salvador—which was probably either Watling's or Cat Island—he sighted the Cuban coast at a point near the present site of Nuevitas. This was on the 28th

way, he described it in his diary as "the most beautiful land that human eyes ever beheld." The natives received him with wondering hospitality, but, naturally enough, could give him little information. Hearing them mention a village or district called Cubanacan, Columbus concluded that he had reached the dominions of Kublai Khan. the great Tartar sovereign whose court Marco Polo visited two hundred vears before. He sent some of his men inland, as ambassadors to the reigning prince; but after traveling a dozen leagues they came back, reporting that they could find no prince, no cities, no



PUNISHMENT OF INDIANS FOR NOT ATTENDING CHURCH.

From an engraving in Champlain's "Voyage to the West Indies and Mexico."

roads—nothing but the same primitive villages of naked, harmless Indians.

Columbus spent two months on the northern coast of Cuba; then he sailed from Cape Maysi—which he named "Alpha and Omega," supposing it to be the easternmost extremity of Asia—to Hispaniola (Haiti), where his flagship, the Santa Maria, was wrecked, and he left its crew to build the fortified

post of La Navidad. He never founded any settlement in Cuba. though on his second voyage (1494) he passed along almost the entire length of its southern coast, and on his fourth and last (1503) he paid it another brief visit. When he died, three years later, he still believed that it was part of the mainland of Asia. He had named it Juana, in honor of the Infant Juan (John), the son of his patrons, Ferdinand and Isabella. It also appears on early maps as Fernandina, Isabella, Santiago (after the patron saint of Spain), and Ave Maria; but all these titles

were soon superseded by the old Indian name which it still bears.

#### EARLY SPANISH COLONIZATION.

To the chance that wrecked the Santa Maria on its shores was due the fact that Spanish colonization of the new world began in Hispaniola. In 1511 Diego Columbus, the great discoverer's son, who was ruling in that island as

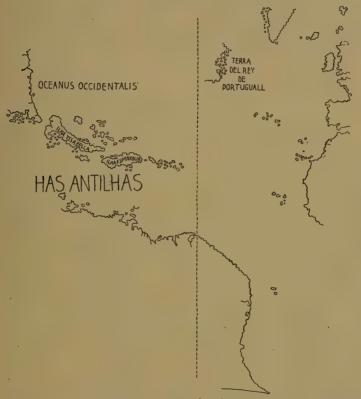


A CUBAN HURRICANE—THE GREAT STORM OF 1846 AT HAVANA.

From an old print.

admiral of the Indies, sent out Diego Velasquez, with four ships and three hundred men, to conquer Cuba. With this force—of which Hernando Cortez, the future conqueror of Mexico, was an undistinguished member — Velasquez

ready established the bloody and brutal system of enforced labor—or slavery, to give it its true name—which utterly exterminated the West Indian aborigines. They carried the same policy to Cuba. The Inquisition, established in

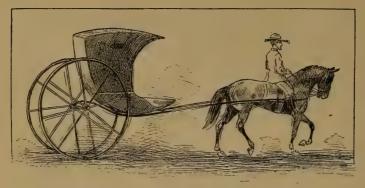


CANTINO'S MAP OF THE NEW WORLD (1502). THIS MAP SHOWS CUBA AND HAITI AS "ILHA YSSABELLA" AND "ILHA ESPANHOLIA." THE DOTTED LINE IS THE "LINE OF DEMARCATION" DRAWN BY THE POPE TO DIVIDE THE NEW WORLD BETWEEN THE KINGS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

established the armed posts of Baracoa (1511), Santiago de Cuba (1514), and some others whose names still appear on the maps of the island. Baracoa, now a decayed seaport with the population of a village, was the first seat of government, being made a city and a bishopric in 1518; but four years later the capital was transferred to Santiago, of whose long history the latest and most eventful chapter is fresh in all American minds.

In Hispaniola the Spaniards had al-

Spain thirty years before, went with it, and the torch of the holy office seconded the sword of the soldier in cowing the helpless natives. "Thus began," says Arrate, the Cuban historian of last century, "that gathering of an infinite number of gentiles to the bosom of our holy religion, who otherwise would have perished in the darkness of paganism." They were gathered so rapidly to that gentle bosom that within fifty years the Indians of Cuba, who had numbered several hun-



THE VOLANTE, THE HISTORIC VEHICLE OF CUBA.

dred thousand when the Spaniards came, were totally extinct.

There is a characteristic story of Hatuey, a chief whom Velasquez ordered to the stake for his resistance to the conquerers. A priest soothed his last moments by asking if he wished to go to Heaven. "Are there any Spaniards there?" Hatuey inquired. "Many," replied the priest. "Then," said the Indian, "I would rather go to hell!"

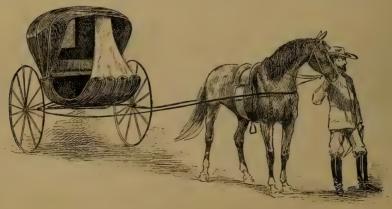
Spain has suffered from no little misrepresentation at the hands of Cuban writers, and of some Americans; but the facts of this dark page of her colonial annals do not rest upon the testimony of any foreign critic. They are told by that great Spaniard, Bartolome de las Casas, whose "Destruction of the Indies" is a narrative of what he himself saw in Cuba and Hispaniola between 1502 and 1530.

For more than two hundred years after the first colonization of Cuba, the development of the island was very slow. Spanish interest centered upon the richer provinces of Peru and Mexico, and the chief value of Cuba was as a port of call for treasure

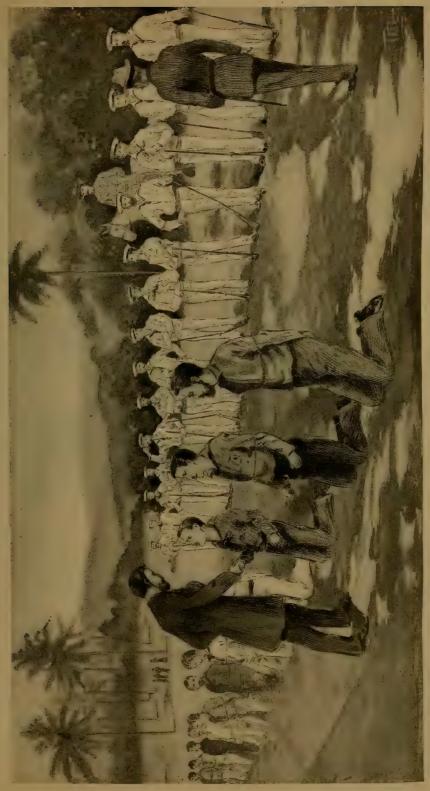
ships sailing from the mainland. It was this traffic that gave Havana its importance.

#### THE EARLY HISTORY OF HAVANA.

The history of the chief city and seaport of the West Indies begins in 1515, with the settlement of fifty of the men of Diego Velasquez' expedition at the post of San Cristobal de la Habana, on the present site of the town of Batabano, on the southern coast of Cuba. A few years later, finding the spot they had chosen unhealthy, the settlers crossed to the northern shore, little more than thirty miles distant, and established themselves at the narrow entrance of a bay in which Ocampo—the Spanish admiral who first circumnavigated Cuba—had repaired his ships in 1508. Here, beside its fine harbor, Havana had a long struggle for existence. The sixteenth century was a



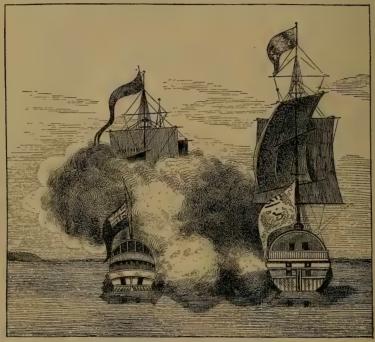
A MODERN TYPE OF VOLANTE,



THE EXECUTION OF THE VIRGINIUS PRISONERS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA, NOVEMBER 7, 1873.—CAPTAIN FREY SAYING FAREWELL TO HIS MEN.

stormy time in West Indian waters. There might be peace at home, but in the new world the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Hollander were foes wherever they met; and all of them were fair game to the buccaneers who fought under no flag but their own. Havana suffered

by another French marauder, Jacob Sores, in 1551. In 1589, to protect his treasure ships from those dreaded wolves of the sea, Drake and Hawkins, who "held the power and glory of Spain so cheap," Philip II ordered two strong fortresses built to defend the harbor of Havana. These, too, are



THE CAPTURE OF A SPANISH GALLEON.

From an engraving in the "Voyage par George Anson" (1750).

several hostile visitations. In 1538, the settlement having been burned by a French pirate or privateer—the distinction between the two was often very slight—Hernando de Soto, the governor of Cuba, came from Santiago, his capital, and built the fort of La Fuerza to defend it. The old building, not a very formidable fortress, still stands, the most ancient relic of Havana's early days.

It was at Havana that De Soto gathered his expedition for the exploration of Florida, and from thence that he sailed with nine ships on the 12th of May, 1539—never to return. His fort did not save the place from an attack

standing today—the Bateria de la Punta (Battery of the Point) at the northernmost point of the city, west of the entrance to the bay, and the famous Morro\* on the low heights that rise on the east side of the channel. In the same year the colonial government of Cuba was reconstituted, Havana became the capital of the island, and Juan de Tejada was sent there as the first captain general.

During the next century the fortifi-

<sup>\*</sup> The Spanish word morro, which means "a protruding lip," is frequently applied to forts standing upon an elevation at the mouth of a harbor. There is another famous Morro at Santiago de Cuba, and another at San Juan, in Porto

cation of Havana was completed by the building of a wall around the town; and from this time, owing to its situation and defenses, it was long regarded as impregnable. A contemporary description pictures it as an unkempt place, with houses of straw and wood, surrounded by little gardens with hedges of a prickly shrub. At night the narrow streets were unlighted, and swarmed with land crabs.

#### HAVANA TAKEN BY THE BRITISH.

In 1762 occurred an event which, memorable and interesting in itself, is of historical importance as having first brought Cuba into the field of international politics, and as marking the beginning of the island's relations with ourselves. This was the capture of Havana by the British and colonial troops commanded by the Earl of Albemarle. It was one of the scenes of that great drama of battle, the Seven Years' War, in which Europe's soldiers and sailors met and fought in Asia and America, on Atlantic and Pacific. England, after some initial reverses, had shattered the French fleets at Lagos and Ouiberon, and driven the Bourbon flag from Canada and India. When Spain entered the conflict as France's ally, the next blows were directed against her colonial possessions, and British expeditions were despatched against Havana and Manila. were completely successful, although in each case diplomacy gave back to Spain what had been won from her by the sword.

Havana being reputed a strongly fortified and garrisoned place, the force sent against it was a powerful one. There were thirty two ships of war, with nearly two hundred transports, in the fleet that was sighted off the harbor on the 6th of June, 1762. A landing was effected at Guanabacoa, a few miles east of Havana, on the 17th, and the British army, numbering twenty thousand men, advanced and captured the heights east of the harbor, where the

fortress of Cabanas now stands. The Spaniards, who had twenty seven thousand regulars, besides an auxiliary force of volunteers, still held the Morro, and prevented the English men of war from entering the port by sinking ships in the channel.

### FEVER AS THE INVADERS' FOE.

In many respects, the campaign suggests comparisons with our own operations at Santiago a hundred and thirty six years later. Although a considerable part of their force had been raised in the West Indies, the British found the fevers of the Cuban coast a deadlier foe than the Spanish guns. Before the end of July, nearly half of their force was disabled by sickness; and the arrival, on July 28, of a body of fresh troops from the North American colonies was a most welcome reinforcement. These earliest American invaders of Cuba consisted of a thousand men from Connecticut, eight hundred from New York, and five hundred from New Jersey, with General Lyman, of the first named colony, in command. It is worth recording that Israel Putnam, destined to win fame in the Revolution, was acting colonel of the Conecticut regiment.

The Morro was stormed a few days later, and on August 13 the city surrendered, the garrison being allowed to march out with the honors of war. An immense quantity of spoil fell to the victors, who confiscated public property and levied contributions unsparingly. The tobacco and sugar seized and sold on the spot alone brought \$3,500,000. Sir George Pocock, who commanded the fleet, and Lord Albemarle drew \$600,000 apiece as prize money. The comparative value that eighteenth century officialdom attached to officers and men may be inferred from the fact that each soldier's share' was twenty dollars and each sailor's eighteen.

The territory surrendered to the British stretched eastward to Matan-

zas, but they had made no effort to push their conquests when peace was proclaimed, and on the 6th of July, 1763, they evacuated Cuba, George III's government having accepted in exchange the Spanish province of Florida—which was returned to Spain twenty years later. While holding Havana, the soldiers were terribly scourged by disease. Mante, a chaplain from New England, has left us, in his diary, a vivid picture of the sufferings of his compatriots, in whose camp the "putrid fever" wrought frightful havoc. Only a remnant returned alive.

# HAVANA BECOMES THE FOREMOST CITY IN AMERICA.

To Havana, a year of British occupation was not without benefit. Efforts were made to improve the sanitary condition of a city which Spanish incompetence has allowed to remain a hotbed of fever to the present day. Its port, for the first time, was opened to the commerce of the nations, and the world's attention was called to the possibilities of Cuba as a mart for trade. vana's importance as a modern city may be said to have begun at this point, although with the restoration of Spanish rule the law giving Spain a monopoly of traffic with Cuba was temporarily reaffirmed. At the end of the eighteenth century it was probably the largest American city of European settlement, and certainly the richest and most important seaport in the new world.

Luis de las Casas, who came out as captain general in 1790, did much for Havana, helping to form its Sociedad Patriotica (Patriotic Society), to found its first newspaper, the *Papel Periodico*, and to promote useful public works. Another name of the same period that is held in grateful memory is that of Francisco Arango. Born in Havana in 1765, Arango was secretary of the local chamber of commerce when Napoleon drove the Bourbon dynasty from Madrid, in July, 1808. The Span-

ish officials in Cuba promptly met, and at four thousand miles' distance defied the conqueror of Europe by affirming their loyalty to the deposed sovereign. Their action won for Cuba the title of the Ever Faithful Isle—a name of grim irony, in the light of later events—and the privilege, bestowed by the constitution framed in 1812, when Ferdinand VII returned to his throne, of representation in the Cortes at Madrid. Arango went to Spain as one of the first Cuban delegates, and secured the final abolition of the law debarring foreign ships from the ports of the island.

#### CUBA'S GOLDEN PERIOD.

The first quarter of the nineteenth century has been called the "golden period" of Cuba's history. It was a time of general internal tranquillity, and of great industrial and commercial development. She was benefited by the fact that Spain was at its lowest ebb of weakness both at home and abroad. For years at a time, during the Napoleonic wars, communication with Madrid was cut off by the hostile sea power of Britain, which, though it seized Trinidad, made no second attack upon Cuba. The successful revolt of all the mainland colonies, too, seemed at least temporarily to have opened the ear of the Spanish government to Cuban grievances. At the same time it brought lovalist settlers to the island, just as Canada, after our own Revolution, became a refuge for Americans who preferred their old allegiance. A more important immigration came from Haiti, whence thirty thousand white families, victims of the island's race war, are said to have fled to Cuba between 1798 and 1808, bringing with them the cultivation of coffee —which became the chief Cuban product, till superseded by sugar. All these causes contributed to the island's rapid advance in wealth and population. She had had but 170,370 inhabitants in 1775, and 272,140 in 1791. The number grew to 551,998 in 1817,

to 704,487 in 1827, and to 1,007,624 in 1841.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

But with all this material development signs of Cuba's later troubles were not lacking.

The West Indies seem to be well fitted, by nature, to be the home of civilized and prosperous communities; vet European colonization can show little, if anything, but failure in that rich chain of islands. They have had four centuries of checkered historyhistory full of revolts and massacres, of crimes and horrors, of battles fought for the spoils of war. The white conquerors exterminated the native tribes, to replace them with negro slaves; and it has been their just retribution to see the African multiply and possess the land where the superior race failed to take thrifty root. In Haiti, negro domination has long been absolute. Jamica, always orderly under English rule, and for a time a prosperous colony, has but a lingering remnant of a few thousand whites to more than half a million colored inhabitants. In the lesser islands—British or French, Danish or Dutch—the story is the

To this long chapter of failures Cuba has appeared as the conspicuous exception. With all her mistakes and shortcomings as a colonizing power, Spain seemed to have done in the West Indies what France and England could not do-to have planted the seeds of a community capable of becoming a civilized nation. But recent history suggests a serious question of this conclusion. There are many today who hold that the prosperity of Cuba was founded upon slave labor; that from the industrial viewpoint, Cuba without slavery-which, it must be remembered, ended only a dozen years ago-is still an experiment; that from the social and political viewpoint, the islanders, taken as a community, have yet to prove their capacity for self government and their right to rank with the free peoples of America.

There were no schools in Cuba till near the end of last century. 1836, when the population was nearly a million, only nine thousand pupils were receiving instruction. In 1860, the municipalities of the island had hundred and eighty three schools for white children, and just two for colored, and the total attendance was no larger, in proportion to the population, than in 1836. In 1883, a report shows eight hundred and thirty five schools, but their management is described as one of utter neglect, few teachers being paid their salaries, and sixty seven schools being entirely vacant. There is no census of illiteracy in Cuba, but, of course, it is practically universal among the negroes and quite general among the poorer whites. Of another test of popular enlightenment —the relative proportion of legitimate and illegitimate births-we find no recent report. The percentages of forty years ago are given by Ballou:

				LEGITIMATE.			ILLEGITIMATE		9
White						67.8		32.2 66.3	
Colored	٠	٠	٠	٠	٠	33-7		66.3	
To	tal					50.5		49-5	

Even allowing for the existence of slavery, the figures are sufficiently shocking. Both Spain and Cuba were to pay a terrible penalty for allowing successive generations to grow up under such conditions of savagery.

#### NEGRO SLAVERY IN CUBA.

Negro slavery, as has been said, ended in Cuba twelve years ago, but it has left a deep and indelible mark upon the island's present and future. It began almost with the Spanish occupation, and by a curious anomaly its origin is traced to the sainted Las Casas. Seeing that the native Indians, a people neither accustomed to labor nor physically competent for it, were perishing in thousands under the lash of their taskmasters, Las Casas suggested, as an alternative, the importation of a

limited number of African slaves. The suggestion, developed to an extent of which its author never dreamed, was destined to bring momentous results, and to stain the history of the new world with a crime to be expiated by the blood and tears of nations. Yet to stigmatize Las Casas as the founder of American slavery is scarcely fair. There were African bondsmen in Spain before the time of Columbus, and the institution was certain to cross the Atlantic to lands where it found so fertile a field prepared for it.

Nominally, at least, the Spanish laws that regulated slavery in Cuba were fairly humane. They forbade the owner to work his slaves longer than from sunrise to sunset (from six to six, in the tropics), with two hours for a siesta at noon, and with Sunday as a day of rest. They prescribed a certain quantity and variety of food, allowed slaves to keep pigs and cultivate patches of their own, and created a system whereby an industrious negro could secure his freedom by paying the amount of his first cost to his master: but it appears that if there was little ill treatment of slaves -and Ballou, Abiel Abbott, and other American travelers in Cuba testify that they witnessed none-it was rather from self interest on the part of their owners than from respect for the statutes.

Whatever the material condition of the slaves, the institution was a fruitful source of social and political disorder. It was bitterly opposed by the mass of white Cubans, just as it was opposed by the free laboring class in the United States. On the other hand, it kept the rich planters loyal to Spanish rule, which protected them in the possession of their chattels; especially as the cafetals (coffee farms) were turned into great sugar plantations, operated on a far larger scale of agriculture. It was a fruitful source of official corruption. The negroes themselves formed a dangerous element of the population in slavery, and an undesirable one since emancipation. Their numbers, at different times, are thus stated:

			SLAVES	FREE
- 1827			286,942	106,494
1841	-4		436,495	152,838
<b>1</b> 851			442,000	205,670
1867			379,523	225,938

Their present number is estimated at half a million. If these figures are correct, it is strange that Cuba's colored population should have decreased by nearly 150,000 in the last half century, while that of the United States, during the same period, has considerably more than doubled.

#### THE PASSING OF SLAVERY.

The first blow at slavery in Cuba was struck in 1817, when Spain agreed to prohibit the importation of African negroes into her colonies. A consideration for this act of humanity was the receipt of two million dollars from the British government—which, a hundred years before, had itself bought from Spain a monopoly of the slave trade in her ports. But long after 1817 the forbidden traffic went on clandestinely. With the full cognizance of the Spanish officials, and to their great financial profit, the barracoons of Havana continued to be a mart for planters who needed labor. The trade was not without its risks, of course, and many a human cargo from the east coast of Africa was confiscated and liberated by the watchful British cruisers; and as the demand outran the supply, the price of slaves went up. In 1830, an able bodied negro was worth \$250 or less; in 1850, his value had doubled, and in 1870 it had doubled again.

But the government at Madrid could not much longer maintain an institution offensive to the civilized world, and in 1870, without compensating the planters, a law was passed to effect its gradual abolition. Slaves sixty years old were declared free, and those not yet sixty were to become free on reaching that age; children born to slavery were to remain under "patronage" until they were twenty two, and then be free. One purpose of this act was to dissuade the negro population from joining the revolt then in progress. Ten years later the Spanish Cortes hurried matters by declaring slavery abolished, while patronage—the same thing under another name—was to end in 1888. Shortly before the latter date arrived, the liberation of all negroes was completed by the decree of October 7, 1886.

THE LONG SERIES OF REVOLTS.

It was the Cuban negroes who first began the series of revolts that have made the island's later history so turbulent and disastrous. During the race war in Haiti, ending in the triumph of the blacks; order was preserved in Cuba; but in 1812, when the first agitation for the abolition of slavery was in the air, there was a revolt under a free negro, one Jose Aponto, which was speedly ended by the execution of its leaders.

The first rising of white Cubanscreoles, as they used to be called, though the word is not often used now -was that of the Soles de Bolivar in 1823. The revolution of 1820 in Spain had led to intervention by the Holy Alliance, and a French army, commissioned by that league of rulers by divine right, had invaded the peninsula and restored Bourbon absolutism by suppressing the force of arms, newly established liberal constitu-Of this constitution Cuba had briefly enjoyed the benefit, but Marshal Vives was sent to Havana to cancel the privileges it had granted. Intense discontent was the result, and the secret association of the Soles de Bolivar was organized, its aim being to accomplish for Cuba what the South American liberator had achieved for the mainland colonies. It is said to have been in correspondence with Bolivar, and to have received from him promises of help. August 16, 1823, was fixed as the date for simultaneous risings in several cities; but there were traitors in the camp. On the day of the intended outbreak the head of the society, Jose Lemus, and his chief lieutenants, were arrested, and the conspiracy collapsed.

MONROE'S FAMOUS DECLARATION.

That same year, 1823, was a memorable one in American history. The close political relations of Cuba and the United States may be dated from it.

The Holy Alliance, organized to combat democracy wherever found, sought to follow up its success in Spain by reconquering her revolted colonies, the South American republics. With Cuba as a military base, it would not have been a difficult task, had there not been strenuous and probably unexpected opposition. In December, 1823, President Monroe sent to the United States Congress his famous message declaring that" we could not view an interposition by any European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States "-thus laying down the principle that has become historic as the Monroe Doctrine. The stand he took was backed by England, and the continental powers were checked.

To the destiny of Cuba the enunciation of the Monroe doctrine was a fact of decisive importance. It directly implied that the United States would not allow the island to pass to any power other than Spain. Thus much had been foreshadowed a few months before by John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, writing to Mr. Nelson, American minister at Madrid:

The transfer of Cuba to Great Britain would be an event unpropitious to the interests of this Union. The opinion is so generally entertained, that even the groundless rumors that it was about to be accomplished which have spread abroad, and are still teeming, may be traced to the deep and almost universal feeling of aversion to it, and to the alarm which the mere probability of its occurrence has stimulated. The question both of our right and of our power to prevent it, if necessary by force, already obtrudes itself upon our councils, and the administration is called upon, in the performance of its duties to the nation, at least to use all the means within its competency to guard against and forefend it.

At nearly the same time the veteran Jefferson wrote to Monroe, whose valued political counselor he had always been:

Cuba alone seems at present to hold up a speck of war to us. Its possession by Great Britain would indeed be a great calamity to us. Could we induce her to join us in guaranteeing its independence against all the world, except Spain, it would be nearly as valuable as if it were our own. But should she take it, I would not immediately go to war for it; because the first war on other accounts will give it to us, or the island will give itself to us when able to do so.

After Monroe's message, our statesmen took a more decisive tone. For instance, in Henry Clay's instructions to the American ministers in Europe, issued shortly after he became Secretary of State in 1825, he said:

You will now add that we could not consent to the occupation of those islands [Cuba and Porto Rico] by any other European power than Spain under any contingency whatever.

CUBA AS AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

Spain's extreme weakness at this period, and her loss of great colonies in rapid succession, naturally led to the belief that she could not retain her hold upon Cuba. That England intended to seize the island seems to have been a baseless supposition. At that time—and later—our politicians were prone to mistrust of British designs. There was a strong feeling in favor of its annexation to the United States. Adams, in the note already quoted, declared:

It is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal Republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself.

And Jefferson gave his opinion that her addition to our confederacy is exactly what is wanted to round our power as a nation to the point of its utmost interest.

But nothing was done to realize the suggestion. The sinister shadow of the slavery question deterred our statesmen from action, either in the direction of acquiring Cuba from Spain, or in that of helping the island to assert its independence. All the South American states, on throwing off the Spanish yoke, had abolished human

servitude. An influential element in the United States was very unwilling to aid Cuba to take a similar step. As for admission to the Union, the North would not accept the island with slavery, the South—or those who controlled the South's political course—would not admit her as a free State. Van Buren, as Secretary of State, in 1829, thus stated the situation, after asserting our "deep interest" in the fate of the Spanish Antilles:

Considerations connected with a certain class of our population make it to the interest of the Southern section of our Union that no attempt should be made in that island to throw off the yoke of Spanish dependence, the first effect of which would be the sudden emancipation of a numerous slave population, which result could not but be very sensibly felt upon the adjacent shores of the United States.

It is noteworthy that a couple of years after Jefferson's expression of a wish that England would join us in guaranteeing Cuba to Spain, the British government made that very proposal to France and the United States, the consideration from Spain being her acknowledgment, which she still refused, of the independence of the South American republics; but both Paris and Washington declined the suggestion. The former, possibly, did not care to renounce its chance for a valuable possession that seemed to be in the international market; the latter acted strictly on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine.

THE STRIFE OF CUBAN AND SPANIARD.

Amid these international complications, a second rebellion against Spanish rule was planned by Cuban creoles in 1826. Its chief organizers were fugitives of the unsuccessful movement of three years before; their headquarters were in Caracas, and again the aid of Bolivar was expected; but again, through treachery or lack of support, the rising collapsed before a blow was struck. The Spanish authorities were now equipped against disaffection with the weapon which they have ever since used so unsparingly to subvert popular rights and render pretended conces-

sions worthless. By the decree of May 28, 1825, the captain general had been permanently invested, in "extraordinary circumstances"—of which he was to be the sole judge—with "all the powers which are conceded to the governors of cities in a state of siege"—in other words, with absolute military power superseding all forms of law and

all guarantees of liberty.

With his authority thus asserted in Cuba, Captain General Vives formed a highly ambitious plan for the reconquest of Spain's mainland colonies. It was a task far beyond his powers. Landing at Tampico in August, 1828, with three thousand five hundred men, he was speedily hemmed in by superior Mexican forces, and compelled to surrender his arms and withdraw. Spain's power in Cuba was not shaken by this reverse, and a third native rising, planned by the secret society of the Aguila Negra (Black Eagle), was crushed as readily as its predecessors. Vives, who personally was a clear sighted ruler and capable administrator, refrained from any bloody vengeance upon the conspirators, none of whom was executed.

Vives was succeeded by Ricafort, Ricafort by Tacon, one of the most famous of Spain's colonial governors. Cubans remember Miguel Tacon as the man who riveted upon them the hateful system of Spanish officialdom, making the island a feeding ground for the politicians of the peninsula, diverting its revenues from their proper channels, and delivering its public service over to corruption and neglect. It was he who deliberately destroyed the last chance of reconciliation between Spaniard and Cuban. Amid the troubles that followed the death of Ferdinand VII, in 1833, the revolution of La Granja secured for Spain the reëstablishment of the liberal constitution of 1812. When the news crossed the Atlantic, General Lorenzo, governor of the province of Santiago, at once proclaimed the new order, which affirmed the liberty of the press, and created local governing bodies and a national militia. At Havana, Tacon utterly refused to recognize the reformed constitution, and used his arbitrary power to suppress it. Declaring Lorenzo a public enemy, he was organizing an armed force to invade the eastern province, when the governor of Santiago fled to Spain, and laid his case before the Cortes. With fatuous inconsistency, the Madrid legislators approved Tacon's course, excluded the deputies who had arrived as representatives of Cuba, and declared that the island was not governed by the restored constitution, but by special Meanwhile Tacon had established a reign of terror in Santiago, where he laid heavy hands on those who had dared to antagonize him. Clergymen and leading citizens were imprisoned or banished, and five hundred men were set to work with shackled feet in the streets of Havana.

#### PLANS FOR ANNEXING CUBA.

In the early forties, when the troubles on our southwestern frontier were bringing us nearer and nearer to war with the Spanish Americans of Mexico. public attention in the United States again became focused upon Cuba. The British government's active work for the abolition of the slave trade—which. as has been said, continued to flourish in the Spanish West Indies with corrupt official connivance—gave rise to a wide spread belief that England's real aim was the acquisition of Cuba for herself. Such a plan certainly never materialized, and there seems to be not a scintilla of evidence that it was ever contemplated; but the alarm evidently found credence at Washington. John Forsyth, Secretary of State, wrote to our minister at Madrid, in 1840:

You are authorized to assure the Spanish government that in case of any attempt, from whatever quarter, to wrest from her this portion of her territory, she may securely depend upon the military and naval resources of the United States to aid her either in preserving or recovering it.

Daniel Webster, who succeeded Mr. Forsyth in the State Department, told the same official, three years later:

It is represented that the situation of Cuba is at this moment in the highest degree dangerous and critical, and that Great Britain has resolved upon its rule.

Had such a design been formed in London, our war with Mexico offered a favorable opportunity for its execution; but nothing of the sort occurred. That war over, leaving us with a vast accession of territory, President Polk sought to round out our new acquisitions by a stroke like Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana, and in 1848—a year of trouble in Europe—he instructed our minister at Madrid to offer the Spanish government a hundred million dollars for the sovereignty of the island. Spain refused the proposal, regarding the mere suggestion of such a transaction as an indignity; and it has never been officially renewed, though various plans for the purchase of Cuba have been brought forward by individuals or newspapers, and President Buchanan twice urged Congress to consider the subject.

#### THE BEGINNING OF FILIBUSTERING.

At this same date, just fifty years ago, the political disorders of Cuba developed a new phase, bringing them into closer connection with the United States, and constituting a source of annovance that ultimately became almost intolerable. In 1848 Narciso Lopez, who had escaped from the island after another attempt at rebellion, too feeble and abortive to deserve chronicling, formed the first society of Cuban refugees in America, and in the following year organized his first filibustering ex-He was stopped by the United States government; but in 1850 he rendezvoused six hundred men on an island off the Yucatan coast, and effected a landing at Cardenas, where he expected that recruits would flock to his standard.

The story of a dozen insurrections

shows that while the grievances of the Cubans have undoubtedly been great, and their outcry against their oppressors correspondingly loud, they have been singularly backward in striking a bold and united blow for liberty. The expectations of Lopez were totally disappointed. The people did not rise. They did not even obstruct the railway from Havana, which speedily brought two thousand five hundred of Captain General Roncali's soldiers; and at his approach the invaders, who had seized the government house, retreated to their steamer. They disbanded at Key West, and Lopez was arrested by the United States authorities. Brought to trial, he was discharged; but his ship, the Creole, was confiscated.

#### THE STORY OF LOPEZ' LAST INVASION.

The expedition of 1851 was at least a more stirring and romantic failure. Lopez had gathered about four hundred and fifty men and procured a steamer, the Pampero. His second officer, General Pragay, was an exiled Hungarian rebel. There were a few more Hungarians and Germans among his men; forty nine were Cubans, the rest Americans, one of them being a well known Kentuckian, Colonel Crittenden. They sailed for New Orleans, and, after nearly running into Havana harbor by mistake, landed at Bahia Honda, some forty miles to the west, on the 11th of August. As Lopez stepped ashore he went down on his knees and kissed the " Querida : earth, saying, ("Beloved Cuba!")

With about three hundred of his soldiers, Lopez pushed inland toward the mountains, where he planned to establish himself in an intrenched camp. Colonel Crittenden and one hundred and fifty men were left at Bahia Honda to land the ammunition and baggage. They had not brought everything ashore when a Spanish steamer entered the harbor and attacked them. Some of the filibusters fled inland, and rejoined Lopez; Crittenden and most of

his men attempted to escape in their boats, but were captured, taken to Havana and shot.

The Spanish troops found Lopez at Las Pozas. Attacking his camp, they were received with a deadly fire, and driven off with a loss of two hundred killed. The filibusters had lost thirty five men, and when they left Las Pozas they had to leave their wounded behind, to be murdered by the Spaniards, who had no mercy for outlaws. They made a second stand at Las Frias, where two hundred of them defeated thirteen hundred of the enemy; but their doom was certain. No recruits joined them; they had no supplies, and their scanty ammunition was ruined by tropical storms. They became scattered, and wandered through the forests till every one of them perished miserably, or was captured and taken to Havana for execution. Lopez met a felon's death by the garrote in the castle of La Punta.

# INTERFERENCES WITH AMERICAN COMMERCE.

The annihilation of the Lopez expedition did not deter the Cubans and their sympathizers in the United States -among whom General Quitman of Mississippi was actively prominent from threatening fresh descents, and the result was a serious strain in the relations between the governments at Washington and Madrid. The bitter feeling of the latter found expression in interferences with American commerce, which provoked intense indignation in the United States. In 1851 the American ship Falcon was fired on, and two other vessels were seized upon a vague suspicion that they had been concerned in Lopez' operations. In 1852, the United States mail bags at Havana were opened and examined by order of the captain general. The ship Crescent City was debarred from landing her passengers and mails, because her purser, a Mr. Smith, was personally obnoxious to the Spanish officials. In his annual message that year President Fillmore stated the situation thus:

The affairs of Cuba remain in an uneasy condition, and a feeling of alarm and irritation on the part of the Cuban authorities appears to exist. This feeling has interfered with the regular commercial intercourse between the United States and the island, and led to some acts of which we have a right to complain.

In the same document the President reported a renewal of the British suggestion of 1825, and its renewed rejection by our government:

Early in the present year (1852) official notes were received from the ministers of France and England inviting the government of the United States to become a party with Great Britain and France to a tripartite convention, in virtue of which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever. This invitation has been respectfully declined. I have, however, directed the ministers of France and England to be assured that the United States entertain no designs against Cuba, but that on the contrary I should regard its incorporation into the Union at the present time as fraught with serious peril.

#### DRAWING NEARER TO WAR.

During the next two years the friction of which Mr. Fillmore complained became still more serious, and in 1854 the seizure of the American ship Black Warrior at Havana, on a charge of violating the custom house regulations, brought Spain and the United States to the verge of war. The famous Ostend manifesto, issued by the American ministers at London, Paris, and Madrid, was generally indorsed by American public opinion when it declared:

Our past history forbids that we should acquire the island of Cuba without the consent of Spain, unless justified by the great law of self preservation. We must, in any event, preserve our own conscious rectitude and our self respect. Whilst pursuing this course, we can afford to disregard the censures of the world, to which we have been so often and so unjustly exposed. After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba, far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question: "Does Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endanger our internal peace and the existence of our cherished Union?" Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain if we

possess the power; and this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbor if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own home.

This bold and somewhat undiplomatic statement was signed by Pierre Soulé of Louisiana, John Young Mason of Virginia, and James Buchanan of Pennsylvania; but neither Congress northe Executive took any action upon it. Two years later, when Buchanan was elected to the Presidency, it was thought that he would take some step towards carrying out the decided views he had expressed; but beyond his repeated suggestion that Congress should consider the purchase of Cuba, nothing was done. All less pressing questions were now thrust aside by the great conflict that culminated in the Civil War.

#### A SPANISH REFORM COMMISSION.

The prospect of intervention by the United States naturally did not tend to allay Cuba's internal troubles, and the social and political disorder of the island continued. In 1865 the Liberal party, then in power at Madrid, made a characteristic attempt to restore the once vaunted loyalty of the Ever Faithful Isle, by referring its grievances to a commission of reform, half of whose members were appointed by the government itself, and the rest elected in Cuba, but by a system that gave the Spanish party control of the polls. The Cuban demands\* were submitted and rejected seriatim.

Three years later there was again a gleam of hope for Cuba, which proved equally illusory. The reign of Isabella ended in a revolution, and another constitution—one of the seven or eight that Spain has had in the present century—was proclaimed. On paper, at least, it was quite an advanced one, de-

creeing universal suffrage and a free press, and granting Cuba and the Philippines complete political equality with the mother country; but it was never put into operation beyond the ocean. It would have destroyed the political supremacy of the *Peninsulares*, the Spanish element that regarded itself as rightfully the ruling class in Spain's colonies; and Lersundi, captain general at Havana, simply ignored it. Had he desired to recognize it, the Spanish volunteers, now established as the strongest political force in Cuba, would not have permitted him to do so.

THE TEN YEARS' WAR, 1868-1878.

It was clear that the Cubans could rest no further hope on political agitation. Plans for a new revolution were already afoot, and on October 10, 1868, the standard of revolt was raised by Carlos Cespedes on the plantation of Yara, near Manzanillo, in the province of Santiago. At the head of one hundred and forty men, Cespedes proclaimed the Cuban republic; and thus began the Ten Years' War, which, barren of other results, was destined to bring such frightful losses to Spain and such equally terrible devastation to the Pearl of the Antilles.

The military history of the Ten Years' War is utterly insignificant. It consisted of a confused series of guerrilla campaigns, similar to those that have laid Cuba waste during the last few years. There were frequent reports of important actions, which were always sweeping victories for the side making the report. It was several times announced that the insurgents had captured this or that city; but quite or almost invariably these triumphs were purely imaginary. The Spaniards succeeded in confining the rebellion to the provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe, its western limit being practically marked by the trocha, or fortified line, which they threw across the island from Moron to Jucaro. In the two eastern provinces they held the sea

<sup>\*</sup> The chief points of these were the abolition of the military autocracy of the captain general; representation in the Cortes; mitigation of the press censorship; the right of assembly; the lessening of taxation, and the enforcement of the laws against the slave trade.

coast, the towns, and many fortified posts, but were utterly unable to dislodge the patriots from the forest clad mountains of the interior.

Had they sent thirty or forty thousand men to Cuba on the outbreak of the rebellion, and moved against its scanty and ill armed forces with promptness and vigor, it is very improbable that the Cubans could have kept the field. But Spain was distracted by domestic troubles; civil war was threatened, and in 1872 it broke out, the Carlists attacking the supporters of the Italian Amadeo. Such troops as could be spared were sent over to Cuba in driblets. Some were Carlist prisoners, whose loyalty was doubtful. Some officers high in command were strongly suspected of a desire to continue the war for the chances of illegitimate profit it brought them.

There were shocking atrocities on both sides, terrible waste of life, and great destruction of property. Statistics of the Spanish losses were never published, but it is believed that during the ten years not less than 150,000 soldiers from the peninsula left their bones in Cuba-some of them victims of the bullets or machetes of the insurgents, but far more slain by the fevers of the tropics. The Cubans suffered in turn, for half of the island was laid waste; and though they seem never to have had more than a few thousand men in the field at once—it is impossible to give the exact number, estimates varying all the way from two thousand to thirty thousand—their losses from the hardships of guerrilla warfare were disproportionately heavy.

Some of the worst excesses of the war were committed by the Spanish volunteers—a force numerous enough to have suppressed the rebellion, had they displayed any desire for active service in the field, rather than for terrorizing the cities. There were about sixty thousand of them in Cuba, twenty thousand in Havana alone, and they

carried matters with a high hand in the capital.

OUTRAGES BY THE VOLUNTEERS.

In May, 1870, a performance was announced at one of the Havana theaters for the benefit of "Cuban insolvents" -which doubtless meant the insurgents. A crowd of armed volunteers broke into the house and poured a volley into the audience. In the following month, displeased with the mild policy of Captain General Dulce, they arrested him and forced him to sail for Spain —a bold usurpation in which the Madrid government meekly acquiesced. In November, 1871, they seized forty three students of the University of Havana, charging them with scratching the glass in a cemetery vault containing the remains of a Spanish soldier. The students were acquitted in court, whereupon the volunteers constituted a court martial of their own officers, condemned eight of the young men to death, and shot them the next morning. The official paper announced that "some negroes had killed a volunteer. and two of them were summarily shot."

"It could not be expected," wrote an American correspondent who was in Cuba in 1873, "that the insurgents, on their side, should abstain from fearful reprisals. The practice with them when a prisoner, and especially an officer, falls into their hands, is to tie his feet up to a tree, and to pile up fuel under the dangling head, thus burning their enemy alive with a slow fire. It would not be easy to ascertain on which side the atrocities first began, or are carried to greater lengths."

BALMACEDA'S "RECONCENTRATION."

A specially sinister reputation was earned by the Spanish general, Balmaceda (afterwards captain general of Cuba), whose proclamation of April 4, 1869, in the districts of Bayamo and Jiguani, anticipated the ruthless policy of Weyler in some of its orders:

Every man from the age of fifteen years upward found away from his habitation, who does not prove a proper reason therefor, will be shot.

Every unoccupied habitation will be burned. Every habitation that does not fly a white flag, as a sign that its occupants desire peace, will be burned.

Women not living at their own homes, or at the houses of their relatives, will collect in the towns of Jiguami and Bayamo, where subsistence will be provided. Those who do not present themselves will be conducted forcibly.

## AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

It was only natural that popular sympathy in the United States should be strongly enlisted on behalf of the insurgents. The spectacle of a people struggling to be free is one that appeals too strongly to give time for a close scrutiny of the standing and the methods of those whom misgovernment has driven to revolt. The patriots of our own Revolution were ragged regiments, and partisan warfare had helped to win the struggle for us. On the other side was a power against whom we had a long series of grievances, and who represented a European domination such as we ourselves had cast off. There was a strong demand that our government should formally recognize the insurgents as belligerents, as had been done by some of the South American republics; but the administration, with undoubted political wisdom, opposed this step, which would have been of no practical benefit. As President Grant said in his annual message for 1869:

The contest had at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international war, or which would show the existence of a political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency.

Conditions had not changed when in June, 1870, the President sent to Congress a special message in which he described the shocking state of affairs existing in Cuba. It was a description that applied as well to the rebellion of 1895 as that of 1868:

The condition of the insurgents has not improved, and the insurrection itself, although not subdued, exhibits no signs of advance, but seems

to be confined to an irregular system of hostilities carried on by small and ill armed bodies of men, roaming without concentration through the woods and the sparsely populated regions of the island, attacking from ambush convoys and small bands of troops, burning plantations and the estates of those not sympathizing with their cause.

But if the insurrection has not gained ground, it is equally true that Spain has not suppressed it. Climate, disease, and the occasional bullet have worked destruction among the soldiers of Spain, and although the Spanish authorities have possession of every seaport and every town on the island, they have not been able to subdue the hostile feeling which has driven a considerable number of the native inhabitants of the island to armed resistance against Spain, and still leads them to endure the dangers and privations of the roaming life of a guerrilla.

#### THE VIRGINIUS AFFAIR.

Such was the situation when the affair of the Virginius trebly inflamed public feeling in the United States and made war appear inevitable. The Virginius was a small American sidewheel steamer which had made several voyages to Cuba carrying arms and recruits for the insurgents. On October 31, 1873, she was sighted off the south coast of the island by the Spanish gunboat Tornado, which promptly gave chase. By a curious coincidence, the two vessels were sister ships, built in the same yard; and in the light of recent tests of Spanish and American seamanship it might have been expected that the Virginius would outrun its pursuer. But though she made frantic efforts to reach Jamaican waters, throwing her cargo of horses and arms overboard to lighten the ship, as well as to destroy evidences of her unlawful mission, she was overhauled and taken to Santiago de Cuba.

One hundred and sixty five men were captured with the Virginius. On November 4, four of them—three Cubans and one American—were summarily shot by order of the Spanish commander, General Burriel. Three days later, thirty seven prisoners, one of whom was the ship's commander, Captain Frey, were taken ashore, lined up before a file of marines, and shot. These men were Cubans, Americans, and

British subjects. The American and British consuls protested vehemently, but without effect. On the 8th, twelve more prisoners suffered the same fate.

The news of the executions was received with wild rejoicings in Havana, with a burst of horrified indignation in the United States. Our government found itself in a very difficult position. Whether they were filibusters or not, the shooting of American citizens captured on the high seas was an undisguised outrage upon international law; but the weakness of our navy-which had been left to rot in our harbors since the end of the Civil War-rendered a prompt and effectual protest impossible. A fleet was ordered to rendezvous at Key West, but little could be expected of our rusty ironclads and obsolete wooden ships. The rest of the Virginius prisoners would probably have shared the doom of the fifty three who had perished, had it not been for Sir Lambton Loraine, captain of the British sloop of war Niobe, who ran into Santiago harbor with his guns ready for action, and threatened to bombard the town if there were any further executions.

There followed weeks of tedious correspondence between Washington and Madrid. The Spanish government declared that it had sent orders forbidding the shooting, but that owing to the interruption of telegraph lines by the insurgents they had not reached Santiago in time. Finally Spain consented to surrender the Virginius, to release the surviving Americans in her crew, to pay a small indemnity for those who had been shot, to salute the American flag, and to punish "those who have offended." By way of carrying out the last promise, Burriel was promoted. The formal transfer of the Virginius, which had been taken in triumph to Havana, was ungraciously carried out in the obscure harbor of Bahia Honda: she was in a filthy and unseaworthy condition—the Spaniards had purposely defiled her-and she sank on her way to the north.

But once more war with the United States had been postponed, and Spain was left to wreak her will in Cuba.

(To be continued.)

#### ONE MERRY MORN IN AUTUMN TIME.

The huntsman bee the meads across
Blew blithe his breezy horn,
And in the sunlight I saw toss
The golden tasseled corn.
The apple reddened toward its prime
In orchards waving wide,
One merry morn in autumn time
When I went out to ride.

'Twas at the crossroads that I met
A maiden fair of face;
Her eyes were dewy violet,
She sat her wheel with grace.
We both the same long slope must climb
And so rode side by side,
That merry morn in autumn time
When I went out to ride.

I smiled at her, she smiled at me;
Our talk it rippled on
From politics to poetry,
From Dobson back to Donne.
Forsooth, the world has run to rhyme
Since I that maid espied
One merry morn in autumn time
When I went out to ride!

## THE KENTUCKY HEIRESS.

BY ANN DEVOORE.

Why Rodger Endicott came to the conclusion that his theories about girls from the country might not always be correct.

RODGER ENDICOTT looked at the girl beside him with considerable distaste. She was very nearly as tall as he, and the angularity of extreme youth made contact with her bare elbow a thing to be avoided. Her head was well set, and her brown hair abundant, but her cheeks and lips were so red that they suggested a buxom dairy maid, and just below her lashes, which she kept lowered, lay a little colony of freckles.

Of all blemishes to a woman's beauty Endicott found freckles least tolerable. These telltale flecks of color seemed uncivilized. He liked to look upon a woman as a mystery, and to have her real meaning darkened to him by successive vagaries; and in the same way he wished her actual cheek to be veiled from the sun by successive layers of silk tissue.

This young person evidently faced broad daylight brazenly. She seemed to have an appetite, also, and though thin, she looked distressingly healthy. It was his habit to forget that a woman is an actual fact; and here was one who refused the olives and enjoyed the soup. These were the outward, visible signs of an undecorated mind. A girl who wore freckles in November would scarcely be opportune in her wit, and if her bones were visible at a glance, no doubt her opinions would be as easily discerned.

Perhaps Endicott would not have been so shrewd in his conclusions if he had not been told beforehand that he was to have as his neighbor at dinner his hostess' cousin from the country. Mrs. Van Damm, chatting with him at a tea the week before, had said, "I think I shall give Molly Seymour to you, Rodger. Probably she will be awkward and shy, but you can put her at her ease. After dinner, as a reward, I shall introduce you to Flora Marsh, the new heiress, a beauty from Kentucky. But let me warn you to be on your guard, my dear boy. She has been educated in Paris, and they say she is the most heartless little flirt that ever said no to a man."

This description made Endicott still more dissatisfied as he glanced from the girl beside him to a figure in white at his host's right hand. The table was long, but he could see her distinctly; and he pronounced her a dainty creature, and settled to the task of putting Miss Seymour at her ease as one might dutifully eat mutton when the doctors had forbidden terrapin. Till now he had scarcely exchanged a word with the fair rustic. He had arrived late, as dinner was about to begin; an indistinguishable mumbling of names served for an introduction, and since then she had opened her mouth only when it was necessary to admit a spoon or fork.

Endicott said gently, "I have heard of you from your cousin, Miss Seymour. Mrs. Van Damm says this is your first visit to New York. How does it compare with Spottsville?"

She uncurtained a pair of eyes as blue as a baby's, and looked at him with simple seriousness for several minutes. Then she bit her lip and flushed. It was plain that she was embarrassed,

and he pitied her. Blue eyes look prettiest above blushing cheeks, especially when the lashes are dark and silky. To cover her confusion he went on hastily without waiting for an answer:

"I suppose you miss the cows and the sheep and nature and all that, but we have compensations in town; and then, if you should be homesick, there is Central Park. I often ride there myself. Lots of green grass and squirrels, you know. I think you'd find it very jolly."

"I was there this morning," she said, "before breakfast." She had a soft drawl. Endicott could imagine her calling home the cattle at twilight. If it were not for her freckles and her leanness, she would be a good looking girl. "I dare say she poses as a rural beauty," he thought, "in a pink dress and a sunbonnet, you know." Aloud he asked: "Did you go to the zoo?"

"No," said she, and sighed. "Oh,

but I should like to!"

"Well," he said, "there is no reason why you shouldn't go. You must see all the sights, you know. I believe there's quite a Noah's ark there."

"Lions and tigers?" she asked.

"Plenty of them. They don't fright-

en you?"

"Less than men do," she said, "except you, Mr. Endicott." Then she asked: "Why is it that I am not afraid of you, though you are so dark and clever looking?"

Endicott laughed. "I really don't

know," he said.

"I think I know," said she, but hung her head and refused to tell.

Endicott found her interesting. To pick up the conversation again, he begged permission to take her to the zoo on the morrow.

"Before breakfast?" she asked, which cooled his enthusiasm consider-

ably.

To show Mrs. Van Damm's country cousin the sights of New York was the thing of all others that he had resolved not to do. What had changed him? "I

dare say the country bumpkins follow her about by the dozen," he said to himself. He began to suspect that guile lurked in those innocent eyes. If that were so, he had come to a contradiction. Then she was a mystery after all, and a woman in the most subtle sense of the word.

He soon forgot that her cheeks were freckled, and that a beauty educated in Paris was only a table length away. Miss Seymour's eyes were fixed on his so constantly that when for a moment her lashes dropped over them he felt a pang that was almost like loneliness. Whether he described the shops and theaters. or dilated on the advantages of a country life, or touched on the delights of friendship and the sudden sympathy that sometimes draws together those who are all but strangers, she listened to him with admiration and comprehension, and answered suitably in her soft, drawling voice. Once, when she had asked him with a mounting color how long it took for two people to become friends in New York, he looked up and found Mrs. Van Damm shaking a sly finger at the young lady. His glance traveled quickly back, but Miss Seymour's eyes were still turned toward him. It was a wonder how she found time to dine.

She had an appealing way of saying, "A girl from the country is at such a disadvantage!" and though she seemed perfectly simple, her natural coquetry charmed him.

A man with a fancy is a weathercock. The wind of his inclinations points him wherever it pleases. When he grows rusty the wind may blow but he does not budge, and fancy becomes theory. Endicott had not yet grown rusty, and within half an hour he had whirled himself giddy. When he settled after the spin his opinions were reversed. He noticed then that the table was decorated with ferns and orchids, and that the light was stained green by the candle shades. This color seemed in harmony with his mood. He thought of wan-

dering with Miss Seymour through dewy fields and woods, and she had the freshness that befitted such an early ramble. Her voice could match a brook in liquid indolence, and her eyes under the shade of her lashes were like the sky at morning, more radiant than clear.

He began to understand that a woman may be incomprehensible without being artificial; that she may be absolutely herself and yet a mystery. This girl was like nature, who stands a-tiptoe with the secret at her lips, but a finger lifted to guard them. As for her freckles, if Apollo chooses to reach down from heaven and touch a girl's cheek should not the traces be counted divine?

With the Roman punch Miss Seymour gave her attention to the man on her right, and Endicott had time to enjoy his reflections, and the pretty curve of her shoulder and neck. She was too thin for dimples but the line was perfect. She turned to him again just before the men were left to themselves.

"I shall not forget, Mr. Endicott," she said, "what kindness you could show a little country girl."

Then she went from the room with the other women. As they passed between the curtains, some one murmured, "What a beauty!"

Endicott tried to catch a glimpse of the Kentucky heiress, but he was too late; the curtains were closing behind Miss Seymour. The man who had been sitting the other side of her, moved nearer to Endicott. "You're a lucky chap, Rodger," he said. "She paid you marked attention."

Endicott disliked the observation. "She is very charming," he said.

"Charming!" exclaimed the other.
"A beauty, with half a million of her own! Find another word, Rodger.
They say her father owns half the horses in Kentucky."

"My dear boy," said Endicott, "the girl I've been talking to is Mrs. Van Damm's cousin—a Miss Seymour from Spottsville. She has never been in New York before, and I fancy her father rides on shanks' mare."

His listener laughed. "She has been jollying you, Rodger," he cried. "I danced the cotillion with her last night at the Flashers'. It's Flora Marsh."

When Endicott reached the drawing-room Mrs. Van Damm met him. "Come and be introduced to my cousin," she said. "You know I spoke to you about her." She led him toward the little person in white. "Oh, by the by, Miss Marsh had to go on to a dance. She asked me to remind you of your engagement to ride with her in the park tomorrow. She will be ready at nine o'clock."

Endicott felt his heart shake. She did not despise him then for his prattle concerning country life and the zoo. He flushed with happiness.

Mrs. Van Damm announced, "Miss Seymour, Mr. Endicott." A face as flushed as his own was lifted and a timid voice inquired:

"How are you?"

#### GENIUS.

A SOUL imprisoned in the noisy cage
Of human life, who beats his restless wings
Against the bars that shut him from the sky,
Calling aloud to all the unwinged rest
A clarion message from his throbbing breast—
To wake, and rouse, and dare to look on high,
Grow through captivity to nobler things
And dauntless wait for death's free pilgrimage!





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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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NEW YORK'S NEW SPEEDWAY. AT THE POINT WHERE IT PASSES UNDER WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

## A HORSEMAN'S PARADISE.

BY CHARLES CHAPIN SARGENT, JR.

THE SPEEDWAY, THE COSTLY DRIVE THAT NEW YORK HAS BUILT FOR THE DISPLAY OF HER FINE HORSEFLESH—A UNIQUE USE OF A REMARKABLY PICTURESQUE SITE.



HE city fathers of the American metropolis have at length realized the lesson taught ages ago by ancient Rome, that good roads and streets are indispensable to the life of country and of city.

The Mistress of the World found

that in developing the science of road building up to its highest limit, she was bringing her outermost possessions into the palm of her hand, where she could govern them at short range. We do not make roads to move armies; but while the railway has taken the place of the highway, and, like a telescope, has focused distance to almost nothing, there still remains the necessity of good streets in a great municipality. For generations New York disregarded this axiom. The Belgian block pavement, with its noise and capacity for disease germs and dust, was accepted stolidly by the New Yorker long after other and even less unostentatious cities had solved the problem of health and comfort in the paving of streets by the adoption of asphalt.

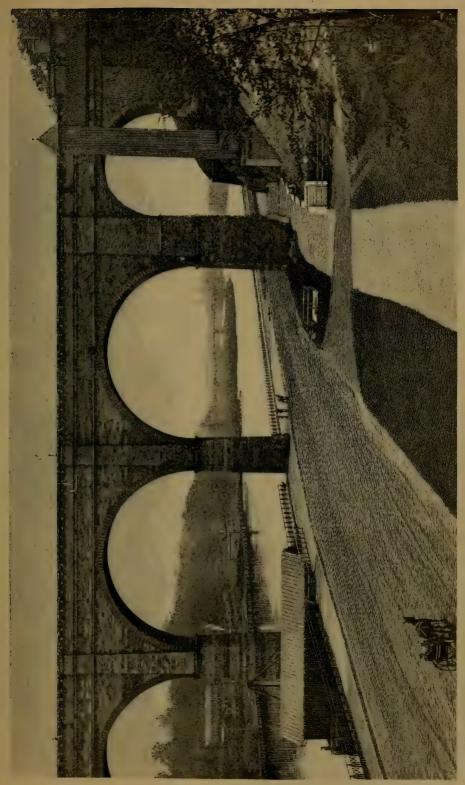
True, the arteries which fed the suburbs from the heart of the city were occasionally found to be passable, and one road especially, Seventh Avenue, the



FORT GEORGE AND THE NORTHERN END OF THE SPEEDWAY, FROM THE EAST SIDE OF THE HARLEM RIVER.  $Drawn\ by\ C.\ H.\ Tate.$ 

THE SPEEDWAY—A CUT IN THE ROCKS NEAR THE SOUTHERN END, WITH A GLIMPSE OF HIGH BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.



THE SPEEDWAY-LOOKING SOUTH THROUGH THE ARCHES OF HIGH BRIDGE, WITH THE NEW YORK AND PUTNAM RAILROAD BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE. From a photograph by W. C. Harris.



THE SPEEDWAY, WASHINGTON BRIDGE, AND THE HARLEM RIVER, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE FOOT WALK OF HIGH BRIDGE.

home of the trotter in its palmiest days, was actually creditable to that department of the city under whose suzerainty came the building of thoroughfares. But above the city proper, in that region long termed "Goatville," the

home of the squatter, the word "road" was a synonym for a stretch of mud in winter and a dust path in summer.

When lower New York became congested with its increased population and consequent trade, life was squeezed



THE SPEEDWAY—ONE OF THE SUBWAYS FOR PEDESTRIANS, WHO ARE NOT ALLOWED TO CROSS THE ROADWAY.

northward by the rivers on the west and east sides of the town. "Goatville" was driven across the Harlem by "Flattown," and the semi annually muddy or dusty roads became noisy with their pavements of Belgian block.

What, then, it is fair to ask, has wrought this wizard's change in our avenues and streets? What magic factor has enabled the Gothamite to point with righteous pride to his clean and noiseless asphalt thoroughfares and his splendid stretches of well kept macadam in the parks and driveways where he takes his holiday pleasure?

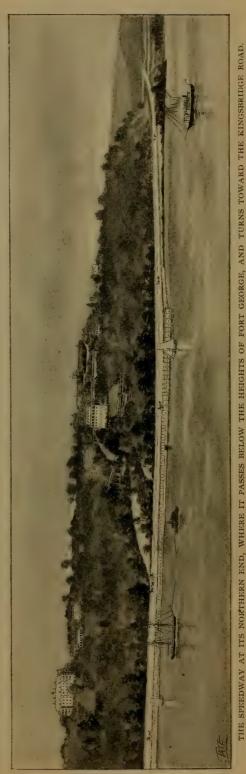
That much maligned institution, the bicycle, whose steel back already bears more than its share of responsibility for all sorts of modern developments, is accountable for the transformation.

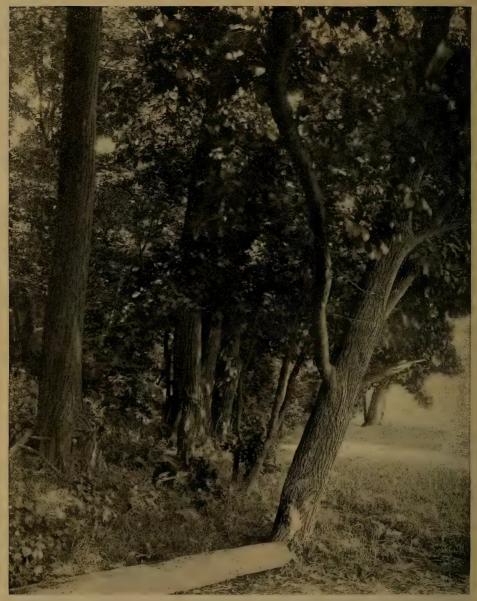
When New York was stricken with cyclomania, its one desire was for good roads. The old conservatives, who sneered at every innovation, said: "Leave the streets and roads alone. They were good enough when we were youngsters; why aren't they good enough now? The wheel is only a fad, after all, and when it has palled upon the people, we'll have spent a lot of money for naught in putting down fancy pavements."

But cyclomania became a chronic and general complaint, and the demands of those upon whom it had seized grew louder and louder. Then came the asphalted avenues, and the smart cross streets paved with the same smooth and healthful material. Next the park drives were improved, the Western Boulevard, Riverside Drive, and, lastly, the Harlem River Speedway was created.

"Stop!" cries the lover of the trotting horse, whose constant nightmare is the clanging "scorcher." The wheel is not accountable for our Speedway. It was built for us. It is the horseman's paradise. Haven't the courts just decided that a bicycle is legally barred out of our drive?"

The horseman may be reminded that



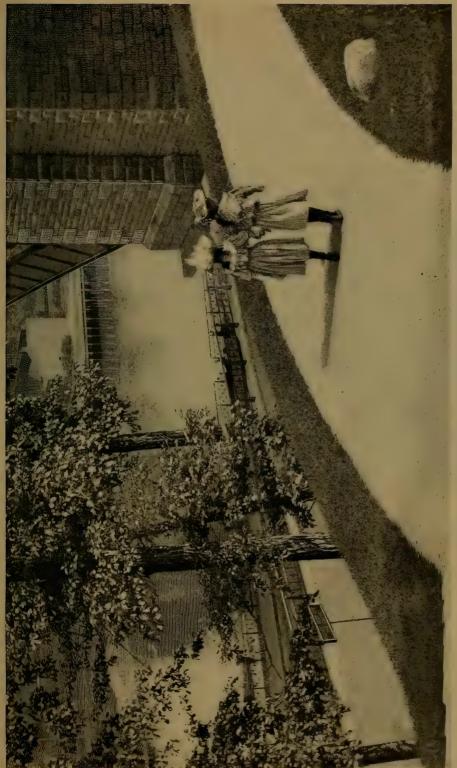


THE SPEEDWAY—A SYLVAN SPOT IN THE METROPOLIS, ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE THE SPEEDWAY.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.

he used virtually to own Seventh Avenue in the good old days when Robert Bonner, Frank Work, and the other fathers of trotting were wont to come up every afternoon to try a "brush" along the road; but the bicycle finally drove him out. He pleaded with the city for a place of his own where he could speed his thoroughbreds without having to pull up every moment on ac-

count of a wheelman cutting in across his horse's head. The municipal authorities responded munificently, and at the expense of three million dollars, in round figures, built the Harlem River Speedway, a driveway ranging in width from ninety five to fifty two feet, and with a length of two and one fifth miles, with walks, flower beds, and grass terraces laid out on either side.



THE SPEEDWAY—THE DRIVEWAY AND FOOTPATHS UNDER WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

From a pholograph by W. C. Harris.

He should certainly be grateful when he thinks what the city has sacrificed in his behalf. For the men—a few hundreds at most—who own fast horses and want to "try them out," the sapient rulers of New York have spent in making the Speedway money that would have built thirty school houses, and would have provided twice over for the present year. During the four years and two months that were consumed in completing it, many interesting and even brilliant engineering feats were accomplished. Following, as it does, along the west bank of the Harlem River, obstacles in the shape of marshy ground and precipitous ascents of rock ledges rising immediately from the



THE SPEEDWAY AND HIGH BRIDGE, WITH WASHINGTON BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND.

twenty five thousand children who were turned away last September from the overcrowded primary schools of the metropolis.

But when one goes up to One Hundred and Fifty Fifth Street and St. Nicholas Place, and starts to walk along the footpath beside the sweeping driveway, one almost forgets, in the contemplation of the natural and architectural beauties of the city's new pride, that the Speedway was, in a sense, created at the cost of untaught children.

The construction of the Harlem River Speedway was commenced in April, 1894, during Mayor Gilroy's administration, and it was opened to the public on the afternoon of July 1 of the

water's edge did not give the road any foothold whatsoever in some places. Millions of cubic feet of crib bulkhead and thousands of feet of solid masonry have been used to raise the gently curving drive about seven feet above river high water, which distance is, indeed, the average height of the road throughout its length. Into the mud flats and marshes of the Harlem, too, were driven more than a quarter of a million of linear feet of piling. At other points, cuts had to be made through the face of the solid rock to the width of the Speedway and its accompanying foot paths and grass plots.

However, as one strolls along the paths allotted to the pedestrian, the

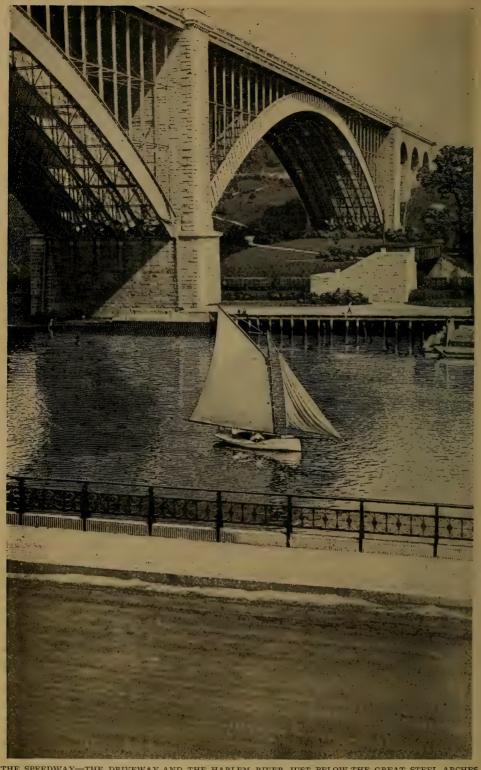
beauty of the surroundings, rather than the exposition of intricate engineering problems solved, is the striking feature of the completed work. Closely vying in its river scenery with Riverside Drive, a little lower down and on the other side of the rocky backbone of Manhattan Island, the Speedway spreads itself out in easy curves to the for as long as it stands. The heights of Fort George, which rise above the driveway at its northern end, add historic significance, and recall the series of fiercely contested skirmishes fought here between the patriots and British troops for the possession of New York City in the second year of the American war for liberty.



HIGH BRIDGE IS AN AQUEDUCT, BUILT IN 1840, TO BRING THE CROTON WATER TO NEW YORK

north. One must walk along the paths on either side of the driveway to enjoy thoroughly the sights and vistas that each onward step brings into view. Across the river and a little beyond, the tree clad slope, dotted with cottages, makes an appropriate background for the river winding below, while on this side of the Harlem there are interesting and beautiful sights galore. The old Jumel mansion, which was once the headquarters of General Washington, stands high above the Speedway, almost at its very beginning, and it is well to note, in passing, that the house has come into the possession of Mrs. F. P. Earle, of Revolutionary Daughters fame, and that it will be cared

Two bridges, entirely dissimilar in design, but each grand and imposing in its own peculiar style, hasten the sightseer's steps onward until he stands under the arches of High Bridge. If he is of a classic trend of mind and has compared the road beside which he has been walking with the ways which led from ancient Rome throughout the then known world, he cannot but recall the aqueducts which once stretched over the Italian Campania and carried the melted snows of the Apennines as a water supply to the Imperial City. High Bridge, too, is an aqueduct, and carries across the Harlem, above its series of classic arches, the water main which quenches the



THE SPEEDWAY—THE DRIVEWAY AND THE HARLEM RIVER, JUST BELOW THE GREAT STEEL ARCHES OF WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

From a photograph by W. C. Harris.



AN AUTUMN MORNING ON THE SPEEDWAY. Drawn by C. H. Tate.

multitudinous thirst of the city of New there is a flight of steps leading to an York: The historically inclined individual has but to deafen his ears to the dull roar of the city below him to imagine himself back in the days of Roman glory.

A few paces north of High Bridge

underground passage beneath the Speedway. This is for the convenience of pedestrians who wish to cross to the other side, for an ordinance prohibits the presence on the surface of the drive of any one who is not driving. There



AN OLD LANDMARK ON THE ROCKY HILLSIDE ABOVE THE SPEEDWAY. Drawn by C. H. Tate.



THE SPEEDWAY—A VISTA OF THE HARLEM RIVER AND UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, FRAMED BY AN ARCH OF WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

are three of these subterranean connections, one a short distance up from the Jumel mansion, another just above High Bridge, and the last one passing through to the north of Washington Bridge.

Washington Bridge crosses the Harlem in two great spans. It is constructed of iron, with stone foundations

and approaches, and while not so classical in form as High Bridge, it is an inspiring and noble work, as well as a very useful one, there being no other passage for wheeled traffic across the Harlem River between the Central Bridge, at One Hundred and Fifty Fifth Street, and Kingsbridge.

At a point opposite Morris Heights the Speedway swings gradually towards Dyckman Street, where it widens out in a turn for the trip back. Walking back to a point near Washington Bridge, the sidewalk attains a height of twenty feet above the road, from whence an excellent view of the driving may be obtained. Here the pedestrian lingers for a moment to watch the rubber tired buggies occupied by the lovers of the trotter behind sleek steppers. One cannot be envious of the owners of fast horses in the keen enjoyment of their friendly "brushes"; but, nevertheless, even the stanchest supporter of the existing social and political system may be pardoned for a momentary doubt whether it is exactly fair for the public millions to be thus spent for the pleasure of the few.

The old adage of "the rich they ride in chaises, and the poor they walk" naturally comes to mind; but the fact that the Harlem River Speedway sets forth the natural beauties of a part of Manhattan Island which would otherwise be little known to the vast majority of the dwellers of the metropolis, makes us hardly begrudge the money expended in large sums on the splendid municipal improvements which are rapidly placing New York in the front rank of the beautiful cities of the world.



# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

#### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS WON SO REMARKABLE
A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE SECOND
INSTALMENT SKETCHES THE HISTORY OF THREE YEARS OF RUIN IN CUBA,
THE GROWING MENACE OF WAR WITH SPAIN, AND THE
TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE THAT FINALLY PRECIPITATED
THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT.

THE series of unpleasant incidents that culminated in the Virginius affair created a mutual feeling of intense bitterness in America and in Spain. In the latter country, where civil war was in progress, Don Carlos sent an aide de camp to Madrid to propose to

his cousin Alfonso, lately restored to the throne of the Bourbons, that the factions should suspend their strife to join forces against their common foe, the United States; whose arrogance punished, each prince should be free to assert his claim to the crown. In

America the general feeling in favor of an official recognition of the Cuban insurgents was greatly strengthened; and the step would undoubtedly have been taken had it not been for the opposition of the Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, whose advice was decisive with President Grant — an opposition that was unpopular at the time, but which has been abundantly justified by later events.

As the hope of American intervention faded, the rebellion seemed to wane. In December, 1873, its lack of organization was shown by reports of dissensions among its leaders. Carlos Cespedes, who had been



MARSHAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, TWICE CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

designated as the first president of the insurgent republic, was deposed by the so called Cuban congress; and it was found impossible to agree upon a suc-

ment decided, in 1876, to make a supreme effort to end it. The old Bourbon dynasty was now firmly reëstablished at Madrid, the struggle with the



ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LÔME, SPANISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON (1892–1898).

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

cessor, though Salvador Cisneros Betancourt assumed the title of acting president. Cespedes continued in the field, but in March, 1874, he was mortally wounded in a skirmish, and his death brought further discouragement.

#### CAMPOS GOES TO CUBA.

The war had dragged on for two years more when the Spanish govern-

Carlists was over, and the man of the hour, the man to whom Spain owed the restoration of peace and order, was General Martinez Campos. With twenty five thousand soldiers, the flower of the Spanish army, he was sent out to Havana as captain general, in the hope that he would do for Cuba what he had accomplished at home.



THE UNITED STATES SHIP MAINE ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR, JANUARY 25, 1898.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



DON VALERIANO WEYLER, MARQUIS OF TEN-ERIFFE, AND CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA. From a snap shot photograph taken on the day of his landing at Havana, February 10, 1895.

As a rule, the military operations of the Cuban wars have been practically limited to the winter and spring months, which constitute the dry season; there being on both sides a wholesome dread of the climatic terrors of the summer and early autumn, which decimated our troops during the brief Santiago campaign of 1898. Campos' first winter, that of 1876-77, passed without any tangible result; and he found his task so heavy that he turned over the captain general's office to General Tovellar, devoting himself solely to dealing with the insurgents. Perhaps the most patriotic and clear sighted public man that his country has produced in our time, he recognized that Spain's policy in Cuba had been a disastrous failure. In one of his reports a remarkable document, which must

have been read with unpleasant surprise in Madrid—he openly arraigned its blunders and crimes:

The insurrection here, acknowledging as its cause the hatred of Spain, is due to the causes that have separated our other colonies from the mother country, intensified by the fact that promises made to Cuba at different times have not been fulfilled; that, as I understand it, their fulfilment, when begun, has been forbidden by order of the Cortes.

When one day after another passed without the island's hopes being realized, the concessions occasionally granted by this or that governor being more than canceled by his successor; when bad officials and a worse administration of justice aggravated the existing disorders; when the provincial governorships, continually growing more corrupt, fell at last into the hands of men without training or education, petty tyrants who could practise their thefts, and sometimes their oppressions, because of their distance from the supreme authority; then public opinion began urgently to desire those liberties which, if they bring much good, contain also some evil, especially when applied to a country that has so peculiar a life of its own, and is not prepared for them.

#### THE COMPROMISE OF ZANJON.

Seeing that pacification by the sword was impossible, and that to prolong the war meant ruin to Cuba and disastrous loss to Spain, Campos resolved to attempt conciliation. His first negotiation failed because the insurgent leaders to whom he made overtures, and who expressed a desire for peace, were murdered by the irreconcilables who had decreed death to any one treating with the Spaniards except on the basis of independence. In spite of this outrage he succeeded in communicating with Vicente Garcia, who had recently been named to succeed Cisneros as head of the insurgent government, and on the seventh of February, 1878, the two commanders had a seven hours' interview at Chorrilla, near Las Tunas. On the tenth there was a second meeting, at Zanjon, between Campos and ten Cuban commissioners, of whom Garcia was one and Maximo Gomez another; and here was signed the document, variously called the treaty or compromise of Zanjon, which ended the Ten Years' War. These were its terms:



IN THE RECONCENTRADO QUARTER OF MATANZAS—CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, OF MICHIGAN, ESCORTED BY A GUARD OF SPANISH SOLDHERS, INVESTIGATING THE CONDITION OF CUBAN RECONCENTRADOS.

Article I—Concessions to the island of Cuba of the political, organic, and administrative privileges accorded to the island of Porto Rico.\*

Article 2—Forgetfulness of the past as regards political offenses committed from 1868 to the present time, and annesty for all now under sentence for such offenses in or out of the island; full pardon to deserters from the Spanish army, irrespective of nationality, including all who had taken part in revolutionary movements.

Article 3—Freedom to the Asiatic coolies and the slaves who are now in the revolutionary ranks.

will place at their disposal the railway and steamship facilities at his command.

Article 8—This agreement with the central committee shall be considered general and without special restrictions, extending to all departments of the island accepting these conditions.

HOW SPAIN KEPT FAITH WITH CUBA.

To the terms of this treaty the signature of Campos morally—though possibly not technically, as there seems to



. DISTRIBUTION OF SUPPLIES SENT FROM THE UNITED STATES TO RELIEVE THE DISTRESS AMONG THE STARVING PEOPLE OF HAVANA, FEBRUARY, 1898.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

Article 4—No one who by virtue of this convention recognizes and remains under protection of the Spanish government shall be compelled to render any military service until peace be established throughout the island.

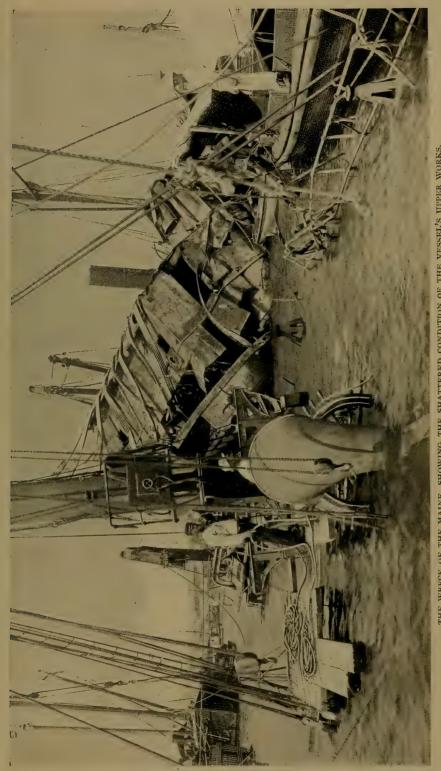
Article 5—All persons affected by these provisions who desire to leave the island without stopping in any town shall receive the aid of the Spanish government to that end.

Article 6—The capitulation of the forces shall take place in the open field, where, preferably, the arms and military equipments shall be surrendered.

Article 7—The commander in chief of the Spanish army, in order to facilitate the disbanding of the several sections of the Cuban army,

have been a convenient vagueness about his authority to treat with the insurgents—committed the Spanish government; and after provisionally establishing a system for the election of Cuban deputies to the Cortes, he went back to Madrid to secure the execution of the agreement. The premier, Canovas del Castillo, declared that Spain could accept nothing but the complete subjection of Cuba, and resigned office to avoid submitting a compromise to the legislature. Campos took the vacant place, but found himself unable to form

<sup>\*</sup>These were substantially identical with the concessions demanded by the Cubans before the outbreak of the Ten Years' War, and enumerated on page 130 of last month's issue.



THE WRECK OF THE MAINE, SHOWING THE SHATTERED CONDITION OF THE VESSEL'S UPPER WORKS. From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO COMMANDED THE BATTLESHIP MAINE ON HER LAST CRUISE TO HAVANA.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

a cabinet that would accept his plans, and gave up the attempt in despair. Canovas returned to the premiership, and the promises of Zanjon were laid aside.

Cuba still had her right of representation at Madrid, but even that was speedily rendered little more than a mockery. The *Peninsulares* regarded themselves as entitled to a political domination over the *Insulares* as natural as that exercised by the white men

of our Southern States over their seven million negro fellow citizens; and their methods of insuring their supremacy were as ingenious and as unscrupulous as anything yet devised in Louisiana or Mississippi. The franchise was limited to those paying a tax of twenty five dollars annually—a provision which excluded all but the richer Cubans, many of whom, especially in former years, were loyal to the Spanish connection, mainly through dread of the disorders



THE WRECK OF THE MAINE, SHOWING DIVERS AT WORK EXAMINING THE BOWS OF THE SUNKEN VESSEL, From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



THE SPANISH CRUISER ALFONSO XII IN THE FLOATING DRY DOCK AT HAVANA.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

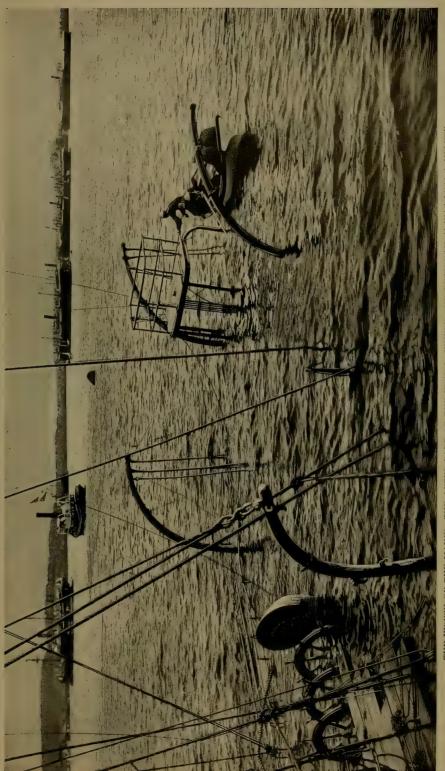
of civil war. But to prevent the disfranchisement of Spaniards, all government employees, and all persons recognized as belonging to any mercantile company, were registered as voters without taxation. The result was that the Peninsulares, numbering not more than one sixth of the total population, were enabled to carry most of the election districts. In 1879, of forty delegates, ten were Cuban autonomists. thirty Spanish or Cuban conservatives, and the disproportion grew still more marked at later elections. In 1886, of thirty eight delegates, eight were autonomists, thirty conservatives, all but four of the latter being Spanish born; in 1806, of thirty delegates, all but four were Spaniards. Some of the Spanish candidates were men who had never seen Cuba.

#### BETWEEN REBELLIONS.

The Ten Years' War was followed by seventeen years of comparative quietude in Cuba. There was official fric-

tion with the United States, but not so serious as to create an alarm of war. though in 1880 Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, sent an urgent protest to Madrid against a "grave affront to the honor and dignity of our flag" in the overhauling of four American vessels by Spanish gunboats off the Cuban coast. There were minor internal disorders—banditry in the hills, the legacy of years of guerrilla warfare, and plots, or suspicions of plots, in the cities; but no disturbance loud enough to reach the ears of the outside world. The diary of Captain General Polavieja, recently published in Madrid, records that in 1892 he executed no less than sixty three prisoners accused of treasonable conspiracy against the existing régime. During the following year there were two more attempts at insurrection—one under the Sartorius brothers in the province of Santiago, the other under Esquirre in Santa Clara; but both were feeble and futile.

It would not be fair to say that the



THE WRECK OF THE MAINE—THE AFTER PART OF THE VESSEL, WHERE THE DESTRUCTION WAS LESS COMPLETE. From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



BURIAL OF SAILORS WHO PERISHED WITH THE MAINE, IN THE CRISTOBAL COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA. From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

panish government made no attempt whatever to improve the condition of Cuba. The burden of taxation, which had been mercilessly extortionate, was made less crushing. The Cuban budget for 1878-79 was more than forty six million dollars; that of 1882, a little less than thirty six millions; that of 1893, twenty three millions. Of the other reforms, or pretended reforms, some were farcical in their worthlessness; others, perhaps well meant by their authors at Madrid, were frustrated by the official-dom of Cuba, whose morale was hinted at in Campos' report, already quoted.

FEEBLE ATTEMPTS AT REFORM.

Under the changes effected in the Spanish constitution in 1876, the government of Cuba, hitherto regarded as an appanage of the crown, was transferred to the Cortes. This was not proclaimed in the island until five years later, and then proved to be a reform only in name. In 1892 the qualification for the franchise was reduced from twenty five dollars a year in taxes to five dollars; but the extension of the suffrage had no apparent influence upon the result of the elections, as returned by the Spanish authorities in control of the polls. In 1895 it was announced that the military power of the captain general was to be tempered by a council of thirty members, but the constitution of the advisory body was characteristic. Of its thirty members, fifteen were to be appointed by the crown, fifteen elected in Cuba, and to muzzle any champion of popular rights who might slip into it, the captain general was empowered to suspend at will any fourteen councillors, and with the consent of certain officials—all, pretty sure to be Peninsulares—to dismiss the entire body.

Spaniards who recount these efforts at conciliation, and bewail the ingratitude of the colony that is now lost to them, add that taxes in the peninsula are proportionately higher than in Cuba; that the Cubans have had the privilege of

exemption from the conscription; and that the long maintenance of slavery, in the face of strenuous opposition, was a special favor to the industries of the island. They do not add that it may have been because Spain dared not arm and train the Cubans that she asked no military service from them; or that the connivance at human servitude suited the interests of peculating Spanish office holders rather than the public sentiment of Cuba. None of these excuses can palliate the fact that the island was utterly, hopelessly, and shamelessly misgoverned, under a vicious system badly administered by corrupt officials.

Under such conditions, the recurrence of disorder was inevitable. It is idle to discuss whether those who began the latest rebellion were justified in drawing the sword. They were men who saw the Ten Years' War, and who must have foreseen, if they foresaw anything, that in raising the standard of revolt they were dooming the island they professed to love to years of blood and ruin, of anarchy and starvation. Revolt is justified only when it has the prospect of military success; and could these leaders of small guerrilla bands expect to cope with Spain's army and navy? Events brought them a mighty ally; but Gomez and Maceo and their comrades have much to answer for besides the ending of Spanish rule in the West Indies. And yet—we think of the "embattled farmers" who defied the power of George III, and sympathy silences criticism.

CUBA'S LAST REBELLION BEGINS.

The 24th of February, 1895, was a day of excitement in Havana, and of consternation in the palace of the captain general, Don Emilio Calleja. There were tidings of new revolts both in the east and in the west. Juan Gomez had taken the field, near Matanzas, with a small band of followers; at Manzanillo, Bartolomeo Masso was at the head of two hundred men; and at several points in the province of Santiago there

were risings under Jesus Rabi, Guillermo Moncada, and other rebel leaders. Calleja at once proclaimed a state of siege, and telegraphed to Madrid for assistance. There were about eighteen thousand Spanish troops in the island, besides the volunteers; but, as is quite usual with Spanish troops, they were poorly supplied and equipped. Little had been done to modernize the medieval fortifications of the chief cities: the captain general had scarcely any artillery, and only eleven small cruisers and gunboats to patrol a coast line of two thousand miles. The neglect and inefficiency of the Spanish military administration was a powerful ally to the rebels.

The revolutionists in Matanzas, or a part of them, were speedily forced to surrender to the governor of the province, who thereupon reported his district as "pacified"; but further east the Spaniards were practically powerless, and the rebellion spread like a prairie fire. In the province of Santiago, within three weeks several thousand men. armed with rifles or machetes, had flocked to its standard, and the Spanish troops found themselves unable to leave their fortified posts without subjecting themselves to guerrilla attacks. The gravity of the situation was appreciated both at Havana and at Madrid, for on the 27th of March Captain General Calleia resigned, and next day the cabinet of Premier Canovas del Castillo met to decide upon heroic measures.

#### CAMPOS TO THE RESCUE.

Campos, who had once pacified Cuba with promises which he had not been allowed to fulfil, was again summoned to save for Spain the pearl of the Antilles. He can scarcely have approached the task with confidence, or without reluctance; but he accepted the commission, and sailed promptly—not to Havana, but to the troubled east, the headquarters of the rebellion, landing at Guantanamo on the 16th of April.

Three gunboats were sent at the same time to Cuban waters, twelve thousand additional troops were ordered from Spain, and an unlimited credit was voted by the Cortes for the expenses of the war.

Meanwhile therebels had received important accessions, for the chieftains of the Ten Years' War, who had sought safety in exile, now returned to strike another blow at Spain. On the 1st of April the two negro leaders, Antonio and Jose Maceo, landed near Baracoa, easily avoiding the Spanish gunboats; and on the 11th they were followed by Jose Marti, who assumed the provisional headship of the government nominally established by the insurgents, and by Maximo Gomez, who was recognized as commander in chief of the scattered and scantily equipped "army of liberation."

Campos' first plan of campaign was to confine the insurrection to the Santiago province, and he posted ten thousand troops along the Puerto Principe border. Marti was killed in attempting to break through the cordon, but Gomez made his way into Puerto Principe; and during the summer, when hostilities slackened, he remained there, organizing the rebellion, threatening the Spanish positions, and beginning his work of destruction among the plantations and the railroads. At the approach of the dry season he moved westward again, in concert with Antonio Maceo.

During the Ten Years' War a main feature of the Spanish military policy was the maintenance of the trocha, or fortified line running across the island from Moron to Jucaro, near the western boundary of Puerto Principe; and this line Campos now attempted to hold against Gomez and Maceo. As a question of strategy, his judgment was of doubtful wisdom. Although he massed along the trocha troops that might have been better employed in attacking and following up the enemy, it was impossible to guard its fifty miles of length

effectually. Gomez and Maceo had little difficulty in crossing the barrier.

#### CAMPOS FAILS AND RESIGNS.

With fire and sword the rebel leaders continued their westward advance. Campos marched in pursuit, but their rapid movements and better knowledge of the country baffled him. Their forces were usually split into small commands, which engaged the Spaniards only when they could intercept a convoy or ambush a detachment. In spite of Spain's determined efforts to crush the revolt-fifty thousand soldiers were sent to Cuba during the summer and autumn, and in November General Pando sailed from Cadiz with thirty thousand more—her ablest commander, when he entered Havana on the day before Christmas, appeared there as a defeated general, while Gomez followed him with impunity almost within sight of the capital. The smoke of burning villages and plantations could be seen from the suburbs, and the railroads running out of the city were paralyzed by the destruction of bridges and trains.

Unsuccessful in the field, and assailed by a fierce storm of criticism both in Havana and from Spain, Campos resigned his command, and on January 17, 1896, it was announced from Madrid that General Valeriano Weyler had been selected to succeed him. This appointment, which was regarded as foreshadowing a stringent and vigorous prosecution of the war, was received with delight by the Peninsulares, with bitter resentment by the Cubans and their sympathizers. As an officer in the Ten Years' War Weyler was accused of numerous and shocking cruelties. The charges may have been false, as were many of those brought against him later; but he speedily proved himself truculent enough.

Weyler reached Havana on the 10th of February. On the 17th he

issued a sweeping proclamation ordering a summary military trial, with the death penalty upon conviction, for fourteen specified offenses, including the furnishing of arms, provisions, horses, or any other assistance to the rebels; the disclosing of telegraph messages to any but the proper official; the invention or circulation of any news directly or indirectly favoring the rebellion; the speaking or writing of anything that might belittle the prestige of Spain or of the Spanish army. He further ordered that in the two eastern provinces, Puerto Principe and Santiago, all stores in country districts should be vacated by their owners, and that no person should go abroad without a passport issued by the military commanders.

It would be useless to attempt to follow in detail the campaigns of 1896 and 1897. The struggle continued to be a confused series of guerrilla combats, destructive yet indecisive, uninteresting to the historian and utterly valueless to the student of tactics. The facts of the situation were constantly obscured by a cloud of false statements. The official bulletins, chronicling nothing but Spanish successes, were manifestly unreliable. Reports from insurgent sources were still more irresponsible and imaginative.

#### A CLOUD OF FALSE WITNESSES.

It may be regarded as strange that the American newspaper press, with its record of almost invincible enterprise, should have allowed years of civil strife in Cuba, an island so close to our own shores, and bound to us by so many ties of interest, to pass without a more earnest and successful effort to record the exact facts of the case. While Campos was in command, correspondents were free to go and come throughout the island, and to investigate the character and progress of the struggle; but little or nothing was done in this direction. Certainly not one of them went afield with the Spanish forces. Weyler, from the first, was less accommodating to newspaper men; few soldiers regard them with special affection—witness Kitchener in the Soudan, Shafter'at Santiago, and sundry generals in our own Civil War; but he did not begin to expel them until he had received very serious provocation. A correspondent is always held responsible for the news that appears in the periodical he represents; and any commander might well resent the utterly unscrupulous fakes —if that expressive term may be employed—continually published by certain sheets which loudly proclaim themselves the leaders of our journalism, and which the foreigner may be pardoned for accepting as such.

An exposure — which apparently stands uncontradicted and uncontroverted—of this long series of misstatements has been published by Mr. George Bronson Rea, one of the very few American correspondents who witnessed any considerable amount of fighting in Cuba. According to Mr. Rea's "Facts and Fakes About Cuba," there were only three, or possibly four, who can truthfully claim to have done so. Of the dozens of others who started for the seat of war in 1896 and 1897, many seem to have gone no further south than Florida, where they found abundant material for sensational stories in the information they gathered from Cuban laborantes—a class with whom the invention of news favorable to the insurgents may be said to have been a recognized duty.

It is from this source that American newspapers received the imaginative tales that only need to be collected and compared, as they are in Mr. Rea's book, to make evident their reckless inconsistencies and extreme improbabilities—the stories of desperate battles, when in the whole war there was scarcely an action that deserved the name; of the capture of fortified towns, of terrible machete charges, of dynamite guns that mowed down whole Spanish battalions, of the marvelous prowess of regiments

of Cuban Amazons—all equally fictitious; of the thorough organization, civil and military, of the rebel government; of its "capital" at Cubitas, of its school system and postal service—mere figments of the imagination. Spanish atrocities, which may have occurred, but which were established solely by hearsay evidence, were contrasted with the miraculous and incredible clemency said to distinguish the insurgent chiefs.

### THE OLIVETTE "OUTRAGE."

As a typical instance, out of scores that might be given, take the case of the alleged outrage upon a Cuban woman, a passenger on the American steamer Olivette, who was charged with carrying documents for the insurgents, and was searched before being allowed to leave Havana.

A New York newspaper\* paraded this as a sensation, and published a large engraving showing the woman stripped naked, standing before three Spanish officials. The not unnatural result was a burst of public indignation at what appeared to be a very shocking incident—until the correspondent who had furnished the story emphatically disclaimed it in any such guise as that in which his paper presented it. The woman had been searched only by a female inspector, privately, in a stateroom; the sensational picture had been drawn by an artist who was not present, and who very carelessly and culpably relied upon his imagination.

The newspaper press possesses much less practical and direct political influence in the United States than unthinking observers suppose, and much less than it exercises in England. All this journalistic misrepresentation was unfortunate, but it had no effect upon the policy of either the Cleveland or the McKinley administration. It aroused Spanish resentment, created false impressions in America, and led to utterances in Congress that were unwise and regrettable; but it could never

<sup>\*</sup> The New York Journal, February 12, 1897.

have brought us to war. That came, primarily, from the inevitable logic of an age long situation, and was immediately precipitated by the terrible and unforeseen disaster of the Maine explosion.

#### THE EXHAUSTION OF THE COMBATANTS.

As a matter of fact, during the last two months of Campos' command the Cuban rebellion reached its high water mark, and from the arrival of Weyler it steadily declined. To the Spaniards, indeed, the cost of the war, in men and money, continued to be frightful, and even ruinous; nor was there any apparent prospect of restoring peace and order in Cuba so long as the last of the native inhabitants remained alive to face the starvation that was closing in upon them; but it became more and more clear that the insurgents were hopeless of military success. Antonio Maceo, by general testimony the most soldierly of the Cuban leaders, was hemmed in in Pinar del Rio, the trocha that stretched from Mariel to Majana cutting him off from Gomez, who seems to have made no effort to succor him; and when he made his way across the trocha with a few followers, in December, 1896, he was killed in a chance encounter with Spanish troops. His brother, Jose Maceo, had fallen in the preceding July. The operations of Gomez, of whom so much was heard in the first year of the war, seem to have degenerated into mere guerrilla tactics -if, indeed, they ever were anything else.

Seldom caring to take the offensive, the insurgents were constantly aided in eluding the Spaniards by the fact that most of the rural population were ready to serve as spies, carrying information of every movement attempted by the Spanish commanders. It was to prevent this, and to render it more difficult for the enemy to obtain food, that Weyler issued his reconcentration order—an order that brought detestation upon his name, that was rightly denounced by

President McKinley as "brutal" and "horrible," and that proved disastrous to both parties in the struggle. It may have been as much of a military necessity as Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley, but its effects were so cruel that it proved to be one of those blunders that are worse than crimes.

#### THREE YEARS OF FAMINE AND DEATH.

Yet it is easy to show—not as any excuse for its author-that reconcentration was not the only nor indeed the main cause of famine and death in Cuba. The sufferings of the pacificos began before it was inaugurated and continued after it ended. Weyler's first bando directing the country people to assemble in the fortified towns was issued October 21, 1896, and the new policy was not in general operation before February, 1897, to be revoked by Blanco's decree of November 13 in that year; but as far back-as December, 1805, there were reports of thousands of refugees flying to the cities from the devastated rural districts. In his report presented at the meeting of Congress in 1806 Mr. Olass then Secretary of State, said:

It is officially reported that there are in one provincial city alone some four thousand necessitous refugees from the surrounding country, to whom the municipal authorities can afford little or no relief.

It would be easy to multiply evidence of this state of affairs, and it is equally easy to discover reasons for it. How could there but be destitution and suffering when all the industries of the island were practically suspended—when plantations were burned on every hand, factories razed and railroads destroyed, while a considerable part of the able bodied male population, instead of working to support their families, took to the woods as guerrilla warriors?

#### THE DESTROYERS OF CUBA.

General Gomez, in the letter he sent to President McKinley in February, 1898, has the effrontery to assert: The revolution, as master of the country, has never prohibited any citizen, whatever his nationality, from earning his living.

This was the same commander who issued the following proclamation under date of November 6, 1895:

Article I—All plantations shall be totally destroyed, their sugar cane and outbuildings burned, and railroad connections destroyed.

Article II—All laborers who shall aid the sugar factories shall be considered as traitors to their

country.

Article III—All who are caught in the act, or whose violation of article II shall be proven, shall be shot. Let all officers of the army of liberty comply with this order, determined to unfurl triumphantly, even over ruin and ashes, the flag of the Republic of Cuba.

Such, as a matter of fact, was the deliberate policy of the insurgents throughout the war. As early as March, 1895, an American traveler who was in eastern Cuba during the first two weeks of the rebellion, said that "the most deplorable feature of the warfare is the pillaging and burning done by the insurgents;" and so it continued to the end. Gomez' order was frequently and emphatically reiterated by those of other chieftains; witness one of Antonio Maceo's, dated June 9, 1896:

Allow me to impress on you the necessity of employing all means to destroy the railroads in your district, and to blow up trains and bridges with dynamite.

It is also advisable to destroy all houses that may offer refuge or shelter to the Spanish troops, and to render useless all corn and tobacco found deposited in your territory.

Here is another signed by "Jose B. Aleman, Secretary of War," and dated December 2, 1897:

Considering that the working of the sugar estates favors the plans of our enemies, as shown by the marked interest in their last winter campaign, thus injuring the steady headway of the revolution:

It has been ordered by our government . . . . to absolutely prohibit the realization of the sugar crop of 1897-98. . . . . Violators will suffer the punishment prescribed by our laws.

HOW WAR WAS WAGED IN CUBA.

The practical working of these ruthless edicts, and their effect upon the starving plantation hands of Cuba, may be illustrated by a few quotations from the official reports of the American consuls in Cuba—authorities unlikely to be unduly favorable to the Spaniards. Mr. Barker wrote from Sagua la Grande, December 28, 1897:

This (Santa Clara) province is capable this season of producing perhaps two thirds of whatever cane might be made in the entire island. To grind this cane without interruption would be the means of saving the lives of thousands who without this or outside aid within the next thirty to fifty days, must die of actual hunger. Over a month since the planters were officially advised of Spain's inability to provide protection in order to operate their mills. This leaves the sugar growers entirely in the hands of the Cubans in revolt. I know that strict orders have been given that under no circumstances must mills be permitted to grind.

A month later—January 31, 1898—the same official reported:

One sugar mill is running, not without interruption, with chances of making one fourth of a crop. Another, just started up, was attacked yesterday by a band of insurgents, killing fourteen and wounding five of the guerrillas paid by the estate to protect the operatives. Seven laborers were killed.

An adjoining estate, the property of the British consul, was also attacked, the growing cane burned. This precludes further attempts to grind, as men cannot be induced to work while the insurgents roam at will over the country.

Such was the humane warfare of which Gomez boasted!

Mr. Brice wrote from Matanzas, November 17, 1897—after the reconcentrados had received official permission to return to the country:

Only those who can obtain employment on sugar plantations can live. . . . Several plantations report cane burned by insurgents, and the general opinion is little or no sugar will be made this season.

On December 5, 1897, Mr. Hyatt reported from Santiago de Cuba:

Mr. Rigney, an American sugar planter near Manzanillo, was preparing to grind during the coming season. A few nights since, the insurgents fired seven cannon shots among his buildings, one ball passing through the roof of his house.

On January 12, 1898, the same consul added:

I regret to say that the stoppage of industries, from present appearances, will not halt at the

sugar crop, but coffee and other agricultural crops fall under the same ban. . . . The Pompo manganese mines, owned by Americans, are also being held up by the same power.

It is beyond the power of my pen to describe

the situation in eastern Cuba.

On the other hand, where the insurgents were unable to carry out their policy of destruction, somewhat better conditions prevailed. Mr. McGarr, consul at Cienfuegos, reported on January 10, 1898:

All the sugar mills in this consular jurisdiction, twenty three in number, have been grinding since the first of the month. . . . The demand for labor has drawn from the towns a great portion of the unemployed laborers and given employment to the male concentrados, many of whom were in a state of enforced idleness and destitution. As a consequence, few of them are now seen here, and the labor congestion has been relieved.

Small predatory parties of insurgents make frequent attempts to fire the cane fields, and it requires constant and active vigilance to prevent their destruction. The dry weather and the high winds prevailing at this season render it a simple matter for one person (who can easily conceal himself in the tall cane) to start a conflagration that will, unless promptly extinguished, destroy hundreds of acres in a few hours.

The sugar crop is the support of all classes, and especially of the laboring class, and should it be in large part destroyed a famine in reality would be inevitable.

This letter explains the extreme difficulty the Spanish commanders experienced in preventing the destruction of the industries by which, in time of peace, the island supported itself. That their efforts to do so were sincere—as they naturally would be, if only from motives of self interest—is attested by General Fitzhugh Lee, who reported under date of November 23, 1897:

The Spanish authorities are sincere in doing all in their power to encourage, protect, and promote the grinding of sugar. The insurgents' leaders have given instructions to prevent grinding wherever it can be done, because by diminishing the export of sugar the Spanish government revenues are decreased. It will be very difficult for the Spanish authorities to prevent cane burning, because one man at night can start a fire which will burn hundreds of acres, just as a single individual could ignite a prairie by throwing a match into the dry grass.

#### THE CRY FOR HELP.

Nor is it true that the Spanish authorities, military and civil, made no

effort whatever to relieve the victims of the cruel war. The measures taken were indeed inadequate and futile; when Spain could not pay her own officials and feed her own troops, how could she provide for half a million hungry Cubans? She was powerless before the hideous specter of famine that arose in the island which she had so long misruled, and whose doom was now sealed by its own sons. Yet there were attempts at relief. Early in the war, Campos raised a fund for the destitute, himself heading the list with two thousand dollars, and the entire Spanish army subscribing a day's pay. In many cities a junta de socorros was formed, which distributed such money or provisions as could be obtained. In November, 1897, General Lee reported that "charitable committees" were caring for "large numbers" of refugees. General Blanco gave one hundred thousand dollars in Spanish silver to feed the destitute, and the city of Havana raised eighty thousand dollars by a special tax for the same purpose. Elsewhere municipal relief failed because both public and private resources were exhausted. Consul Brice wrote from Matanzas, also in November. 1897, that "several days ago an order from captain general\* was given municipal authorities to issue rations and clothing, but no attention is paid the order "—lack of funds being, no doubt, one reason for the neglect. Later, in the same city, "two thousand rations were given out, for a few days only, to eight thousand persons." But by this time the situation almost everywhere was that described by Consul Barker, of Sagua la Grande: "The authorities are utterly helpless to extend any relief to those who have thus far survived the pangs of hunger." Truly General Sherman's saving that "war is hell" was never more frightfully verified than during the last three years in Cuba.

<sup>\*</sup> This word appears in consular reports (Senate document No. 230, Fifty Fifth Congress, second session) as "Captain Gin"—no doubt a typographical error.

There was no hope of relief from within. The situation was one that cried to heaven for the merciful intervention of a foreign power, more loudly than ever Bulgaria cried, or Armenia, or Crete.

THE MOVEMENT FOR INTERVENTION.

But terrible as was Cuba's plight, it was exceedingly difficult to formulate any proper and practical plan of ameliorating it. It is not strange that while intervention was so eagerly urged by American sympathy, two successive administrations were so reluctant to undertake it. For more than two years the United States witnessed the spectacle not an entirely pleasant one to the friends of popular government—of periodical scenes of excitement in Congress. which, vehement and even disorderly in debate, yet failing to agree upon any definite and consistent line of action: making inflammatory speeches and passing bellicose resolutions, yet continuing its neglect of the national defenses—stood in more or less direct opposition to an executive policy, which, though criticised as unduly conservative, was firm, prudent, and based upon a better understanding of the situation.

The question first came to the front in the national legislature when the Senate foreign affairs committee reported, on January 29, 1896, a curiously worded resolution instructing the President to

use in a friendly spirit the good offices of this government, to the end that Spain shall be requested to accord to the armies with which it is engaged in war the rights of belligerents.

After a month's debate, during which the resolution went through several changes, the Senate finally passed it in the form of a recognition of the insurgents as a belligerent power, with the further request

that the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba.

The House of Representatives adopted a much less pacific resolution, de-

claring that the only permanent solution of the conflict was the establishment of a government by the choice of the Cuban people; that American interests were seriously injured by the struggle, and should be protected by intervention if necessary. There were conferences and further debates, in one of which Senator Mills, of Texas, offered a motion calling on the President to seize the island and hold it by military force until the Cuban people could organize a republic; but finally, on April 6, the House accepted the Senate resolution. The President took no action upon it.

"FRIENDLY OFFICES" OFFERED IN VAIN.

. It could hardly have been expected that the "friendly offices" thus proffered had the slightest chance of acceptance by what Senator Sherman termed the "sensitive, proud, and gallant nation" of the Iberian peninsula. Its temper was indicated, during the debate in Congress, by an attack on the United States consulate in Barcelona, and by riotous anti American demonstrations in other Spanish cities. Two days before the final passage of the resolution—April 4, 1806— Secretary Olney had sent to Madrid a frank and full statement of the position of the Washington administration. He pointed out that Spain's promises of a speedy restoration of order had signally failed; that the anarchy existing in Cuba had greatly damaged American commerce, and threatened the "absolute impoverishment" of the island's inhabitants; that while not suggesting intervention at the time-indeed he expressly declared that "the United States has no designs upon Cuba, and no designs against the sovereignty of Spain "—yet he hoped

to find a way of cooperating with Spain in the immediate pacification of the island on such a plan as, leaving Spain her rights of sovereignty, shall yet secure to the people of the island all such rights and powers of local self government as they can reasonably ask.

The Spanish reply, not received until June, was a refusal of Mr. Olney's rather vague offer; and there the matter ended for a time.

CONGRESS VERSUS THE PRESIDENT.

When Congress met in the following December, President Cleveland's message contained a brief review of the situation in Cuba, which remained unchanged, and a carefully guarded yet distinct warning of possible future interference:

When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurrection has become manifest, and it is demonstrated that her sovereignty is extinct in Cuba for all purposes of its rightful existence, and when a hopeless struggle for its reëstablishment has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the very subject matter of the conflict, a situation will be presented in which our obligation to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations which we can hardly hesitate to recognize and discharge.

This cautious utterance was severely criticised in Congress, and several motions were made with a view to forcing the administration to take some more decided step. The most important was a resolution offered by Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania:

That the independence of the Republic of Cuba be and the same hereby is acknowledged by the United States of America.

That the United States should use its friendly offices with the government of Spain to bring to a close the war between Spain and Cuba.

This resolution was reported favorably by the Senate foreign affairs committee, in spite of the fact that Secretary Olney appeared before that body and strongly opposed it. On the day after the committee's decision the secretary publicly stated that if it passed both houses, as was then generally expected, it would be nothing more than "an expression of opinion by the eminent gentlemen who might vote for it. The power," he added, " to recognize the so called republic of Cuba as an independent state rests exclusively with the executive "—thereby raising an interesting point of constitutional law which

still remains in doubt. For a time it seemed as if a conflict between the national legislature and the executive was imminent; but a more conservative feeling arose in Congress, created partly by the alarm of various commercial interests at what appeared to be a threat of war, and partly by the general willingness to leave the whole question to be dealt with by the incoming administration; and the Cameron resolution was never pressed to a vote.

#### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S POLICY.

It soon became clear that under President McKinley and Secretary Sherman the administration's Cuban policy was to be a continuation of the masterly inactivity of Messrs. Cleveland and Olney; Mr. McKinley's position being that domestic problems of the currency, the tariff, the deficit in the government revenue, and the long continued industrial depression, were paramount to any call from beyond our frontiers. On May 17, 1897, however, the tidings of increasing distress in Cuba, and Consul General Lee's report that from six hundred to eight hundred American citizens were among the destitute, led him to send to Congress, which he had called together in special session, a message asking for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for their relief. The money was voted, not without some delay in the House, caused by an attempt to attach to the grant a recognition of the insurgents.

Meanwhile the Senate, on May 20, by 41 votes to 14, passed a joint resolution according belligerent rights to "the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba." This was done in spite of the well understood objections to such a recognition. It was not warranted by the known status of the rebellion; it might have encouraged the insurgents, but it would have been of much greater practical aid to Spain, by giving her ships the right of searching neutral vessels on the high seas;

and it would have precluded all claims from American citizens for damages caused by the war. The Senate's declaration, however, was entirely fruitless. It never came before the House, as Speaker Reed, who was no less strongly opposed to hasty intervention than was the President, had named no committees for the special session, and there was no medium for receiving and transmitting a joint resolution.

#### CONTINUED DIPLOMATIC FRICTION.

Throughout this critical period of our relations with Spain, constant friction was caused by the activity of Cuban agents and sympathizers in the United States, by expeditions carrying arms to the insurgents, and by questions of the rights of American citizens involved in the struggle-all of which had been such sinister factors in the situation during the Ten Years' War, and were certain to remain so while Spanish sovereignty in Cuba should last. The list of individuals on whose behalf our government was called upon to intervene was a long one, the most important cases being those of Julio Sanguilly, who was liberated at our request by the Spanish government; of Ricardo Ruiz, whose death in prison was never satisfactorily explained; and of Alfredo Laborde and four others, captured on the filibustering schooner Competitor. These names will suggest what was undoubtedly the case—that. American citizenship was acquired, or claimed, by many Cubans with the deliberate intention of claiming its protection in case of conflict with the Spanish authorities; but our government was none the less bound to defend their rights, and it did so-in one instance, that of the Competitor prisoners, to the point of threatening the most serious consequences had not their death sentence been rescinded.

On their side, the Washington authorities exercised great vigilance in the fulfilment of neutral obligations and the suppression of filibustering. On the

30th of July, 1896, President Cleveland issued a special and very stringent proclamation against such illegal attempts "to make war upon a foreign country." Several arrests were made, in American ports and on the seas, and a diligent patrol was maintained by revenue cutters and naval vessels, at a cost said to amount to nearly a million dollars annually; yet many expeditions succeeded in reaching Cuba, and the Spaniards found it impossible to believe that we were not deliberately giving aid and comfort to the rebels.

#### ANOTHER RESPITE FOR SPAIN.

The assassination of the Spanish premier, Canovas del Castillo, on the 8th of August, 1897, again delayed action from Washington upon the Cuban question; and when, after the stopgap ministry of Azcarraga, Sagasta, leader of the liberal party at Madrid, came into power, the new government made a genuine effort to forestall the demands which the United States, in the name of civilization, must inevitably sooner or later formulate. At a meeting held on the 6th of October the Spanish cabinet decided upon the recall of Captain General Weyler, and announced a new constitution for Cuba, giving the island a fairly liberal measure of autonomy. Intimations were made at Washington that Sagasta's ministry would be willing to negotiate a treaty abolishing the differential duties which had given Spanish manufacturers a practical monopoly of the Cuban market—a system very unfair to Cuba and detrimental to American commercial interests. To succeed Weyler, General Blanco was sent to Havana, where his earliest official actions were a formal revocation of his predecessor's reconcentration order, a proclamation offering amnesty to all political offenders, and the release of the Competitor prisoners, whom Weyler had held for eighteen months.

When Congress met, in December, President McKinley's message hailed

Spain's new policy with somewhat optimistic gratification:

That the government of Sagasta has entered upon a course from which recession with honor is impossible can hardly be questioned; that in the few weeks it has existed it has made earnest of the sincerity of its professions is undeniable. I shall not impugn its sincerity, nor should impatience be suffered to embarrass it in the task it has undertaken. It is honestly due to Spain, and to our friendly relations with Spain, that she should be given a reasonable chance to realize her expectations, and to prove the asserted efficacy of the new order of things, to which she stands irrevocably committed.

Had Sagasta's move been made two years earlier, it is possible, though not probable, that it might have succeeded; but now it came far too late. Indeed, by a curious train of events, and with the ill luck that seems to be the historical attendant of weakness and unwisdom, it was Spain's most earnest attempt at conciliation that brought about the catastrophe which was to lose her the remnant of her empire in the new world.

#### THE FAILURE OF AUTONOMY.

It speedily became clear that the offer of autonomy was an absolute failure. Years before there had been an organized political party of autonomists in Cuba; but it had practically ceased to exist. Enough of its adherents could not be found to fill the offices in which the Spanish government now desired their services.\* There was no possibility of any compromise with the insurgents—the single exception reported being the surrender of Juan Masso, in the province of Santiago, with one hundred and ten men. Colonel Joaquin Ruiz of the Spanish army, commissioned by Blanco to treat with the rebel leader Aranguren, was seized and shot. in spite of his flag of truce—a brutal

murder that was excused as an "execution" under the insurgents' decree against all dealings with the enemy.

On the other hand, the new constitution provoked furious opposition from the Peninsular party in Cuba. There were violent outbreaks in Havana, and on January 12, 1898, a mob led by officers of the Spanish garrison attacked the offices of three autonomist newspapers. Soldiers sent to restore order fraternized with the rioters, and though little damage was done there was great excitement. The crowds shouted threats against Blanco, and there was alarm among the Americans in the city. On the following day Consul General Lee telegraphed to Washington:

Uncertainty exists whether he [Blanco] can control the situation. If demonstrated he cannot maintain order, preserve life, and keep the peace, or if Americans and their interests are in danger, ships must be sent, and to that end should be prepared to move promptly.

#### THE MAINE GOES TO HAVANA.

Our government thereupon ordered the second class battleship Maine to Havana, her mission being announced as a "friendly naval visit." General Lee was informed of her despatch on January 24, and at once replied:

Advise visit be postponed six or seven days, to give last excitement more time to disappear.

Secretary Day's answer was:

Maine has been ordered.

And on the following morning, January 25, 1898, at eleven o'clock, the white battleship, flying the Stars and Stripes, exchanged salutes with the Spanish batteries and steamed into the harbor. There were exchanges of the usual formal courtesies between her commander, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, and the Havana officials; and three weeks passed in uneventful quietude. Then, on the night of February 15, at twenty minutes to ten, she was almost instantly destroyed by the frightful explosion that awoke Havana and startled the civilized world.

<sup>\*</sup> Consul Hyatt reported from Santiago, January 8, 1898: "That the Spanish government has made a most energetic and thorough campaign to make autonomy successful there is no room for doubt. Wholesale removals of Spanish officers from civil positions are made by sweeping orders, with instructions to fill their places with Cuban autonomists. About a week since there came an order dismissing every employee of the custom house in this city, to take effect as soon as proper autonomists could be found to fill their places. As yet only two have been named, the collector and first deputy."

# THE MAJOR'S STORY.

BY ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN.

HOW MAJOR VALE'S YOUTHFUL TASTE FOR THE THEATER WAS DESTROYED BY A TRAGEDY ENACTED BEFORE HIM ON THE GRIM STAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

THE rain was drizzling down on the pavements, slimy with mud, and the air was saturated and raw. The group of elderly men in the New Amsterdam Club rooms took great comfort in the roaring fire round which they gathered. The talk drifted comfortably from one subject to another, and finally touched on the drama and the innovations of several rising actors.

"Why is it, major, that you fight so shy of the theaters?" asked "Doc" Despard of a trig, white haired old fellow who had been smoking his cigar near the chimney corner and who had said very little. Every one was silent, and finally the major spoke:

"I went to the theater a great deal when I was young—until I saw some real acting. I have never gone since."

The major was one of the few veterans of the Civil War who were reticent of their achievements; but he had been known to tell a story once or twice—in just the right company—and with such simplicity and vigor that he had held his listeners spellbound. He had had rare experiences, and when he recounted them he emphasized the human side and stuck to the truth. That was the secret of his power.

The time, the company, and the day were auspicious, so the major began:

"My regiment was a part of the Army of the Potomac. We had moved from near Washington to Fortress Monroe, and from there had moved, one hundred and twenty one thousand strong, towards Richmond, in two divisions, one along the York River and one along the James.

"McClellan had kept us dawdling in Maryland, he had taken us leisurely down the Potomac, and now we were dawdling again. He made us into a fine army and then let us go to rot for lack of use. We camped on the Chickahominy near Richmond, and there we dawdled once more. Every man of us wanted action. We would have faced any odds, and we cursed our chief's everlasting caution and procrastination. He was a fortunate fellow who got detailed for any small reconnoitering party or skirmishing expedition."

"One day, about like this, only there was thunder in the air and more warmth, I was called to my colonel's tent

"'Lieutenant Vale,' he said, 'you are to take a squad of ten men and go to the Deveraux Mansion. We have reason to believe that a Confederate officer—a spy—has got through the lines and is hiding there. The house has been watched. A picket reported that a man was seen to enter. He was shot at, but got away. Search the house, arrest him, and bring him here. Be quick, and don't fail.'

"I took my order, saluted, and was gone. It was dusk as we left the camp and rode along the road towards the stately old mansion house designated by the colonel. I had enlisted from a New England town, and had seen very little of the world, but I had found in myself a strong sympathy for the proud, high bred Southern families. We think of our ancestors in New England as they do in the South, and people are not always moving about, but live in

the same place for generation after generation. I knew how they felt about the destruction of their old family

places—I raged at it, too.

"This particular house was a fine type, and stood at the highest point of the Deveraux plantation, the stately home of many generations of the old family. It was illumined that night, and its lights twinkled at us through the trees as we approached.

"For a moment the remembrance of the great army of which I was a part, and the opposing force sleeping on its arms for our attack over in Richmond, faded from my mind. I fancied I approached the house as a guest, that its great, hospitable doors were now, as often, thrown open to the neighboring gentry. I could almost hear the violins squeak and detect the aroma of fragrant punch.

"As we drew rein at the door the cloud of fancy covering the grim truth was dispelled, and I sickened at my task. The father and sons were perhaps dying on a far away battlefield while the wife and daughters kept their lonely vigil at home, and I—well, I stood for all that they despised and abhorred. As I swung off my horse I resolved to show them that chivalry lived in the North as well as in the South. You see, I was not without romance in those days!

"An old negro servant came to the door. He was trembling—poor old fellow! I asked him for Mr. Deveraux.

"'Massa Deverow's gone to the wah, sah.'

"'I would like to see your mistress, then.'

"He opened the door a little wider, and I passed through into the great hall after giving orders to my men to surround the house. He left me standing there as he mounted the stairs. He was gone so long that I began to feel uneasy, especially as I heard hurried movements above. But a step sounded on the stair, and the rustling of a woman's dress; I looked up and saw com-

ing towards me one of the grandest sights a man could ever see—a magnificently beautiful woman, with a regal air and an eye that caught mine and held it. She was dressed like a queen, too—in a shimmering white satin. I might have thought her dress unusual for such a time, but I did not. The costume seemed appropriate for her under any circumstances.

"She stood in front of me with a proud look on her face. Her eyes still held mine. I bowed as to a sovereign, and—upon my honor, I couldn't say a word. Then it occurred to me to show her my order, so I fumbled in my pocket and brought it out. She did not even look at it.

"'I know what you have come for,' she said, and her tones thrilled me. 'You have come here to search for the Confederate officer, Captain Ralph Axworthy. He is here, and I will take you

to him.'

"I looked at her in stupid wonder. She saw my look and smiled slightly, though I saw that her forehead was contracted with pain. She turned, and without speaking I followed her up the stairs and along the upper hall to the front room on the left. She opened the door softly. I hesitated, and she, seeing it, made a gesture for me to follow.

It was a large, square room that we entered, probably the finest in the house. It was dimly lit by candles with a shade in front, but I could see that the furniture and hangings, though old, were rich and costly. A great bed was at one side, shaded by a canopy of brocade. She crossed the room to the bedside. I saw that there was a man lying there. She reached for his hand and clasped it in her own, then turned and faced me superbly, unflinchingly. I likened her in my mind to a splendid animal at bay, and then drew back the thought as she began to speak and her soul flashed through her eyes and dazzled me.

"'Here is Captain Axworthy,' she said. 'He lies here dying. A Union

bullet has made a hole in his chest. Make him your prisoner if you will -God will soon release him. You think that he came here to spy. He came here because he was my lover and he knew that I was alone and unprotected. I say he was, for now he is my husband; we were married an hour ago-you may have met our rector on the road. Since, sir, you are too late for the bridal—leave us—leave us—to our honeymoon!' She sank down on her knees beside the bed and buried her face in its folds. The man raised a feeble hand and rested it on her head. My head swam, my eyes filled with tears. I bowed reverently and backed from the room. I had seen the acme of human heroism and of human agony. My soul was awed.

"I stumbled along the hall, hardly knowing what I did, and down the stairs, and to the door. Then I recollected myself and halted. What was my duty, I wondered? And while I stood there the old negro shambled up.

"' Missis says, sah, fer you t' occipy de room to de front.'

"I was expected to remain, so there was the solution of the difficulty. I told my men the condition of affairs, and ordered them to the stable to sleep in the hay, relieving each other on picket duty, when I returned to the house.

"I was escorted to the old diningroom, and there ceremoniously served to a very frugal supper. It was the first time in many months that I had used real silver or a delicate linen napkin, but our camp rations were better than the meager fare to which they were reduced on the plantation, and I knew that pride had impelled them to set their best before me. But nothing would have tempted me to eat just then. I looked at the portraits on the wall and wondered what those old Deveraux who roasted oxen whole for their retainers would have thought of such an empty larder; but my mind reverted to the woman above, and I soon gave up trying to think of anything else.

"For an hour or more I sat motionless in one of the old Deveraux armchairs, thrilling with the consciousness of the tragedy so near me. Then the door swung open, slowly. She stood there and her eyes gleamed like stars, but she was pale as death.

"'It is over,' she said simply. 'You may see him.' And so I followed her

again.

"He was lying on the bed as before—the dim light barely revealing him—fully dressed in his Confederate uniform, his hands on his breast clasping his sword. Ah, but he was a handsome man!

"'We bury him tonight,' she said in a calm, cold voice. 'Tonight. Leave him his sword. His shroud will be the Confederate flag; you do not object, I trust?' And she looked into my eyes again.

"'Madam,' I said, 'there is no honor known to man that I would not

grant to your dead husband!'

"She came to me close, and grasped my hand a moment and held it to her breast so that I felt the beating of her heart. Then she dropped it, but I have never cared to hold any other woman's hand since.

"I went to my room. It opened upon the upper gallery, the same as hers. I thought what a delicate compliment to my honor she had paid me in placing me where I might spy on her if I would.

"I sat by the window the livelong night. A cart was driven to the door; there were negroes with torches, and I heard the measured tread as of men who carried a burden—reverently. A body wrapped in a flag was placed in the cart, and a stately, muffled figure was helped in beside it, and sat there as the cart was driven away. The lights disappeared among the trees, the rattle of the cart died in the distance, and all was still save for the rumbling of distant thunder.

"Old Pompey handed me a note in the morning, before we mounted and rode away. Yes, boys, I have that note still. I won't tell you what it said—she only thanked me. I made my report to my colonel and——" The major paused.

"Well?" said "Doc" Despard.
"Well," repeated the major slowly,
"two years after, I met that woman
and her husband—Captain and Mrs.

Ralph Axworthy—in Washington."



#### WHEN THE GREEN TURNS GOLD.

When the green turns gold!

When the sunny days are past,
And the forest walks seem cold

With the dead leaves overcast;
When the blue jay tunes his piping
To a dreary monotone,
And all day is shrilly shrieking,

"They have left me here alone,"
It's lonesome and it's cheerless

When the green turns gold.

When the green turns gold!

When the trees their dead leaves shed—Like a story that is told,

Lives the season that is dead

In a memory interrupted

Only by the monotone

That my heart seems ever singing,

"They have left me here alone!"

When the birds and flowers vanish

And the green turns gold.

When the green turns gold!

When the dreary days have come,
The green lies in the mold

And summer's voice is dumb,
The memory lives to cheer me,
Of the days now fled,
And the breeze that touched my forehead
Lives—the last kiss of the dead;
But the days are sad and lonely
When the green turns gold.

## THE GERMAN STAGE IN AMERICA.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE GERMAN DRAMA ON THE NEW YORK STAGE, ITS DIFFICULTIES AND TRIUMPHS, ITS MANAGERS AND FAMOUS PLAYERS—INTERESTING POINTS IN FIFTY YEARS OF THEATRICAL HISTORY.

T was in a building called Magner's Hall, on Elizabeth Street between Broome and Grand, in New York, that the first performance of a German play by professional actors was given in this country. This was in the year 1849. Prior to that the German residents of the metropolis had enjoyed occasional amateur performances with stranded thespian as the central figure. One of these actors, Obstfelder by name, afterwards went out into the new West and originated German theatricals in various cities, journeying even as far as Wyoming, and selecting his support from the ranks of local amateur companies.

From Elizabeth Street the German players moved to the Bowery, and established themselves on the site of the present People's Theater, which was then called the Stadt, and was managed by Messrs. Hoym and Hamann. From this place they were driven by fire in 1853, and moved to what is now the Windsor Theater, where for the first time the German stage took permanent root in New York. Eleven years later they moved once more to the premises previously occupied by the Volks Garten.

It was here that Bogumil Dawison played the most memorable engagement recorded in the history of the local German stage, appearing three or four times a week for one thousand dollars a night, with a benefit netting him about two thousand dollars at every eighth performance. Edwin Booth

saw him at the Stadt, and invited him to play Othello to his own Iago at the Winter Garden; and this notable performance took place during the month of January, 1867. It was during this engagement that Dawison urged Mr. Booth to try his fortunes in Germany, assuring him that he would be greatly liked there. Mr. Booth cherished the idea for nearly a score of years before he found an opportunity to carry it out, and the stage manager whom he selected to accompany him on the trip was Emanuel Lederer, who had been a member of the Dawison company, and is now an authorized agent of German playwrights and composers in New York.

In 1866 the Stadt Theater suffered its first opposition in the shape of a German playhouse situated on Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, and called the Thalia. Edward Haerting was the manager of this venture, which lasted only four months, its chief attractions being Hedwig Hesse, a very popular Berlin actress, and Dawison himself, who played a brief engagement there before his three nights at the Winter Garden and one night in Boston in association with Mr. Booth.

Other stars who appeared at the Stadt were Hermann Hendrichs, Frederick Haase, Wachtel, the tenor, and Mr. and Mrs. L'Arronge, who introduced French opera bouffe in German, giving "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Belle Helène" with great success.

In 1871 the Germania Theater, on

eleven thousand dollars. In 1869, under the patronage of Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, who had interested herself in Mme. Janauschek's career, she gave her first performance in English at the Academy of Music, and afterwards traveled through the country with her own company. She was seen in an English melodrama some three years ago, but is now living in retirement in Brooklyn.

Members of our own dramatic profession can learn a great deal from the German stage as it has existed here. Indeed, I could name more than one actor or manager who has not disdained to profit by what has been shown there in the way of stage management and conscientious attention to detail. In the presentation of such pieces as "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar" during the Barnay engagement, the work of the supernumeraries proved as great a revelation to New Yorkers, and especially to members of the dramatic profession, as had that of the Meiningen supers when that famous organization appeared in London two seasons before. Mr. Booth, who witnessed the London performances, declared that the artistic excellence of the people composing the crowd in the forum scene interested him so thoroughly that he paid but scant attention to the principal actors, and I well remember the wonder expressed by experienced actors who saw those great tragedies performed in German in New York.

The secret of the effectiveness of the Thalia mob lay in the fact that at that time there were under engagement at the theater a sufficiently large number of actors and singers to present tragedy, comedy, farce, and opera in constant succession, and that for this reason, when tragedy held the boards, Mr. Conried had at his disposal a great many highly trained and well paid artists, whom he was at liberty to press into service as component parts of his stage crowds. He himself invariably

assumed the rôle of a super on these occasions, and there was not an actor in his company who considered it beneath his dignity to play any part, no matter how small. The stage crowds were drafted off into groups of four. consisting of one thoroughly experienced actor and three ordinary supers, who worked with him and under his direction. Conried moved around among them all, watching everything with sharp eyes, giving a hint here, a reproof there, and all the time striving to infuse into his followers some of the life and spirit that so seldom characterizes the work of actors whose names are not printed on the program.

The result of this system, and of the careful drilling which was an important feature of it, was apparent in every stage performance. In the forum scene of "Julius Caesar," for example, the stage was not crowded with a lot of men in dirty white robes, with car drivers' mustaches on their faces, lounging negligently about and shouting "Hi, hi; let us avenge his death!" in spiritless, monotonous tones at the stage manager's signal. On the contrary, the mob formed itself about the tribune in the same natural way that a crowd would gather about an amateur orator on Union Square. A baker, passing with his wares, stopped for a moment to listen, and then set his basket down and remained to the end, absorbed in the fervid oratory. A beggar, hobbling onto the scene with extended palm and piteous voice, stopped begging to listen, and even the schoolboys left their games to find out what was going on. So the crowd gathered, and, composed as it was of actors who knew their business, the effect of Brutus' and Antony's eloquence was plainly apparent. When at the close of the scene they seized torches and went with streaming garments and with angry shouts on their lips up the stage and on out of sight, down the Roman street, they gave a new and terrible meaning to Antony's "Mischief, thou art afoot!"

In the production of "The Weavers" a mob organized on the same plan did equally effective work in another way. No one who saw this play is likely to forget either the work of destruction carried on by the crowd that forces its way into the rich manufacturer's house, or the impressive significance of the message conveyed by the murmurs of the unseen rioters who stand in the street without. Every night the mob destroyed more than eighty dollars' worth of furniture, glass, and china, and the actors had implicit instructions to break everything in the room, and in such a manner that it would be impossible to put the pieces together again. It was in this way that the audience obtained a convincing impression of the blind fury of an unreasoning and lawless body of rioters.

It was Mr. Conried himself who went behind the curtain night after night to direct his supers. Many of these were actors of merit, and possessed of well trained voices, and each one was obliged to read or recite actual sentences instead of making inarticulate sounds, as supers so often do. Mr. Conried stood in such a position that he could be seen by them and at the same time watch the action of the play, and he led the mutterings of discontent very much in the way that an orchestra leader leads his musicians, in such a manner as to emphasize, whenever it was possible, the conversation carried on by the principals on the stage.

There are at present in New York two German theaters. One is the Irving Place, controlled by Mr. Conried, and formerly known as the Amberg, it having been built and carried on by Gustav Amberg with the financial assistance of the open handed William Steinway, whose office was conveniently located around the corner in Fourteenth Street, and who is said to have spent more than a hundred thousand dollars in endeavoring to give his compatriots in New York German drama of a high class. It is at this theater

that the players who are imported from Berlin and Vienna appear, and here, too, many of the most important works of such advanced playwrights as Sudermann, Bjornson, Hauptmann, and Ibsen have had their first American representation.

The other playhouse, known as the Germania, is conducted by Adolf Philipp, who devotes it almost exclusively to presentations of his own pieces, which are simply local sketches of life among New York's German citizens. They are done with no small degree of humor, and are brightened with music of a lively sort, and with various "acts" that have done duty in many an American production. For this reason the Germania has been described not inaptly as "a German Harrigan and Hart's," though the entertainment is by no means as artistic as that which was given by New York's local Molière and his company of clever entertainers in the palmy days of the old Theater Comique.

After the close of the Gustav Amberg régime at the Thalia, succeeding that of Herrmann and Conried, the old theater was continued as a German playhouse by the Rosenfeld brothers; but it is now given over to the Hebrew (Yiddish) drama, as is the Windsor, directly opposite. Both houses cater successfully to the enormous Russian and Polish population which has of late years flooded the East Side, driving out nearly all the old time German residents. It was during the Rosenfelds' term of management that their remarkable company of German dwarfs enjoyed its greatest degree of popularity here. The success of the Lilliputians was not due to their physical peculiarity, but was gained by legitimate methods and by genuine talent. Franz Ebert, the principal member of the company, is, in my opinion, a comedian entitled to rank with some of the best that this country has produced in recent years.

If it were not for the munificence of various wealthy and liberal New York

Teutons, the German stage in this country would have perished long ago. As it is, no German manager has ever become wealthy through management. Mr. Neuendorf recently died a poor man. Amberg confines himself to small ventures, Herrmann is permanently out of the race, and if the Rosenfelds are rich it is because of their dealings with people other than those who comprise our local German population.

There are two or three excellent reasons for this. In the first place, the Germans as a class are very eager to learn English and accustom themselves and their children to American ways of all kinds. The longer they live in this country, the less interest they take in the affairs of the fatherland; and when they do go to a German theater they are insatiate in their demands. The manager who would please his patrons must consult them personally about every one of his undertakings, and at least make a pretense of taking the advice that is freely offered him.

Moreover, the German playgoers will not tolerate the long runs which afford the American manager his only chance of profit. There are usually two or three changes of bill every week, and these, of course, involve an enormous amount of work in the way of rehearsals and other preparations. In order to provide the variety of entertainment demanded by his patrons, the manager must keep constantly under salary two or three complete companies, and although it is possible, now and then, to send some of his idle players to Philadelphia or Williamsburg or Newark for short engagements, it generally happens that half of his salaried people are idle. Nor is it possible for the manager to "farm out" the unoccupied actors for appearances in other theaters, as the American manager so frequently can. There is no other house in which his players could be of any use except in that of his hated rival, and I doubt if there is any rivalry fiercer than that between two men struggling for the

greater share of a patronage scarcely large enough for one.

It is true that the Germans who do attend plays given in their own tongue are apt to be steadfast in their devotion, many of them "assisting" regularly at the first representation of every new piece; and I have known of certain seats which were occupied every night in the season by the same persons. They are even willing at times to subscribe months in advance, provided some actor whom they specially desire to see is to appear.

It was this willingness on the part of the most liberal of New York's German residents to pay in advance for high class entertainment that resulted in the appearance here of the great Viennese actor, Sonnenthal, whose short season at the Thalia proved the most prosperous of any recorded in the annals of local German theatricals. The story of the way in which this was brought about is worth telling, because it illustrates more than one phase of the subject in hand.

At the close of their two seasons at the Thalia, Messrs. Herrmann and Conried found themselves bankrupt in purse, but with a well established reputation among foreign actors for prompt and full payment of salaries-something previously almost unknown. Among their assets they had a provisional arrangement with Herr Sonnenthal for a New York season. Scraping together as much money as was possible, Conried set sail for Vienna, accompanied by a small negro servitor, arrayed in an imposing livery. With the African on the box of his carriage he drove through the streets of the Austrian capital, where he has always been well known, long enough to create the impression that he was in easy financial circumstances—for in Vienna a darky servant is fully as effective with the unreasoning populace as is a tandem on Fifth Avenue. Then he called upon Sonnenthal, who had already heard many tidings of his arrival.

Yes, the actor was willing to go to New York, but must, of course, have a deposit of so many thousand marks before he could think of starting. That would be a mere bagatelle, he was assured by Mr. Conried, and forthwith the contracts were duly drawn up and signed. Armed with these, Conried returned to New York, and held a council of war with his partner, neither of them being possessed at the time of more than fifty dollars. They had no money with which to pay the required deposit or engage a supporting company, and no theater in which to put their star, should they be so fortunate as to secure him. It was absolutely necessary that he should appear in a recognized German playhouse, and the only one in the town was the Thalia, at that time controlled by their mortal foe, Herr Amberg. By the use of a diplomacy subtle enough to win the admiration of a Gortchakoff, they induced Amberg to give them a fortnight's use of his theater on sharing terms, together with a competent supporting company. Then active and eloquent canvassers were sent through the city, warning every prominent German resident that if he wished to see Sonnenthal he must subscribe at once and pay six months in advance for his seats. Strange as it may seem, more than fifty thousand dollars were secured in this way from the thrifty and frugal German playgoers, and this enabled Messrs. Conried and Herrmann to deposit the required number of marks in the Vienna bank, carry the Sonnenthal engagement to a triumphant conclusion, and pocket about ten thousand dollars apiece them-

We hear a great deal about the cunning displayed by American managers, and their ingenuity in securing notoriety, but my experience has taught me that there is scarcely any one of them who cannot sit at the feet of a German impresario and drink in wisdom.

Every summer the conductor of a New York German playhouse must go to Europe to engage people for the approaching season. Before leaving he confidentially informs a few trusty newspaper friends that he is going to secure the very greatest actor in all Germany, an actor so great that he dare not mention his name for fear that the Czar of Russia will hear of it and instantly close a pending engagement for a season in St. Petersburg. He will not even say whether this wonderful genius is a singer or an actor, or whether he has made his fame in Berlin, Vienna, or Munich; but the very moment that the contract is signed he will telegraph his name, "and then," he adds benevolently, "you will have somebody that you can bring columns and columns in your paper about." Then he proceeds to the principal cities of Europe, and makes the best arrangement he can with one out of possibly half a dozen actors whom he has had in mind. Of course the description that he has previously given is made applicable to whomever he secures.

Before engaging a German actor of any rank he is likely to refer regretfully to the fact that the cost of living in America is very high. Having fixed that fact firmly in the histrion's mind, he says: "I will give you seventy five dollars a week and pay your traveling fares, but you must pay for your board and lodging." This offer the actor at once refuses—he would probably refuse a first offer of any description, in the hope that the second one will be better.

"Very well," replies the manager, "I see I shall have to be a little more liberal with you. I will give you forty five dollars a week and pay your board, lodging, and washing, even if I ruin myself in the undertaking." This offer the actor gratefully accepts, and the manager saves about eighteen dollars a week.

On his return to America, the manager informs his friends of the press that he can no longer conceal from them the fact that he has made the en-

gagement of which he spoke to them on the eve of his departure, and that no less a person than Herr Pretzel, the world famous comedian (of whom not one of them has ever heard) will be the star of his coming season. In order to secure this paragon of mirth it was necessary for him to make a personal appeal to the Emperor of Austria, and it was not until that sovereign learned that New York was filled with Viennese who still remained loyal to the house of Hapsburg that he consented to allow his favorite actor to depart.

On the arrival of the star, the manager boards the steamer in advance of the interviewers, in order to tell the newcomer what to say to the reporters. It may be, for example, that a rival German manager has just announced the engagement of Herr Leberwurst, and secured considerable newspaper fame for his new attraction, whose name, consequently, is likely to come up in conversation. Herr Pretzel, duly instructed, will shake his head sadly and say: "Alas! Poor Leberwurst is my dearest friend. We played together years ago at the Ring Theater in Vienna. I said good by to him the day before I left, and, weak as he was, he lifted himself from his couch to embrace me, and sobbed upon my shoulder. What! You did not know he was ill? Engaged to appear here in New York? It may be, but he said nothing to me about it. Ah, he was a great actor in his day, but now he is a mere shadow of his former self, and his voice is scarcely strong enough to carry beyond the third row."

After this the new arrival describes in detail the manner in which he bade farewell to his emperor, and never, under any circumstances, does he neglect to mention the fact that his august sovereign took him by the hand and called him "lieber freund."

The discipline of the German stage is much more precise and exacting than anything to which American actors are accustomed. Each actor is required to furnish a list of the parts which he has played, and which he is competent to play again at twenty four hours' notice. So great is the importance attached to versatility that an artist's salary depends as much on the number of the rôles with which he is familiar as on any reputation he may have acquired in one or two of them.

When a piece is put in rehearsal, the members of the company seat themselves on the stage, the male chorus in one group, the female chorus in another, and the principals apart by themselves. At this rehearsal the members of the company read their parts, according to their own ideas, and receive the suggestions and corrections of the manager, who, by the way, is not allowed by stage etiquette to make a correction above a whisper to one of the principals in the presence of the chorus. The next day comes what is called an "arranged rehearsal," in which the players walk about the stage, reading from the part in their hands, and receive instructions as to their exits, entrances, and other stage business. After this come the regular rehearsals, at which each scene is rehearsed until it is satisfactory to the manager. They never attempt to go through the whole play at each rehearsal, but take scene after scene and act after act until they are able to present the entire work.

I have not space to present anything like a complete list of the plays and operas that have come to us by way of the Thalia or the Germania. It is probable that the first of these to achieve general popularity in New York was the "Big Bonanza," produced here in the early seventies by Mr. Neuendorf and adapted in English by Augustin After that came "Lemons," Daly. "The Passing Regiment," "The Wooden Spoon," "The Private Secretary," "Dollars and Sense," "The Royal Middy," "The Beggar Student," "Nanon," "Fatinitza," "The Black Hussar," and many others of equal popularity.

# JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE.

#### BY JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,

Librarian of Congress.

COLONEL HAY'S PERSONALITY, AND HIS CAREER IN WARFARE, LITERATURE, JOURNALISM, POLITICS, AND DIPLOMACY FROM HIS ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON AS LINCOLN'S SECRETARY TO HIS PROMOTION TO THE PREMIER PLACE IN MCKINLEY'S CABINET.

IN that "wild year of the change of things" Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, brought with him to Washington as his personal private secretary a young gentleman fresh from college days and law studies, who was in time to win a high place in literature, to become ambassador to Great Britain. and Secretary of State. Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, the descendant of an ancient Scotch family, John Hay was graduated from Brown University in 1858. Studying law in Springfield, with Mr. Lincoln a neighbor and friend, he won that statesman's regard to such a degree as to be selected as the associate of Mr. John G. Nicolay, the official private secretary as provided by law.

A comely young man with peach bloom face, old fashioned speech, smooth, low toned, quick in comprehension, sententious, reserved; folks not quite sure whether it was the reserve of diffidence or of aristocracy; high bred, courteous; not one with whom the breezy, overflowing politician would be apt to take liberties; a touch of sadness in his temperament, this world being a serious business, each day's work requiring the doing of it. He was given to verses, had the personal attractiveness as well as the youth of Byron; was what Byron might have been, grounded on good principles and with the wholesome discipline of home. Those admitted to his confidence recall the Rosetti-like verses on vital

themes with which the young secretary sought to dissipate the war gloom in which he lived.

It was in truth the wild year of the change of things. Hay came in the path of the secession storm then working its cruel will. Taney was on the Supreme bench, in the obscuration of Dred Scott and other clouds from which his high merit as a jurist is even now but slowly emerging. young secretary, with keen, wondering eyes, looked down upon the Senate, he saw but a fragment of that august tribunal. The seats of the Confederate chiefs were vacant, and the Republicans reigned over what seemed to be the wreck of the Union. grouped around Sumner, were the leaders of the victorious Republican column; Sumner on the outer row of the Senate, in the seat now occupied by Senator Wilson of Washington, between John P. Hale and David Wilmot, with Ben Wade and Henry Wilson in front. John Sherman, fresh from the House, and from his unavailing battle for the speakership, was on the Democratic side between James A. Bayard, father of the ambassador, and Andrew Johnson.

In the House the young secretary could have studied the dominant statesmen. There was Galusha A. Grow, on the eve of the speakership; Thaddeus Stevens, with his all too apparent wig, lines deepening his Roman face and tightening the implacable lips, an in-

tense, remorseless veteran of two generations of strife, in a state of sardonic thanksgiving that he had lived to see the fall of Babylon. There, likewise, were the unfortunate and forgotten Colfax, E. B. Washburne, the aged and illustrious Crittenden in the last gasp of compromise and peace; Roscoe Conkling, eloquent, assiduous, with his tempest tossed days to come: Frank Blair and John A. Logan, soon to ride by the side of Grant as captains in the great war. There likewise was Arthur P. Gorman in the joy of his promotion from the drivership of the Senate mail wagon to be the assistant postmaster and ruling spirit in baseball circles.

Of that group of statesmen how few remain! Sherman sits as an elder within the gates, full of admonitions to a wayward generation. The venerable Morrill, contemporary with Lincoln and Gladstone, six years senior to Bismarck remains as the Nestor of the Senate. Arthur P. Gorman, statesmanship supplementing baseball and the mail wagon, is a leader of a great party, and through Democratic eyes looks proudly upon the Presidency. Grow sits with his fellows, lusty, resolute, wintergreen, even as when forty seven years ago he was in Congress with Hamilton Fish. John C. Breckinridge, and Henry Clay. The waves have swept our political seas; the revenges, ambitions, hopes, and achievements of those heavy days are no longer even memories, and the very names of those who reigned when the young secretary came upon the scene are submerged into grateful oblivion.

It was a time of war and executive duties. As they fell upon Mr. Nicolay and his young associate they were severe. These two stood by the captain's side as the ship of state was steered through the tumbling seas, the heavens rent with fury and swept with passion, hatred, and death. Hay justified the President's discernment. The young man loved his master, serving him with fine loyalty, their relations recalling

those between Hamilton and Washington when Hamilton was an aide on Washington's staff. There were many special offices which Hay could do for the President. He had rare accomplishments, wrote with grace and precision, with the capacity for continuous silent industry. The touch of his pen can be felt in many of the letters that went from the executive mansion. For, while the style of Lincoln was Hebraic. that of Hay was as lucid and flowing as the style of Addison. He knew the social graces and amenities, and did much to make the atmosphere of the war environed White House grateful, tempering unreasonable aspirations, giving to disappointed ambitions the soft answer which turneth away wrath, showing, as Hamilton did in similar offices. the tact and common sense which were to serve him as they served Hamilton in wider spheres of public duty.

Hay had the young man's yearning for the field, but he remained with the President through the dreary days; the days of Manassas, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, every morning with its bulletin of disaster, the cup of Presidential agony filled to overflowing; those dreary days when the dearest hopes of the Union rested upon one man. All else had fallen. The national credit was in the mire. Armies no longer sprang out of the enthusiasm of the people, but were wrenched into place by conscription. The South was united, the flower of the Confederacy under Jackson and Lee, accepted leaders in command, the men in the field, the slaves protecting their families. The Republican party was in revolt, the mutiny finding sufferance if not welcome in the cabinet. Foreign opinion was contemptuous and unfriendly, even the prescient Gladstone accepting the Confederacy. "We are coming, Father Abraham," found a refrain in "When this cruel war is over." It was night without a single star, and only a supreme intrepid soul like that of Lincoln could pierce the infinite gloom.

But Vicksburg and Gettysburg came, and the faith of Lincoln was jus-The stress of the war passed into the hands of the great captains, and no longer overburdened the President. Hav's yearning for the field became an active force. He had the military instinct. His close friend was Ellsworth, who at the threshold of the war had thrown his brave young life away in a moment of melodramatic Ellsworth was loved mourned by Hay, who had divined in his comrade the military genius of Napoleon. Hay used to talk of active duty, counting the days until the day would come. Among other things, he would see service in the orange countries. One of his castles in Spain was to be found in Florida. The war over and done, he would spend his life among the orange groves and write immortal lyrics under their fragrant inspiration.

Hay's military record may be summed up briefly. He was commissioned as major and adjutant general January 12, 1864. He served at Hilton Head, and later in Florida, under the personal instructions of the President, and was mustered out April 22, 1867, leaving the army with brevet rank of lieutenant colonel and colonel "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

The war over and done, Hay's mind turned towards other scenes. The castle in Spain and the writing of undying verse under orange groves faded away as a young man's fancy. There were other fields to fight and other palms to win. It was quite understood by his friends that with the close of Lincoln's first term, Hay would enter the diplomatic service. Lincoln selected Paris, there being the opportunity for useful employment in watching the inscrutable emperor, and on the 22d of March, 1865, he commissioned his young friend as secretary of legation. While making ready to go, the assassination came. Hay was

in the White House in talk with Robert Lincoln, the President's son, just home from the surrender of Lee, when the tidings flashed. He went to the bedside, keeping the long, sad vigil, until with the rising sun the spirit of Lincoln passed on, "to belong to the ages," as Stanton said through his tears as he closed the eyes in eternal sleep.

Lincoln dead, and the light of his life, as it were, quite gone out, Hay was glad to leave Washington. His four years of apprenticeship had made him a craftsman. Paris, serious work, the study of French, of which he became a master, were welcome after the terrible consummation. Hay carried to the empire an uncompromising republicanism. He was Saint Just tempered by the nineteenth century. Although within the imperial circle, Napoleon was to him but a "lurking jailbird." He saw glory springing from the column of July. And not even the guillotine whose "crimson axe rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings" could destroy his faith in liberty. It was "the light whereby the world was saved" and "though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

Hay resigned from Paris March 28, 1867, to accept the secretaryship under Motley in Vienna. June, 1869, he accompanied Sickles to Madrid, there to remain until the autumn of 1870. Spain was a fascination. The republican element was active, and with that he had profound sympathy. One of his noblest poems was that aspiration for Spanish liberty in which he recalled to Spain the days "when every land under heaven was flecked by the shade of her banners," and there is no more charming study of national manners than "Castilian Days."

This diplomatic experience under Napoleon, Francis Joseph, and Amadeo had its value, and Hay undoubtedly could have made diplomacy a career. But his thirty second year was upon him. His life work must be done at home. He had had nine years of po-

litical, military, and diplomatic activity, so husbanding his advantages that he was one of the best equipped men of his day. He became a journalist at the invitation of Mr. Greeley, and as the associate of Whitelaw Reid, with whom since Lincoln's time he had been on terms of intimate friendship. Even so fine an intellect as that of Hay, merged into the anonymity of journalism. could make but a vague personal impression upon the public, but in press circles he soon rose to high esteem. I remember Mr. Greeley saying, with an enthusiasm rare to him, but, when it did come, buoyant and sanguine, that an editorial printed in the Tribune that morning, "Photographs Plain and Colored," was about the best that he had ever read. Upon this recognition by the master Hay may rest his editorial fame.

To this period of Hay's intellectual life we owe the Pike County ballads. It is said that our Secretary regrets these effusions, and there has been some braying in the press over *Little Breeches* as Secretary of State.

To clothe a thought in fantastic garb has never been incompatible with the gravest statesmanship. George Canning wrote the ballad of "Ballynahinch "and the sonnet on Mrs. Brownrigg, the murderess, "When France shall reign and laws be all repealed;" Pitt's lines on Fox as Catiline; Macaulay upon the diners out from whom we guard our spoons; Lord Morpeth's "Ode to Anarchy"; Disraeli's novels; the satires of Bulwer which aroused the wrath of Tennyson; Lowell's dialect invectives against the Mexican War, are remembered, but in no way as dimming their authors' usefulness as statesmen. Through Hay's humorous verses ran a fine strain of piety; the angels watching over helpless childhood, a man dying for his fellow men, the lesson that of faith and self abnegation. He sang the song of Spanish freedom. He saw in united Italy the people coming to their birthright, the

passing of crozier and crown, and there are few nobler lines than his invocation to the Army of the James:

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no power in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout Crest,
Above death's clouds they strive.

For a few months, while Mr. Reid was in Europe, Hay edited the Tribune. This was an event in journalism. I remember going with Henry Watterson on a visit of homage to the new magnate to see how he looked as an active. responsible editor clothed with the power of warning the Emperor of Russia for the third and last time, and other invincible prerogatives. found little joyousness about him. He was most serious over his duties. seemed as if he had a ball and chain around his leg, a somewhat zoölogical aspect, as if we were looking through the bars at one yearning for the jungle.

Hay governed the Tribune with ability, knowledge, refinement, and power. It was a time of political sensitiveness. Republicans at war, the battle fought as the English fight in the Soudan-no prisoners, no quarter. Hay entered into the business with Highland gravity and courage, actually believed in the sincerity of the conflict, and that there were real issues, that it was something more than the mere politicians' brawl. The Tribune was never so fierce even in Mr. Greelev's masterful days. The rule of the paper under Reid was that of whips, with Hav it was that of scorpions. There was an immense sigh of relief in certain circles when Reid with his whips came home and the young lion was vouchsafed the joyful manumission of the jungles.

The *Tribune* regency is worthy of note as throwing light upon the character of our new Secretary of State. It was seen that with the poetic and esthetic gifts the fighting quality was

thoroughly blended. We shall have no uncertain, half hearted diplomacy under Secretary Hay. Plainness of speech, a steady maintenance of American rights, the hand ever on the sword hilt, absolute justice given and demanded; this, animated by the yearning for combat which governed the *Tribune* during Hay's regency, gives assurance of a positive and progressive diplomacy. Such a policy will be welcome just now.

After the emancipation from the Tribune Hay gave his attention to business and literature in a modified degree. There was vouchsafed to him the blessing of an ideal marriage; with days of domestic life, home building, the education of children, and ever watchful interest in public affairs. The Garfield episode, with the sad culmination, profoundly moved him, and for a moment it seemed as if he must take an active interest in politics. He was one of those who stood close to the banner of Blaine. At the request of Mr. Evarts he became Assistant Secretary of State, taking office March 1, 1879, and retiring May 3, 1881. This was the one official interlude in a retirement of a quarter of a century.

Hay had no ambition for office, put it away as a rule. He gave much time to the "Life of Lincoln," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Nicolay, his faithful and gifted associate in White House days. This work belongs to the historical classics. It is a mine of research for the student who would know the making of the West, the

genesis and outcome of the Civil War. The temperance of its judgments, the dignity of its style, its high, broad minded Americanism commend it to every American.

For some years Hav resided in Cleveland. He came at length to live in Washington, his home the center of a gracious hospitality. From this he was summoned by President McKinley to be ambassador to the court of St. James. The story of that embassy is current history and known to all men. And it was natural that the President should offer the primacy to one who had borne himself so worthily in a delicate and exacting station. selection has fallen upon a statesman in the fulness of his genius, trained above any of his predecessors, with the exception of John Quincy Adams, tor diplomatic affairs, having studied his art at the courts of Madrid and Vienna. Paris and London. He takes office at the age of Seward when that gentleman became Secretary of State to Lincoln. A mature man, his growth slow like that of the oak, steadily advancing in public esteem as a man of affairs, of diplomacy, of political acumen, of conceded literary fame. He has learned the wisdom of silence, the discipline of patience. His career, thus faintly outlined, gives every warrant for the belief that one whose life has been so rich in opportunity, experience, and achievement will win fresh titles to renown in the high dignity to which he has been called.

#### A CANNON SPEAKS.

MINE is no mighty conquest blare, No red, revengeful fury fire; Not mine to fright God's quiet air With peals of unrelenting ire.

Rather I sound the death and doom Of the old tyrannies of earth, And destine to the dreamless tomb The cruel wrongs of ancient birth.

And while my voice is that of war, When its loud echoings shall cease For conquered and for conqueror Shall dawn a far serener peace!

### THE PALM IN THE PATIO.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL CUBAN SEÑORITA, A FAITHFUL CUBAN WATCH-MAN, AND THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF SIX THOUSAND CENTENS.

RUSHING into my room, Simpson seized me by the sleeve of my dressing gown and dragged me to the window.

"It's all up with us," he said, pointing to a fallen palm in the center of the courtyard.

No further demonstration was required to convince me of the truth of Simpson's remark. I realized that the Cuban Iron Developing Company had lost six thousand *centens*, which we had buried for safe keeping in the middle of the patio.

"How about Hernando?" I asked.
"Come and I will show you," replied
Simpson. "I'm afraid they've done
for him."

We crossed the courtyard and walked down to the servants' quarters in the back part of the dwelling. Hernando, our faithful watchman, was lying upon the floor of his room bound and gagged, with an ugly cut on his forehead. There was a strange, wild light in his eyes, and he seemed to be suffering more from fright and exhaustion than from his wound. Simpson removed the gag from the old man's mouth.

"Kill me, señors," murmured Hernando. "I am no longer worthy that I should live. I struggled hard against them, but they threw me to earth and trampled upon me."

From what we could learn from the old man's disjointed account of the proceedings, he had seen two men digging at the base of the palm in the center of the courtyard. They discovered him at the same moment, and be-

fore he could make any outcry, they knocked him down, bound and gagged him, and fled with the contents of the iron box, which we had buried for safe keeping. In the dim light, Hernando saw a light wagon at the gateway of the courtyard, which the robbers leaped into and rapidly drove away.

We bandaged Hernando's head and propped him up with pillows, and then made a careful examination of the premises. The house, which was originally the residence of a Cuban planter, was a rambling one story structure, built in the form of a hollow square, with a patio in the center. Large double doors had originally closed the entrance to this courtyard, but the great hinges had made such a tremendous creaking that one day Simpson and I, imitating a certain performance of a visitor to Gaza, had taken them down. Our office was on one side of the entrance, and on the other was the stable apartment, where we kept our buckboard and two horses which we used constantly in making trips to the mountain above.

We had chosen this peculiar hiding place in which to bury the money, thinking that here it would be safe from attack by either Spaniards or Cubans. I had carefully counted it and placed the gold pieces in suitable rolls, after the manner of bank clerks. We both felt relieved when we had made this rather curious disposition of our employers' wealth, for there seemed to be no practicable policy just then but that of him who held that the napkin was as good as a safe deposit com-

pany. We felt that the money was now beyond the reach either of fire or

pillage.

There had been troublous times at Quiribi since the United States had gone to war with the proud old land which had paid the bills for discovering her. The Cuban Iron Developing Company, by which Simpson and I were employed, had obtained important concessions several years before from the Spanish rulers of Cuba, and we were busily engaged in shaving down a mountain of iron ore and shipping it to the United States when the insurgents began to achieve independence after their own peculiar way. Our relations with the Spanish authorities were amicable enough as long as they had nothing more to attend to than the extermination of pacificos. The accommodating general who had charge of the program in Santiago province even sent a company of soldiers to guard our property. They established themselves in a block house on an adjoining mountain, and spent their time taking occasional shots at flying bands of Cubans, and in smoking cigarettes, with which they were bountifully supplied from the company's store. The gracious commander of the district, as thorough and as courteous a Spanish gentleman as I have ever met, helped himself to our tug on the plea that his need was greater than ours. Afterwards he made the loan permanent.

Rebellion or no rebellion, we were enjoying unexampled prosperity. Near the mountain in the valley a little village, composed of the cottages of our workmen, had sprung up. We had all the orders we could fill, and it was necessary to employ a large force of natives to handle the red ore and get it to the pier which we had built.

Then, one day, the Spanish general came to us and, with a tinge of inexpressible sadness in his voice, said that he deeply regretted to interfere with the business of his very dear friends, yet it pained him to say that our misguided

country had declared war upon Spainnews of which we received official confirmation, several hours later, from our New York office. Our friend, the Spanish commander, suggested that we stop work at once. We lost no time in complying, and the operations of the Cuban Iron Developing Company at Ouiribi were indefinitely suspended. That was how it happened that Simpson and I were left in charge of a small railroad. numerous sheds and outbuildings, six thousand centens, and a mountain of hematite. We never ceased to breathe expressions of disapproval against the policy of Richard Danvers, the manager of the New York office, who had all along believed that Spain would never fight. Even when ultimata were flying in the air, Danvers had insisted on our remaining. When we saw signs of trouble brewing, however, we had withdrawn the centens from our Santiago bankers.

We were thinking of all these circumstances and inwardly reviling Danvers as we went around the premises. Near the tree we picked up a knife. At the entrance of the courtyard we saw footprints and evidences of hasty shuffling. Near the gate were the marks of the wheels of what was evidently a light wagon. We followed the track into the Santiago road, where it ran into a ditch, not more than one hundred yards from the house, but though we walked down the highway for a quarter of a mile, we could get no further trace of it. It seemed impossible that any wagon could make its way through the dense underbrush which lined the road. As we retraced our steps we saw faintly defined lines in the long grass surrounding the house, as though the wagon had passed there. They were about four yards in length.

"This is evidently the work of spooks," observed Simpson. "I think they must have emulated the example of the old witch who swept the sky. Seems to me, the best way out of this muss is to enlist in the Spanish army."

We were in neither a cheerful nor a sympathetic state of mind when we returned to the house to question Hernando further. The poor old chap was in a bad way, and for the first time we began to be alarmed about him. He was alternately moaning and entreating us to have mercy upon him. He insisted that he no longer had any desire to live.

"My daughter," he was saying—
"will she not come to me now that my life is almost spent?"

We remembered then that the old man had a daughter in the village, where she was living with an aunt. Neither of us had ever seen the young woman, but I volunteered to go after her and to bring her to the bedside of her dying father. It was not a pleasant task, but any occupation was preferable to mourning over the disappearance of the money which had been intrusted to our charge.

Now, I am not of a romantic turn of mind. Having spent several years of my life as a reporter on one of the New York dailies. I had lost much of that abiding faith in human nature which tends to make a man subject to occasional flashes of sentiment. I freely confess, however, that the sight of the señorita banished all thoughts of the money, of poor old Hernando sick unto death, and even of the explanations which some day I must make in New York. She was the most beautiful creature I have ever beheld. When I told her, as gently as I could, of the accident which had befallen her father, she burst into tears, and then, as if by a great effort, controlled herself.

"I shall try to be brave," she said.
"Poor father! He was so kind, so good! How I shall feel his loss! Life will hold nothing for me now."

I endeavored to comfort her, but under such circumstances a man can say little. We went to the house of the only physician in the village, but he had fled to Santiago, where it was impossible to reach him.

"There is no help," said the señorita sadly. "I will go to him without the physician. Poor father, I fear he suffers most from a broken heart! He idolizes you, señor."

Hernando was lying on the floor of the cabin, with his glassy eyes fixed upon the ceiling. At the entrance of his daughter he started up, and a look of joy came into his face. Simpson and I left them alone.

"This is a pretty state of affairs," observed Simpson. "In addition to being robbed, we have the life of this poor old chap to answer for, for he was practically murdered in trying to defend our property."

At that moment our attention was distracted by an unaccustomed sight in the offing. Warships of the United States had made their appearance. Simpson ran for his binoculars, by the aid of which we could make out a group of transports off shore. The army of invasion from the United States was to land at the pier from which we had been shipping Spanish iron ore, to be converted into good American stoves and armor plate.

"They're here sooner than we expected," remarked Simpson. "That reminds me also that we have something to think about besides the whims of a feeble old man who may be passing in his checks, and his picturesque but somewhat frowsy daughter."

Something which Simpson saw in my eyes caused him to stop abruptly.

"I beg your pardon, old man," he said. "I'd forgotten you were interested in that direction."

I was framing a vigorous retort when she who came so near being the cause of the first quarrel between Simpson and myself came towards us wringing her hands.

"Señors," she said, looking imploringly into our faces, "I must take the one whom I love to a place where he may have rest. I beseech you to lend me your horses."

Simpson placed his tongue in his

cheek and waited for me to reply. He seemed to be intensely jealous—so much so that he was surly.

"You shall have them, señorita," I

said

She knelt and imprinted a kiss upon my hand, then rose and hurried away as though shocked at her own temerity. I followed, and overtaking her, we paused for a moment in the lee of a line of ore cars. As I took her hand in mine, I felt it tremble in my grasp. We were silent a moment; then I spoke of the thoughts which had been in my mind ever since I had first met her. The words were few. I said I hoped that when the war was over she would remember the acquaintance we had made under such sad circumstances. She looked up at me shyly through her tears.

"The señor is so kind!" she said. "I shall never forget him. He is all that is manly and true and noble. I must go now to prepare my father for his journey;" and with that she hastened away.

I found Simpson standing on the pier. He glanced at me a moment and then said slowly and impressively: "McMasters, you're a fool." I sprang forward, but he pushed me back and then gravely handed me his glasses. Something in his manner checked me, and taking the binoculars I looked in the direction of the transports. Then an exclamation burst from my lips.

"It's Danvers!" I said. "I could tell him at a greater distance than that."

Of all men on earth, the last one whom Simpson and I cared to meet at that time was Richard Danvers. We saw it all. He had come as an official guide for the American forces; for no better landing place for a hostile expedition could have been selected than the pier of the Cuban Iron Developing Company at Quiribi. We knew the government had received charts of the neighborhood from the company, but we had supposed that we were to have a monopoly of the guiding industry.

We looked at the short, fat form on the bridge of Transport No. 14 standing among a group of officers. Danvers wore the inevitable pink shirt and blue serge. There was no mistaking him. Simpson waved his handkerchief in a despairing way, and then turned to me.

The situation is a trifle unpleasant," he observed. "However patriotic may have been his motives in coming out here, Danvers will want to know about that money."

I left Simpson gazing out to sea while I hauled out the buckboard and

hitched up the horses.

Then I hastened towards the cottage. The señorita had wrapped a shawl about old Hernando, who was sitting propped up in a chair. He wore his shoes.

"You come as my good angel again," said the señorita. "I have prepared my poor father. All is ready for our departure. May God bless you, señor, for your kindness to the unfortunate."

The señorita had tied up her father's effects into several bundles, which I lugged out to the buckboard. Simpson was bending over one of the wheels of the vehicle as if testing it when I placed the bundles under the seat, almost shoving him aside as I did so.

"It seems strong enough to carry two heavy men," he remarked. "Don't you think your flame and our friend Hernando might stay here and face the music? There will be an abundance of medical attendance on board the transports."

He spoke in Spanish, raising his voice perceptibly, as if also addressing the señorita.

"I beg that you will permit us to go in peace," said the girl. "My father could never stand the shock of seeing himself surrounded by the soldiers. In his delirium he would imagine that they were those who wounded him."

She leaned forward entreatingly and a bit of paper fluttered from her bosom

to the ground. Simpson picked it up, glanced at it, and then watched the young woman as she disappeared into the house.

"Why don't you give her back the

paper?" I asked.

Simpson turned toward me with a sneer. "You are very particular," he said. "You needn't worry. Don't you think it rather foolish to have your initials regarded so tenderly? I'll hand it back to her, however, if you insist."

Just then Hernando came out of the house leaning upon the arm of his daughter. I stepped forward to help him, but Simpson sprang toward the watchman, and with a quick movement knocked him down.

"Grab the girl!" he yelled to me.

The señorita drew a revolver and fired, the bullet grazing my head. There was a brief struggle, and then we bound Hernando and the señorita hand and foot. The bundles under the seat of the buckboard contained some of the gold, and in the watchman's pockets and in a belt around his waist was the rest.

When we had found all, we removed the bonds of that precious pair and sent them towards the Santiago road. Simpson told them to lose no time in getting out of view, and by way of emphasis fired a shot over them as they took their departure.

"I didn't want to have your idol more harshly treated," said Simpson.

"How ever did you succeed in doing it, old man?" I asked, disregarding the unkind insinuation of his reference to the señorita.

"It's quite simple," he replied. "In the first place, I discovered that the wheels of the buckboard had fresh earth on them, although the rig had not been used for several days. From that I reasoned that the recently departed Hernando, now seeking health and strength in the vicinity of Santiago, had driven the vehicle a hundred yards or so on that eventful night when the alleged robbers attacked him, and afterwards brought it back to the house through the grass. He permitted several hours to pass, I should judge, and then wounded himself, and knotted a rope about his wrists—by the use of his teeth and a hook in the wall which I'll show you. The gagging process was comparatively easy. I was sure my suspicions were correct when that paper fluttered to earth, for it was once wrapped around a stack of gold pieces. The señorita was evidently not able to replace it, and had hurriedly tucked it away. This paper, which I now take great pleasure in showing you, is marked '100 centens, J. H. M.,' your certification that the contents of the package were correctly counted. I think that we may go to meet our friend Danvers now, for I see they are lowering boats from the transports."

## THE FROST SPIRIT.

HIS breath is on the autumn air;
From Ymir's realm he swoopeth down
To nip the face of all that's fair,
Till summer leaves him with a frown.

The forests, when he comes, disrobe— His noiseless march excites no stir; Binding with gyves our northern globe, 'Tis he unlocks the chestnut burr.

At last when leaf and spire have fled,
And ice and snow crown hill and plain,
He rules a world new garlanded,
And autographs the window pane.

## LIFE AT CAMP WIKOFF.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

A ROUGH RIDER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE GREAT CITY OF TENTS THAT SPRANG UP ON THE SAND HILLS OF MONTAUK TO RECEIVE OUR VICTORIOUS ARMIES RETURNING FROM CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

"THIS is beautiful!" exclaimed President McKinley, when General Wheeler, from the top of head-quarters hill, showed him the thousands of tents that speckled the grassy slopes of Montauk Point, jutting out into the blue sea beyond. Speaking as a soldier, the commander in chief added a little later: "I have never seen a finer camp."

Such was also the impression of the homesick soldiers on the transports from Cuba and Porto Rico, who got their first glimpse of "God's Country" when Montauk Light was sighted, and the green hills came into view with their ridges dotted by the moving shapes of infinitesimal horses grazing near the glinting little tents of the encampment named after the brave officer who fell among the foremost in Cuba.

As a personal recollection, the writer will never forget the joy with which his half starved comrades on the transport Miami hailed the first prospect of the place that was to prove such a disappointment within the next few weeks.

"Why, it's just like the plains!" shouted one Rough Rider, whose ranch had been near enough to the Gulf of Mexico to accustom him to the added note of the sea. Another, perched high in the rigging of the ship, called down to those clustered upon the decks: "Say, boys, just look at the stock on the prairies back there. Them's our ponies a switchin' of their tails, sure enough, and we'll all go mounted again!" The announcement was greet-

ed with such a spontaneous outburst of delight from the long dismounted cavalrymen that even General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt, seated on the roof of the afterdeck, joined in the ear splitting yells and whoops of their troopers.

Seen at close range the camp, at its terminus, near the wharves and railroad station, appeared less inspiring. The deep sand and coal dust around the miserable shacks and stables that had been thrown up for the most immediate needs was littered with papers and odd bits of lumber, and the intermingling of all branches of the service together with sailors, stevedores, teamsters, workmen, as well as skirted nurses and visitors, created a general impression of confusion in ill accord with a soldier's notions of what a well regulated camp should be. Here, too, the resemblance to certain phases of our Western life continued, aided again by the open background of prairie-like slopes of grass undulating away as far as the eye could reach. The station building, with its surrounding frame structures for eating houses and quartermasters' supplies, recalled a mushroom town of the frontier during a "boom," with a military post thrown in to account for the uniforms. Galloping horsemen, riding in the approved style of the plains, with saddled mules and unmistakable broncos standing around everywhere, completed the illusion. In the midst of it could be seen

the officers intrusted with the management of all movements of troops, gravely conferring with one another on horseback, and disentangling the snarls that each hour brought forth.

To the troops landing from the transports, loaded down with full packs and accourrements, the first march under the hot August sun, through the deep sand running down to the water's edge, came

drudgery, so familiar to every one who knows soldier life, appeared like sheer weakness; and many a case of laziness was recorded as pitiable exhaustion, the dire result of Cuban hardships. Had some of the more sentimental spectators seen these same invalids lend a helping hand at many an upset further on in the hills, and heard the cheerful swearing with which these passengers



THE FIRST ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS LANDING AT CAMP WIKOFF.

as a discouragement. The detention camp—ominous name—was two or three miles away, up hill, and to the unreasoning soldier, weakened by lack of proper nourishment, it appeared as if the troublesome beach sand underfoot was going to stretch all along the way.

No wonder the dismounted cavalrymen, who saw their brethren dashing here and there on well groomed horses, dragged their weary feet behind them through the sand, and were glad enough to fall out of the ranks in the hope of snatching a tempting sandwich or pie, or else to get a welcome lift from one of the many passing mule teams.

To the sensational reporters and other hysterical persons who had flocked to Montauk to see the Rough Riders land, this readiness to shirk sought to outrival the mule drivers who had acted as good Samaritans, there might have been less moving accounts of the pathetic return of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Those troopers who did not drop out were glad enough to reach the detention camp and to find that large, roomy tents, twice as big as those they used in Cuba, had already been set up by a band of willing workmen, whose sympathies with the "boys" were strong enough to make them brave the union rule against working on Sunday.

By the time the last two troops of Rough Riders—one of them Captain Kane's troop of Eastern men, to which it was my privilege to belong—had trudged up the hill, and found their way into the detention camp, there was so



MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH CAVALRY GETTING A LIFT ON THE WAY FROM THE TRANSPORT TO CAMP WIKOFF.

much hilarity and general high spirits that it was hard to reconcile the facts of the case with the tearful accounts of our condition that presently appeared in the columns of the metropolitan press. The arrival of good, palatable food did much to heighten the cheerful feeling.

My tent happened to be next to that of the quintet of Eastern riding men who are depicted in the illustration on this page at the interesting moment when the first loaf of American bread was about to disappear "in their midst." It may be judged by the reader whether, at that time, these men had the appearance of invalids. Two weeks later all but one of the five—that one being Trooper Knobloch, standing at the extreme left of the picture—had been stricken down by the mysterious ailments that carried off so many more of our men than did the Spanish bullets.

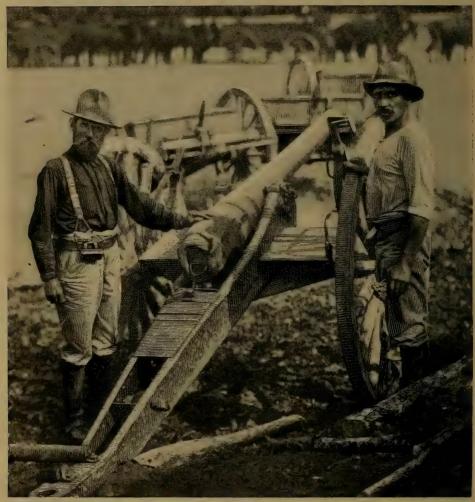
Once the irksome period of detention in the quarantine camp was over, there



A QUINTET OF EASTERN ROUGH RIDERS. THREE OF THEM ARE TROOPERS CHARLES AND GEORGE KNOBLOCH AND CRAIG WADSWORTH.



THE DETENTION CAMP AT CAMP WIKOFF, WHERE THE NEWLY LANDED SOLDIERS WERE QUARANTINED FOR FIVE DAYS.



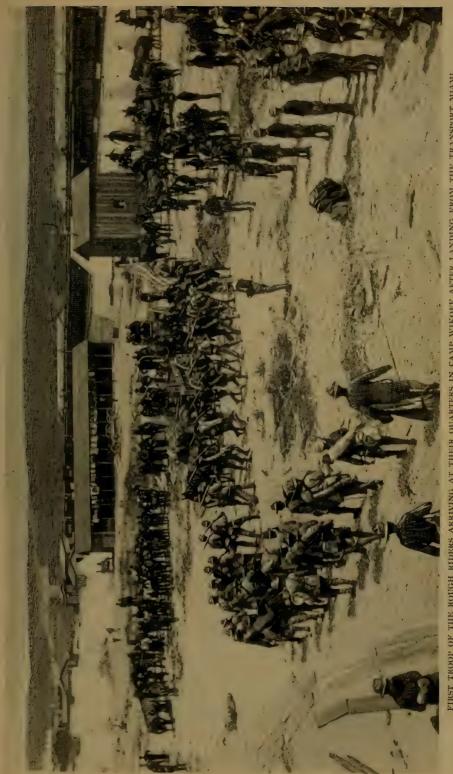
TWO GUNNERS OF GRIMES' BATTERY. GUN AND MEN SERVED IN THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

came the last organized march of the regiment as such, followed by the joyful meeting between the Cuban contingent and the four troops that had been left behind in Tampa to take care of the horses, and to bear up under the repeated disappointments of marching orders that were invariably countermanded.

On the day that their comrades were permitted to leave the detention camp, these Tampa troopers, as they came to be called, started out from their quarters, which subsequently became the general encampment of the Rough Riders, leading the horses of the other men. They met us half way, yelling

like Indians. In a jiffy they had jumped from their horses, and there followed the liveliest interchange of greetings between brothers in arms, and mute meetings of long separated men and beasts, until the pelting rain put a stop to it all.

Our new encampment was near the old life saving station, which has weathered so many of the fierce winter storms that sweep over this extreme end of Long Island. It was but a part of the great cavalry camp uniting the fighting troopers of the First, Second, Third, Sixth, Ninth, and Tenth Cavalry with the First Volunteer Cavalry, known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders.



FIRST TROOP OF THE ROUGH RIDERS ARRIVING AT THEIR QUARTERS IN CAMP WINGFF AFTER LANDING FROM THE TRANSPORT MIAMI.



A TYPICAL ROUGH RIDER-PRIVATE O'LEARY, FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

Here we had ample opportunity to settle down to the routine and rigors of military life in piping times of peace.

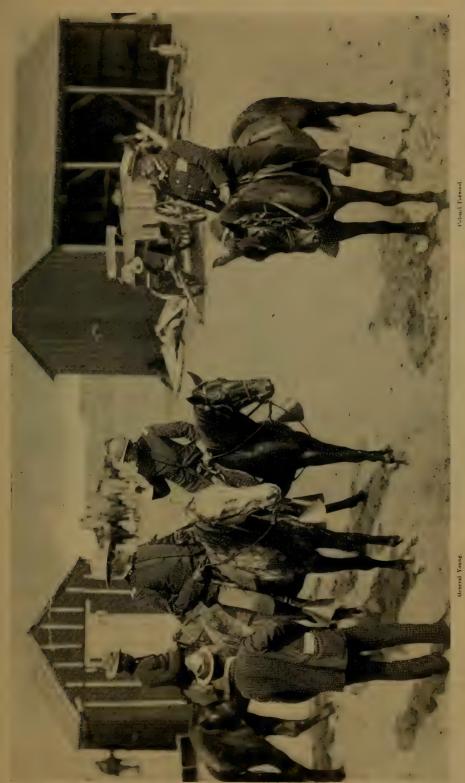
It fell to the writer's lot, for instance, to spend a dreary fortnight in the guard house for the heinous military offense of writing for publication. While there, I had plenty of time to master all the fine points of guard mount, and to learn by proxy how a sentinel is expected to behave under all conceivable circumstances. There was one specially conscientious officer of the day, I recall in particular, who felt called upon to explain to each member of the guard

in turn just how he should challenge any one who might come along, how he should cry "Halt!" and advance upon those miscreants who went abroad at night without a password, and so forth ad nauseam.

As I listened, from my guarded lair, to the painstaking repeated instructions, I could not but reflect on the difference between all these mock precautions and our simple method of detailing outposts while facing the enemy in Cuba. There a man was simply ordered to go on guard at such and such a place, or to lie in the grass at night



THEIR FIRST MEAL IN CAMP-COMPANY B, FIRST ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, AT CAMP WIKOFF.



BRIGADIER GENERAL YOUNG ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION AT CAMP WIROFF.

within a certain distance of the enemy's lines on Cossack outpost, and that was the end of it. He always went without asking "any fool questions," and when he returned all was well. In the few cases where men on guard went to sleep, their superior officers understood that it was only because they could no longer stand up awake, and no great

out, and to disarm all persons carrying weapons. That was all I had to go by for six long hours up to the moment of surrender.

The very first armed man I had to deal with was the aide de camp of General Garcia, who convinced me in a very few words of excellent French that he had a perfect right to pass; so he



MAJOR GENERAL WHEELER, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CAMP WIKOFF, GREETED BY BRIGADIER GENERAL YOUNG.

fuss was made about the matter. At all events, they were not shot—nor sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, for that matter.

I recalled the day of the capitulation of Santiago, when I was placed as sentinel at the important point on the Caney road where the American lines ended and the Spanish lines began. Thousands of refugees and persons of all descriptions were pouring back into Santiago and were left to go their way unmolested, yet the commanding general had issued orders that no newspaper correspondents were to be allowed to enter. Of this I only heard afterward. My orders merely were to keep folks moving, unless they were clearly tired

went his way in undisputed possession of his arms. Later in the day there came a consul or consular officer with a coachman armed to the teeth. These worthies I also allowed to pass without exercising the right of search. From many others, on the contrary, I demanded and obtained my full toll of machetes, dirks, and pistols until I had acquired quite an arsenal of these forbidden weapons. Of course there were many vociferous objections, but that was to be expected, and I took them as a matter of course. All in all, there were enough questions to core with to make it appear as a sufficiently responsible post to me, yet, when I was relieved at the end of my guard mount, I



PRIVATE GREENWAY AND CAPTAIN WOODBURY KANE, OF THE ROUGH RIDERS, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THEIR ARRIVAL AT CAMP WIKOFF.

did not feel called upon to enter into any lengthy explanation with the man sent to take my place. I simply transmitted my original orders to him and hurried back to the trenches to see the formal act of capitulation, knowing full well that he would come out all right.

After such an experience of the real thing in the enemy's country it is apt to weary a man to have to listen to long winded instructions how to walk up and down a deserted grass plot at home and in times of peace.

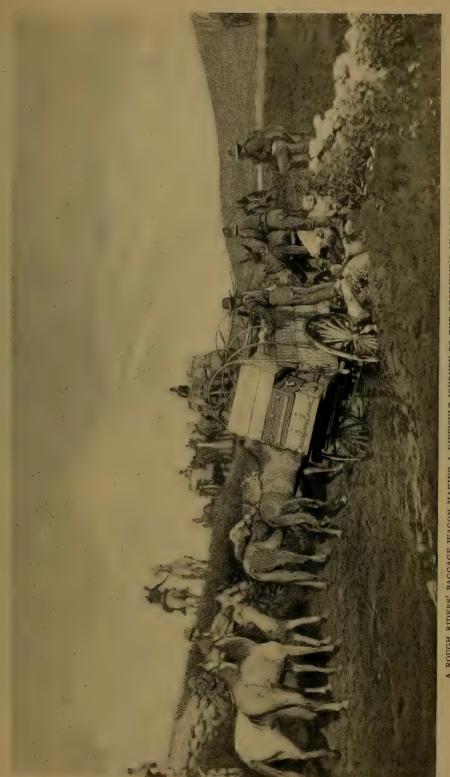
After the first few weeks at Montauk so many troops had arrived from Cuba and Porto Rico, that the camp assumed formidable proportions. As some one

remarked on the day of Secretary Alger's first visit to Camp Wikoff, it was a place of magnificent distances. Thus it was two miles from the headquarters of one general to those of another, and greater stretches of land lay between the encampments of regiments that in the West Indies had fought and camped side by side. On the other hand, commands that had seen widely different service were now thrown close together.

Every regiment that respected itself had a mascot. In many cases these were dogs, preferably forlorn looking mongrels that had been picked up either on the march or in Cuba. While



THE ROUGH RIDERS FROM TAMPA CHANGING THEIR CAMPING GROUND AT CAMP WIKOFF. THESE WERE THE FOUR TROOPS LEFT IN FLORIDA WHEN THE REST OF THE REGIMENT WENT TO SANTIAGO.



A ROUGH RIDERS' BAGGAGE WAGON MAKING A DIFFICULT JOURNEY TO THE REGIMENT'S QUARTERS AT CAMP WIKOFF.

the regulars usually confined themselves to one such mascot, several of the volunteer regiments seemed to have gathered these inexpensive luxuries in ever increasing numbers.

The Rough Riders had at least four acknowledged mascots. There was Dabney, the runaway boy, who had attached himself to Colonel Roosevelt, and wore a major's stripes. There was Teddy, the eagle, with his immense

visited every ward, and stopped at every bedside.

All the camp rejoiced when it was announced, on the President's departure, that the volunteer regiments then at Montauk were to be mustered out at once, and that the regular soldiers were to be sent to their regular posts. It was high time that such an order should be given, unless it was the intention of the government to build win-



PRIVATES OF THE FIRST ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, WITH THEIR MASCOT, MANGO MIKE, A CHICAGO CANINE WHO SAW SERVICE IN THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

sweep of wings; and Josephine, the mountain lion, who purred by day and growled and spat by night. The most recent acquisition was Toral, an undersized Spanish pony, possessed of a soiled white complexion and gently mulish manners.

The gala day of Camp Wikoff, after Generals Alger and Shafter had been duly welcomed, came when President McKinley, as commander in chief of the army, visited the camp. The President could not complain that he was slighted by those who were able to stand on their feet or mount their horses on parade, while those poor fellows who lay sick at the general hospital and in the contagious ward certainly could not complain that they were slighted by the President. He

ter quarters; for the weather was growing colder from day to day, and already the need of warmer clothing was felt by the men clad only in light khaki suits. Yet a week or so passed again before the movement of the troops was begun in earnest, and even then many regiments were left behind to face the rigors of the weather as best they could.

Of the regiments in the cavalry division the Rough Riders were the first to go. When it was announced that they were to parade in New York without horses and accoutrements, their preparations for mustering out were so quickened that the first four troops were ready to go two days before the official date set for their discharge. Their departure was celebrated by a final bucking contest of the "bronco"



THE WAGON CAMP, ONE OF THE BEST ORGANIZED DEPARTMENTS AT CAMP WIKOFF.



A HOSPITAL TENT IN THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, CAMP WIKOFF.





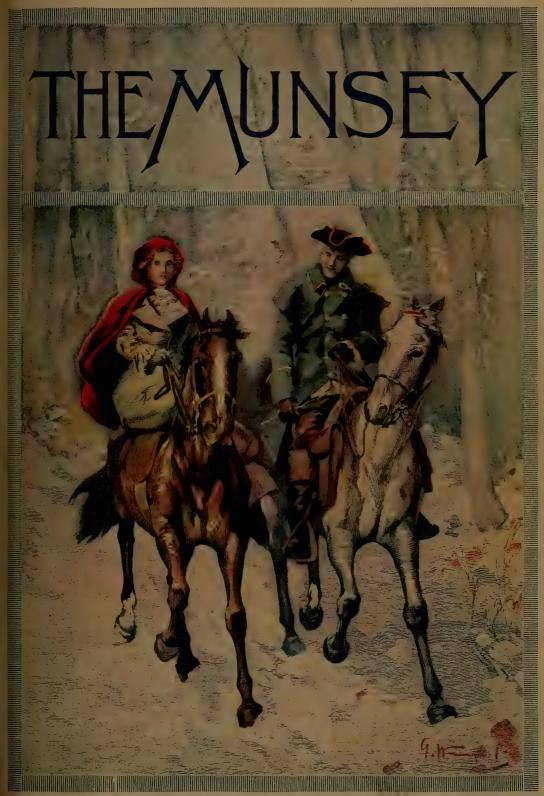
CARRYING SICK AND WOUNDED MEN FROM THE FIELD HOSPITAL TO THE HOSPITAL BOAT SHINNECOCK, FOR TRANSPORTATION TO NEW YORK.

busters" and by a series of Indian dances, led by the four full blooded Indians of the regiment, with other revels that lasted until dawn. Notwithstanding such unaccustomed hours, the men were up early that morning to take breakfast together. Then came a final wild turn on the forfeited troop horses. and all joined in the general onslaught upon the souvenir peddlers and other nuisances that had so long infested camp. These unfortunates were tossed in saddle blankets and treated to other well deserved indignities until it was time to get down to the station for the first train to New York.

At the station the troopers who had manned the Gatling guns during the Cuban campaign had an opportunity to look once more at their once serviceable field pieces now rusting in the sand.

As at first, the last glimpse of Camp Wikoff for the departing soldier was one of confused masses of men pushing and jostling their way to the various transports and trains. After all, it was a relief for him who had lived through it all to turn his back on this chaos and go away with the comforting thought that within a month or so Camp Wikoff might be a thing of the past.





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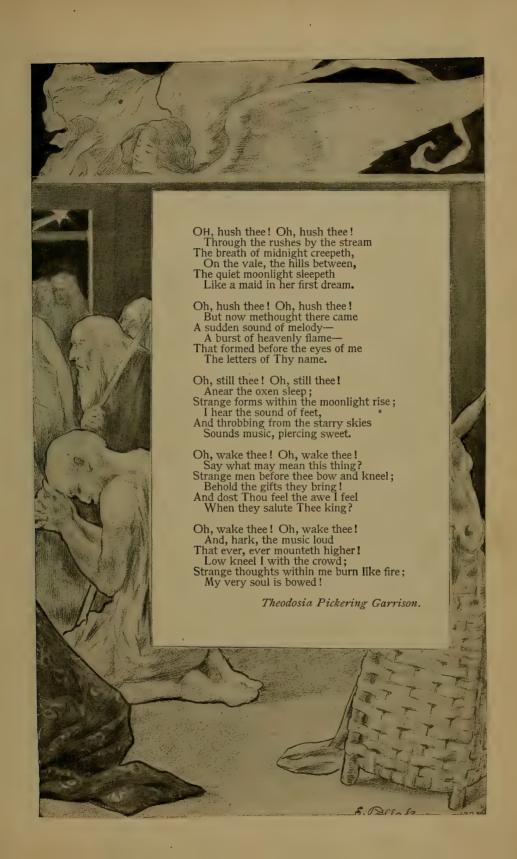
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# In the City of David







REAR ADMIRAL JOSEPH NELSON MILLER, WHO RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG IN HAWAII, AND WHO WAS SENIOR OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY PRIOR TO HIS RETIREMENT IN NOVEMBER.

From a photograph by Davey, Honolulu.

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XX.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS OF TIMELY INTEREST—PRESENT DAY CELEBRITIES IN THE WORLDS OF POLITICS, DIPLOMACY, WARFARE, ART, LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND SPORT.

THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MEMORIAL.

A word of praise is due to Alexander Doyle, the New York sculptor, for the design of the Francis Scott Key monu-

ment. It portrays Key standing as he may have stood on the deck of the Minden, in the Patapsco River, on the morning of September 14, 1814, when



THE MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED AT FREDERICK, MARYLAND, TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, THE MARYLAND POET, AUTHOR OF "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

From a photograph by Krehs, Frederick.

"by the dawn's early light" he saw the star spangled banner still flying above the walls of Fort McHenry. At the base, Liberty holds the flag before two building, matrimony is an entangling alliance. Cecil Rhodes, as is well known, is a self confessed woman hater, and has done more to mar his won-



LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, SIRDAR OF EGYPT, THE BRITISH SOLDIER WHO HAS AVENGED GENERAL GORDON'S DEATH AND RECONQUERED THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

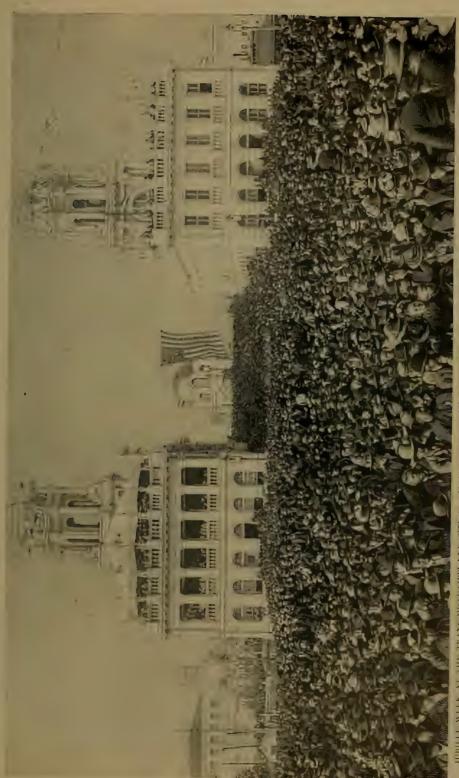
children, as if inspiring them to revere the national emblem. It is a simple, graceful, and poetical monument, a fitting memorial for the poet of patriotism.

EMPIRE BUILDERS AND WOMAN HATERS.

To the man who follows the modern and magnificent profession of empire

derful record of achievement by the mean things he has said about the fair sex than by his supposed complicity in Dr. Jameson's filibustering expedition.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—who, by the way, is to be complimented upon his new and sonorous title—is also described as a bachelor whose only mis-



JUBLEE WITE AT THE TRANSMISSISSIPPLE LAPOSITION, OMNIA - HIB GALAT GATHERING THAT LISTEN IN THE RELY IN STACKINITY SAMPLES WITH THE From a plategraph Coper, list, Sec. 40 1. 1. Knot not On the EXPOSITION BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.

tress is ambition. The conqueror of the Khalifa is thus characterized by an associate: "He is very brave and very strong, and he fights the struggles of his life quite alone. He is careless of his personal appearance, as are those who do not come into daily contact with women; and I believe that the untruthful, boastful words which the Emperor Napoleon once used in speaking of himself are really true of the Sirdar: 'Not all the fairest women in the world could combine to make him sacrifice



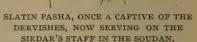
LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICEREINE OF INDIA, FORMERLY MISS LEITER OF CHICAGO.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

one hour of the work that he has at heart."

HARRISON GRAY OTIS, JOURNALIST AND SOLDIER.

Brigadier General Harrison Gray Otis, United States Volunteers, has been well known for the last sixteen years in Southern California as proprietor of the Los Angeles *Times*. An Ohioan by birth, at the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, together with President McKinley, in the famous Twenty Third Ohio. Private McKinley



Drawn from a photograph by Downey, London.

rose to be captain of the regiment, and major by brevet; Private Otis ended the war as a colonel.

Most of his subsequent life has been spent in journalism. When hostilities with Spain began, he again volunteered for service, and his old comrade named him



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICEROY OF INDIA.

Drawn from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

a brigadier. He is now serving at Manila with his namesake, Major General Elwell S. Otis.

THE KAISERIN'S AMERICAN AUNT.

The Countess von Waldersee —who also possesses the title of Princess von Noer-is probably the most interesting and most influential American woman in Europe, and the only American woman who ever became a princess in her own right. Her life history has been a remarkable one. She was once Mary Esther Lee, the daughter of a New Yorker who made a moderate fortune in the grocery business. The grocer's wife was ambitious, and after her husband's death she went abroad with her children. Her eldest daughter married a German count, a member of the diplomatic service. Mary, the



BRIGADIER GENERAL HARRISON GREY OTIS, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, NOW SERVING AT MANILA.

From a photograph by Steckel & Lamson, Los Angeles.



MRS. HARRISON GREY OTIS, OF LOS ANGELES, WIFE OF BRIGADIER GENERAL OTIS.

From a photograph by Steckel, Los Angeles.

second daughter, a beautiful and attractive girl, did still better. A prince of the ducal house of Schleswig Holstein fell madly in love with her. and to enable him to marry her-whichhedid at the cost of his birthright—he persuaded the Emperor of Austria to ennoble her as the Princess von Noer. He died six months after the wedding, and two years later the princess married Count von Waldersee, who has since made a reputation as one of Russia's best soldiers, and who ten years ago succeeded von Moltke as chief of staff of the German army.

The Countess von



COUNT DE CASSINI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Piron, Paris.



REAR ADMIRAL GEO. C. REMEY.

From a photograph by Rice,
Washington.



REAR ADMIRAL ALBERT KAUTZ.

From a photograph by Glines,

Boston.



REAR ADMIRAL H. L. HOWISON.

From a photograph by Taber,

Boston.

THREE AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS RECENTLY PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF REAR ADMIRAL.

Waldersee's greatest ambition was to marry her first husband's niece, the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig Holstein, to a reigning monarch, and she helped to make her what she is today—Empress of Germany. "Aunt Mary" is a close confidante of her imperial niece, and is on the best of

terms with the Kaiser. Her influence at court is resented by some high born people who regard her as a foreign parvenu—especially, it is said, by the Empress Frederick—but she holds her place with the tact and keen perception she inherited from her American father, who half a century ago



COUNTESS ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, AUNT (BY MARRIAGE) OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS, AND FORMERLY MISS MARY LEE OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Hulsen, Berlin.



COUNT ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, WHO SUC-CEEDED VON MOLTKE AS CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE GERMAN ARMY. From a photograph by Hoffert, Berlin.

was selling molasses and lard in Front Street.

AN INTERESTING PAGE OF WAR HISTORY.

When Dewev's fleet was moored in the harbor of Hong Kong, waiting to move upon Manila as soon as war should be declared, he received no little help, in his preparations for the work before him, from Rounsevelle Wildman, the American consul general at England's Chinese



COLONEL A. L. MILLS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.

From a photograph by Smith, Brooklyn.

consul at Singapore, and having made good use of his opportunities observation. He was able to give the admiral much valuable information: and he did one other thing that was destined to have a bearing upon subsequent history. He introduced Dewey to Aguinaldo, and arranged to have the Filipino chieftain carried back to his native islands to renew his campaign against Spanish rule.

For a man of Vildman's experi-

colony. Mr. Wildman knows much of thirty three, Mr. Wildman's experithe east, having previously served as ences have been decidedly varied. A



JOSEPH H. CHOATE, FAMOUS AS A LEADER OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Wilhelm, New York.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN," FOR THIRTY YEARS A FAMOUS NAME IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.



CAPTAIN JOHN R. BARTLETT,
UNITED STATES NAVY, PRESIDENT OF THE AUXILIARY NAVAL BOARD.
From a photograph by Taylor,
Washington.

New Yorker by birth, a Californian by adoption, he has dabbled in literature and journalism, having published a novel and edited the Overland Monthly. Besides consular service in Asia and Europe, he acted as commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair from Borneo and the Straits Settlements, and brought over native Malays, a genuine rajah, and oriental curiosities galore. He was elected a member of the Smithsonian



COMMANDER ROYAL B. BRAD-FORD, UNITED STATES NAVY, CHIEF OF BUREAU OF EQUIPMENT. From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL AT HONG KONG, WHO CONDUCTED THE FIRST NEGOTIATIONS WITH AGUINALDO, THE PHILIPPINE INSURGENT LEADER.

From a photograph by Taber, San Franciseo.



HOWARD GOULD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS VIOLA KATH-RINE CLEMMONS MAY HAVE COST HIM FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

From a photograph by Falk, New York, taken about five years ago, and the only authentic portrait obtainable.

for his researches in Malayan ethnography. He is a young man from whom we may expect to hear again.

## A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

It is rather a far cry to the Presidential election of 1900, but one candidate is in the field already-Wharton Barker, of Pennsylvania, nominated by the People's Party, whose representatives met at Cincinnati in September. Mr. Barker's candidacy is not exactly a comic one, as he is supported by an organization which is strong in enthusiasm if weak in numbers, and by at least one newspaper, the Philadelphia American—of whose loyalty he is sure, as he owns it himself.

Mr. Barker is a Philadelphia business man who has built ships on the Delaware for the Russian government,



WHARTON BARKER, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1900.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



COLONEL EDGAR ROMEYN KELLOGG, UNITED STATES ARMY, RECENTLY COMMISSIONED COLONEL OF THE SIXTH INFANTRY.

From a photograph by the Élite Studio, San Diego.



MRS. HOWARD GOULD, FORMERLY MISS VIOLA KATHRINE CLEMMONS, WHO MADE A BRIEF APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, AND WHOSE RECENT MARRIAGE AGAIN PLACED HER BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

and who ten years ago secured valuable railroad concessions in China—which, unfortunately, were revoked when Congress passed the Chinese exclusion act. He is an old time Republican, who sup-

fantry, entered the army as a private during the Civil War, and his promotion from the ranks to the command of a regiment has been won by a long record of good service. He went to



A NEW PORTRAIT BUST OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, FROM THE BUST MODELED BY GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY, FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

ported Bryan in 1896, but now likes neither of the great parties. He has never held office—a record which he is in no immediate danger of breaking.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER.

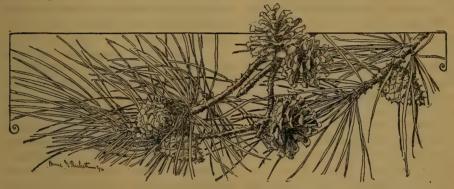
Colonel E. R. Kellogg, the new commander of the Sixth United States In-

Cuba as lieutenant colonel of the Tenth Infantry, with which he was in the thick of the assault on the Spanish lines in front of Santiago. He passed uninjured through the fighting of the first days of July, but two weeks later was stricken down by fever and dysentery, and was invalided home a very sick

The Kaiser, who maintains friendly and diplomatic relations with the Vatican, would no doubt be overjoyed to see a German on the papal throne, and his choice would probably be Cardinal Kopp, Prince Bishop of Breslau. Cardinal Kopp's influence in Papal circles has never been definitely determined, but in his own country his eminence is continually in the public eye by reason of the emperor's oft expressed friendship for him. The other day, when the Kaiser announced his intention of dedicating to the Catholics of Germany

the spot of ground in Jerusalem where tradition declares the Virgin Mary dwelt, Cardinal Kopp publicly thanked him for his "magnanimity and sovereign solicitude for his Catholic subjects." The cardinal is but sixty one years of age, conservative in his views, and not given to antagonizing the powers that be. Therein may lie his strength.

Such are the men one of whom is probably destined ere long to wear the triple crown, and be the spiritual ruler of the two hundred millions who belong to the Catholic church.



### UNDER THE WINTER SKY.

In winter, when the day is done, And Luna, like a blighted sun, By Jove's dread anger seared and bowed, Goes staggering on from cloud to cloud; When earth and all the starry deep Lie folded in undreaming sleep, And thro' the elm trees, stark and free, I gaze upon that shoreless sea Where vast Orion nightly dips, And suns speed on like golden ships;

Then seem I like some wretch afloat Within a frail and oarless boat, Predestined soon, mid grief and pain, To sink into the soundless main.

Alas! from yonder glorious fleet Will never barge come forth to greet The aching hearts that crowd the deck Of earth's forlorn and fleeting wreck?

No winged bark with beamy sails, Joy wafted on supernal gales, With singing cordage overrun With sailors from beyond the sun?

No guide to lead from star to star, Thro' all those dazzling worlds afar, And prove, beyond all doubt and strife, That death is but the door to life?

Is man the insect of a leaf, With life as idle as 'tis brief; That wakes beneath the morning skies, At noon is old, at evening dies?

Or is the soul indeed divine, Full panoplied 'gainst death and time, To live, and love, and to adore When suns and moons shall be no more?

If so, who would not burst this clay, And like a condor soar away?

### CUPID AT FORTY.

### BY FLORENCE GUERTIN TUTTLE.

THE MOST EVENTFUL CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE LIFE OF MARY WINSLOW, SPINSTER—HER VISITOR, HIS MISADVENTURE, AND A DISCLOSURE THAT CAME BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"THERE! It begins to look more like a Christmas tree and less like a cemetery evergreen!" Miss Winslow exclaimed, stepping back in artist fashion to survey her work, and feeling her esthetic nature sensuously soothed by the sight of green fringed, tinsel laden branches against the rich crimson of the library walls. "I was born with an eye for backgrounds." She took up a fat wax Cupid, silver winged, and equipped with quiver and darts, and looked at him speculatively before soaring up the step ladder to place him at the apex of the tree.

"Have you shafts that will pierce the world worn heart of forty?" she inquired whimsically. "And would you have loved Psyche had she ceased to be perennially young? Old age! Ugh!" She shivered daintily.

Miss Winslow was a middle aged belle. She was forty, and carried her years with an engaging lightness which was the marvel of her set; she was rich, consequently popular to the point of envy; charming, and therefore possessed a few friends who loved her for herself. Yet on Christmas eve, when all the world was sung by echoing bells into temporary tranquillity, Miss Winslow's heart was not at peace.

"Holidays are horrible resurrections to people who live alone," she murmured. "Resurrections of heart wringing sorrows and ghosts of the past. I am glad that I insisted upon having the tree here, spinster though I am. Ten nieces and nephews, with their respective guardians, will make the rafters ring. And Leicester in the rôle of

family friend will relieve the Christmas dinner from the narrowness of a strictly family affair. I trust that my spirits will have regained their usual mercurial ascendancy. They are below freezing point now."

Miss Winslow's unrest was indefinite and therefore intangible. Only a discontent which assumes a specific form may be coped with.

Mary Winslow's life had been too active to permit of self analysis; so she did not probe her mood, nor realize that pain sprang in her heart, as it must in the heart of every true woman, from the void which legions of friends only make more vacant, but which may be filled to overflowing by the magical presence of one.

She had steadfastly refused all invitations to domicile with her married brothers. "It would be very nice," she would admit, "and the children would be brought up much better. Old maids are born disciplinarians. They never are overindulgent, like grandparents. Grandparents should be seen and not heard. But, you see, I enjoy too much being perfectly free."

To appreciate liberty one must have known slavery. Miss Winslow's early life had been spent in a bondage which, though loving, had nevertheless held her enchained. The unconsciously self-ish exactings of an invalid mother had sentenced her to the shadows of a sick room and to an atmosphere heavy with drugs. When emancipation at last came, it was like breathing the pure sunshine for the first time. She took deep, invigorating drafts of the life of

the world, enjoying her début doubly because it had come nearly a decade late. And the world enjoyed her as much as she enjoyed the world. It was so accustomed to prematurely blasé types, what wonder it welcomed gladly one who was maturely young? The years might record her as a woman past the thirties. Spirit stamped her as a girl with a new found capacity for life.

When the soufflé menu of society ceased to satisfy her, she traveled, and beheld enthusiastically civilizations older than her own. The sight taught her to view life in its proper proportions, and to realize the microscopic part in the plan of the grand whole which her own smart set enacted.

She found pleasure in collecting curios, tapestries, and pictures. Upon her return, unrest still remaining importunate, she secured occupation and a kind of satisfaction in a diversion welcomed by people whose incomes increase in a ratio beyond their ability to disburse them. She built a magnificent home. Only those who know the delights and vexations of this form of diversion realize its absorption. Miss Winslow had her own ideas. So, likewise, had her architects. Her home must be characteristic, stamped, like her crested stationery, with the insignia of her personality. There was to be no such hideous deformity in it, for instance, she insisted, as a chandelier. The red library was lighted with swinging antique brass lanterns, hung in each corner, and glowing softly with the pressing of a single switch. Other rooms had side lights or curious lamps, one of them said to have belonged to a vestal virgin. The andirons in her hall were adorned with winged golden dragons-oarlocks nefariously bribed from a Venetian gondolier. Norway contributed a beautiful dark bearskin, which was not treated to the ignominy of being trampled under foot, but was stuffed and permitted to stand erect, a savage guardian of the entrance hall. Each room represented a different period, accurate in detail, only to be secured after long historical research. French and Italian palaces had been explored and treasures purchased, not for their intrinsic value, but for the part they had played in the comedy or tragedy of the world.

Leicester had been a great help to her in building her home. Leicester was her brother's intimate friend, and an architect of established fame. He enjoyed drawing her out, "to steal her ideas," he said, appreciating the rareness of her ingenuity and taste.

The friendship she enjoyed with Leicester was uncommon and a source of mutual satisfaction. Miss Winslow's experience of men was large and not wholly to their advantage. It was the inevitable penalty a woman with a fortune paid. She described Leicester as an unusual man who was "never in nor out of the way," and who had no nonsense about him. This last was intelligible to her intimates. It meant that Leicester had never made love to her. His good humor was unfailing; his optimism of the brightest hue. This last was not because he did not see the world's shadows, but rather because he possessed that larger vision which sees also the world's sunshine. and which obstinately refused to live anywhere but in it. He elevated the ideal above the real in thought, and tried to maintain the relationship in fact. When success came he bore it without undue elation, just as he had previously borne failure without undue despair. He was beloved by the few whom his discriminating taste would admit to the valued privilege of intimacy, and respected by all who would have liked to claim that distinction.

Miss Winslow's labors were interrupted by a ring at the door bell and an inquiring voice in the hall. Soon after, without presenting credentials, Leicester appeared on the threshold of the library. At a glance one felt that this scrupulously groomed man was unknown to marital responsibilities.

The unlined, fresh looking face bore the imprint of the irresponsible bachelor and club man. And if his eyes sometimes suggested that life had not yet granted that which was most subtle, most satisfying, most craved, the philosopher's smile on the lips indicated the manner in which the knowledge had been borne.

"Do you come in the rôle of Santa Claus?" Miss Winslow asked, glancing at the presents for the children which Leicester and her servant were bringing in, and falling into the usual banter with which she and Leicester were wont to play. "And did you dust the chimney on the way down?"

"No, the modern Santa Claus comes in a horseless carriage with rubber tires," he replied, carrying with one arm the Empire State Express and placing it beneath the tree.

"That explains the change in Christmas. I knew that it was not what it

used to be."

"No, it's much better," he asserted.
"I tell you we have overdone it," she reiterated. "What is Christmas now in reality?"

"A time when the person who cannot extract some fun out of it would better examine his mental machinery," he said, taking off his gloves.

Miss Winslow scorned the rebuke.

"It is a time," she replied, answering her own question, "which we forestall by working so hard that we are fit subjects for the rest cure when it gets here. It is merry in anticipation and melancholy in fact."

"Oh, of course, when you remember every one who has ever bowed to you, and all the inmates of the old ladies'

homes besides."

"It is a time," she continued, "when you receive a lot of things that you don't want, and give away everything that you do."

"I'd better take my gift home, then," he said, stooping and picking up a square package. "It's only a first edition of Shelley which——" "Which you happen very much to want?" she laughingly finished. It was her turn to score.

"Don't ask me to take off my coat. I couldn't think of it," he said, divesting himself of the garment.

"I'm in a most unaccountable mood," she protested. "You'll regret

it if you stay."

"A few more regrets won't matter," he said, leisurely seating himself. "Besides, you're only a sweet bell out of tune."

She shook her head sadly at him. "No, it won't do, Arthur. I'm not in a mood to be sugared."

"What is it all about?" he asked, picking up a fierce looking dagger which had fallen to the humble estate

"I'm struggling under the startlingly new discovery that the moon is not made of green cheese, and "—plaintively—" you know I'm one of the few women who like my fromage green. Things are not what they seem."

"Oh, yes, they are. Your mood has gotten into your optics and tinged the

lenses with blue."

of cutting magazines.

"I feel as if 'life would be quite endurable if it were not for its pleasures,'" she continued. "Golf is an elusive phantom; cotillions, a torture; while as for people——" she hesitated.

"Go on," he said encouragingly.

"Don't mind me."

"People are masqueraders, one and all. The good are wicked saints, and the bad are righteous sinners."

"I'll have to think before I decide in which class I'd rather be found. Go on," he said; "I know there is more."

"I'm lonely," she replied obediently.
"That's nothing. I've been living that down for years."

"This barn of a house oppresses me."

"I warned you against making it perfection," said Leicester unsympathetically.

"I have succeeded in building an establishment. I have discovered that what I want is a home."

Leicester's lips emitted a low sound which might have been an exclamatory whistle.

"Is it really as bad as that?" he inquired. "I am afraid she is taking life seriously. Making epigrams is a sure sign."

"No, 'Laugh and grow thin' has been my motto. I've made a study of it."

"So have I—with different results. What is the secret of your success?" he interrogated.

"Oh, it's not a secret; like everything else nowadays, it's only a state of mind."

"Which implies that mine is suffering from fatty degeneration?" he inquired.

"You will suffer from something worse if you remain. I am really unmistakably savage. Besides, I must finish the tree."

"By all means. But don't send me away. It is such an incomparable pleasure to see some one else work. Besides, do you know that I have a peculiar, psychical, Madame Blavatsky sort of feeling that if I went I should be doing irremediable injury to us both? In short, I refuse to go. So you don't feel that four walls in the fashionably crowded part of the city constitute a home?"

"They are so much expensive paint and brick," she replied.

"You can say," he said:

"Homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted
food."

"Why will you persist in understanding one's mood?" Miss Winslow asked grievously. "You deprive one of the sweet misery of explaining. I feel as if this house were a museum. Everything has such an unused, creepy look. I have found that a home does not consist in having Colonial and Empire rooms, nor even in antiques like these"—she waved her hands at the old mahogany of fashionably modern outline which adorned the library. "Home lies in the spirit infused into it;

and one woman's spirit "—pathetically —" will not cover a house of this size. There is one thing which I am seriously thinking of doing. I think I shall adopt an orphan child."

"An orphan asylum would fill it better." he commented.

Miss Winslow went over to the table and lifted the Cupid.

"Since you prefer me in a bad mood to any one else in a holiday one, I must continue my work."

"What are you going to do with that dangerous boy?" Leicester asked, looking at the pink faced cherub as she dangled him from a string held between finger and thumb.

"I am now about to hang Cupid," she said solemnly.

"How delightful! I have always wanted to be present at an execution. Besides, it's a fate I've often thought he deserved."

"You must have suffered a good deal at his hands," she said, looking sideways at him between half closed lashes. "That reminds me—I heard some one at the Hoyts' dance last night call you an 'artistic flirt.'"

"And what, may I ask, is a flirt, artistic or otherwise?" Leicester inquired, with sparkling eyes.

Miss Winslow thought for a moment.

"A flirt," she replied, " is a man with a small capacity for loving every woman, and a large incapacity for loving one."

The laughter died from Leicester's eves.

"Do you believe that is true of me?" he asked lightly. Miss Winslow did not reply.

"Do you really believe that of me?" he asked more seriously.

Miss Winslow moved uneasily. There was something in Leicester's tone which she could not meet with the usual banter.

"Look at me, Mary," he said peremptorily. "You can study the pattern of your rugs any time." Miss Winslow shot a swift glance at him, then lowered her lids again. Leicester rose and came toward her.

"You have very pretty eyelashes. I have always admired them," he said, standing directly in front of her. "But I want you to look at me and tell me if you honestly believe I have a large incapacity for loving one woman?"

Something new in his voice, something subtle and almost painful in the atmosphere, played havoc with Miss Winslow's usually well adjusted mental processes. She felt silenced, paralyzed, almost afraid. When the silence became intolerable, being a woman of the world, she treated the occasion with the world's greatest emotional safeguard: she took refuge in a laugh.

"I impeach your power to catechise me," she said. "Here, take your arch enemy, Cupid, and be revenged by

hanging him high."

He took the wax figure from her and stood as if in debate. Then he turned toward the tree and addressed the figure in his hand. "Cupid," he said, "I hang you with many apologies. I confess to a fondness for you not shared by the lady of this manor. I shall suspend you high where you can keep a watchful eye upon her. Who knows—"he broke off and ascended the steps. The universal god revolved slowly in mid air in his new home on the tree, then settled into permanence of direction.

"See, Mary," Leicester cried, looking over his shoulder, "he is pointing his arrow at you. Have a care—"As he said it, his foot, which was reaching backward for a lower step, miscalculated, and with a crash he fell heavily to the floor.

"Well, of all awkward brutes!" he exclaimed, regaining a sitting position where he remained with one foot under him. "The trick elephant in the circus

could have done better."

Miss Winslow's first inclination was to laugh. When Leicester attempted to rise, however, and unconsciously emitted a groan, she flew at once to his side. "Is it your foot? You've twisted and perhaps sprained it! Oh, if you had

only gone before!"

"Don't, Mary; don't hit a man when he's down. You may think the fall was retribution, but I attribute it to another cause." He gave a glance at the Cupid. "That little rascal, I believe, knocked me down!" He closed his eyes with pain, and Miss Winslow's talent for emergencies came to the front. She summoned her man to help lift Leicester to the couch, and then flew to the telephone and called a doctor.

Her own physician responded. After the usual pullings, pinchings, and pressings, he cheerfully pronounced the

wrench a very bad sprain.

"It will be a matter of weeks, though hardly, I hope, of months," he said amiably. "You'd better have yourself moved where you can be made comfortable and be supplied with diverting companionship. These affairs are tedious at the best." He offered his further services, which Miss Winslow, catching a telegraphic message from Leicester's eyes, declined, saying that her man could do everything necessary. In a few moments she was alone with her guest, who sat helpless as a child with bandaged foot elevated upon a taboret in front of him.

"Well?" Miss Winslow said, in some embarrassment. "Why did you not allow the doctor to accompany you home? Do you prefer the distraction of William's accent?"

Leicester contemplated his wounded foot.

"Mary," he said, "do you realize that we are facing a state of things?"

"I realize that you are."

"Well, be unselfish and imagine that you are, too. Do you think that a bachelor's apartment house, without a woman in sight, ideally fills the doctor's prescription?"

"Of course I don't. It is most unfortunate. Oh, if your married sister did not live one hundred miles away!"

"Yes, or if I could be expressed to her."

"You can have a nurse!" she suggested. "But you will have to eat and sleep and wink on schedule. And you hate doing things by rule."

"Yes, and if she were not pretty she would make one feel worse. And if

she were---"

"You'd fall in love with her."

"Not at all. But there's no telling what would happen to her. No, a woman nurse I feel is an anomaly."

"Then, why not have a man?"

"A man is a monstrosity. I should be at liberty to throw boots and vigorous invectives at him. But I am afraid I would be unfit for society at the end of the term. No, Mary, I see but one loophole. Fate has erected a sign post with a straight, clear path for you and me."

"For me?" she echoed feebly.

"Yes, I have a proposition to make, a most logical solution. You wish to adopt some one; I am in need of a home. Do you not see that Providence has left a charge, not on your door step, but on your step ladder, as it were?"

"No, I don't," she gasped.

"This foundling," he continued, "has every requirement which your orphan asylum child could not possess. You must have some one who understands your every peccadillo; who will not laugh when you sigh, or weep when you are merry; some one who will not monopolize your favorite chair, be bored with Omar Khayyam or sleep through the German opera. Mary, we are all only children of a larger growth. Will you not listen to fate, and save me from the doom of solitary confinement by adopting—me?"

"Did you sprain your brain as well as your ankle?" Miss Winslow in-

quired.

" No, my senses are intact."

"But you don't mean—you didn't intend—" she faltered.

"I certainly did. You always had unusual perspicacity. You may cata-

logue me as—No. 25, is it? I have had the honor to make you what the lady novelist terms an 'honorable proposal of marriage.'"

Miss Winslow fell back in her chair.

"What more rational solution of a difficult problem?" he continued. "You are lonely and wish to adopt some one. I am sentenced to bachelor banishment for months. You wouldn't like to think of me fuming and fretting existence away, would you, when you might have prevented it?"

Miss Winslow leaned forward in her chair and quietly scanned his face. Then the blood flamed over her own, tipping even her close set ears with

crimson.

"Yes, he really means it," she said musingly, and with reluctance. "He has asked me to marry him, for convenience' sake, and he does not realize how he has humiliated me. Yet that could be borne; but to be disappointed in him! One can never get used to that! And I thought he understood me!" Then, at a low exclamation from Leicester, "Oh, I give you credit for not intending to pain me. awful part is not to know that you have. Do you realize what you have said? I have heard of men who married to obtain a housekeeper. It is a novelty to meet one who wishes a trained nurse."

Leicester's face flushed deeply. He opened his mouth to refute the injustice, but she would not let him begin.

"No, don't speak," she said. "I am choking with the words I want to say." She met his gaze now with eyes from which vehement indignation flashed, and he sank back among the pillows of the couch.

"How dared you?" she inquired with low, forcefully distinct enunciation. "How dared you to speak to me of marriage and never speak of love? Do you think forty outgrows it?" She covered her hot cheeks with her hands. "Let me say one thing more," as again he attempted to check her; "of course

we can't be friends after tonight. The bon camaraderie of our relationship is over. You have forever spoiled it. Your going will make a void in my life. I don't think I ever knew until tonight how large a place you filled." Her voice gave a little break which she quickly controlled. "You satisfied me because I thought that you understood me. But the one vital thing you did not understand. Let me tell you now that you may know why I am so stung. I, Mary Winslow, spinster, with face turned toward the setting sun, demand of the man who would win me absorbing, all compelling love. I am not a woman to bestow myself. I must be won. It cannot be done with a jest."

Leicester's face had grown white as he listened. Sometimes he closed his eyes as if trying to shut out sound. Sometimes the hands on his knees moved a little. When he spoke his voice was entirely without the intensity of tone she had used. It was the conversational voice of a stunned man finding refuge in conventional phrase; the ever blessed law of habit which prevents human tension from being stretched too far.

"I can't tell you how I regret having pained you," he finally said. "It was the last thing I intended to do; and I am sorry not to have done well what I should like to have done the best of all. Yet," with a touch of whimsicality, "I don't know that it is surprising. One can hardly expect a stage proposal from a man who has never made one before."

Her eyes were fastened upon the tree. Her attitude indicated a polite but weary judge who was tolerantly waiting to hear what the defense might say.

"If I had not felt so deeply, I could have been more eloquent," he continued. "We have played with words so long it was hard to be serious, even when I most wished. I must have taken it for granted that you knew that I loved you. Women are either amazingly astute or incredibly blind in such matters. Why did you suppose I had

haunted your hearth for nearly ten years? I think it began then, when your mother was taken away."

He spoke simply, as if relating a narrative long familiar, and one that should not surprise his listener.

"You will wonder why I never told you. It was because you came into your heritage late. I would not try to take it from you. You found your girlhood years later than most women. While your mother lived her health held you in a bondage of love. When you entered the gay world it was a fairy land to you. Like a girl you enjoyed each moment. I would not rob you of one. I followed your enthusiasms, your disappointments, your triumphs, waiting until pleasure should pall. I wished you to find for yourself that the pretty bubbles you chased turned to air when you grasped them. When I came tonight I-knew immediately that the mood I had longed for had come. You were heart sick and filled with satiety. The apples of Sodom were bitter in your mouth. I was so happy I could have shouted. For, Mary "-he leaned forward and spoke rapidly-" it was love your soul was crying for; love, the deepest need of human life. And what your heart was vaguely demanding, mine had long been throbbing to give. Do you know to what heights of folly I have been led by this masterful passion? Do you know that I go blocks out of my way at night to pass your window? Do you know that I visit barbaric receptions for a glimpse of your face? Can you realize the pangs of jealousy I suffer when I find you monopolized by some young cub whom in fancy I cuff and throw out at the door?" His eyes rested on her and held her with resistless power. "Think of the men who have loved you. Did you fancy I did not know when you turned them away? Love is keen. Mary, you do care, or you would not have been so stung by my cursed flippancy tonight. Don't try to answer me now. I will go home, and in spite of solitude

my Christmas will be the happiest I have ever known. Think of what I have said, and remember—your happiness and mine are at stake. Oh, Mary, gift of God to me, prayer and creed of my life, give me the right before the world to worship—— Mary—Mary—sweetheart, don't cry."

Reaction from her indignation had left Miss Winslow quiescent. When Leicester spoke incredulity and then amazement swept over her, followed by a peace which was subtle, restful, new. When his words came faster and faster. she felt herself swept along on their current and questioned not whither she was being borne. After years of enforced repression it was blissful to let herself go. That Christmas eve her beautiful home, her material possessions, had seemed but a background which intensified the poverty of her heart. She had unconsciously longed for those imperishable riches which now were laid at her feet. And deeper than the knowledge of what she would receive was the certainty of what she knew she could give. When Leicester's voice broke with its new tenderness, her overtaxed nerves gave way and she sobbed like a child. The sight restored him to the safe path of the commonplace, and his next words were in the usual bantering tone.

"Well, of all things, that is the meanest, to cry where I cannot reach you! Is that handkerchief a flag of truce?"

But he could not win her to smiles. Sob after sob filled the room; the pitiful, long drawn sobs of childhood, or of womanhood that retains the sensitive heart of the child.

"If you do not wish to break my heart, Mary, you will stop that and come here at once. The doctor's infliction was nothing to this. Mary, I command you to come here." Then, as she did not heed him, he said in a voice in which each word was a caress, "Mary, I have waited years patiently for you. See—I will not look. Will you not come to me in my distress?" And obediently, with face still covered, like a little child, she came.

### CHRISTMAS COMRADES.

OH, sing me a song of the yuletide of old With the snow drifted high on the white sheeted wold; Of the crackle of logs in the fireplace so deep, While the wind, with a wail, shakes the house in its sweep; Of the berries of holly as red as the blood That dyes the maid's cheek when it comes with a flood As 'neath mistletoe bough, so unconsciously shy, She trips when she's sure that her lover is nigh!

Oh, sing me a song that is tuned to the key
Of the glee noted laughter that rings light and free;
Of the wealth of the heart that is rich in joy's gold;
Of the cheer of the day, and its story of old;
Of the timorous gift that's so gladly received;
Of the story that's earnestly told and believed;
Of two in the dawn of life's fulness and joy,
Two who yesterday were but a girl and a boy.

Oh, sing me the greetings of good will on earth, Of the peace unto men, of the wonderful Birth, Of the beckoning star, of the songs from the sky That told of the marvel that came from on high. Oh, sing me the songs—but my prayer is unheard, And there comes to me only the cheep of a bird, As my brave winter mate to my dormer sill comes To receive my sole gift of a handful of crumbs!



### A DOORSTEP DIALOGUE.

HE: "Shall I ring again?"

She: "It won't do any good. There's nobody within three stories of the bell tonight. Can't you break the chain?"
He: "It wouldn't be much of a chain if

I could. I'll try, though."

She: "I'll help. Isn't it maddening to have the door open like this and yet not be able to get in? That idiot Eliza!"

He: "Whew! That's solid. I suppose

she forgot you were out."

She: "She never remembers anything but that there may be a burglar. There's no use looking at that window. You can't reach it, and even if you could it's locked and the inside shutters are barred."

He: "But we could break things."

She: "And rouse the neighborhood at one o'clock Christmas morning. you, no."

He: "Who sleeps above us?"

She: "Father and mother-when they're not in Washington,'

He: "And above that?"

She: "I do-when I'm not spending the night on the doorstep.'

He: "Isn't there a back way?"

She: "Yes, with a padlocked iron gate leading to it. Oh, I might have known it! I never did an unchaperoned thing in my life that I didn't get into trouble. But it seemed stupid to make Cousin Mary come all these miles out of her way just for form's sake, when we both knew we didn't need chaperoning.

He (rattling the door impatiently):

"Oh, I'm absolutely safe, am I?"

She: "My dear boy, no. I'm not insulting you. I spoke merely with reference to taking stray girls home from theater parties at midnight."

He: "Thank you. I thought you were going on to say I seemed just like a brother, or we knew each other too well for any nonsense, or something equally unpleasant."

She: "Never. But what are we going to do? Father and mother will be back first thing in the morning, and I don't care to have them find us tête-à-tête on the front

He: "I'll make one more try at the bell. If that doesn't work I suppose I'll have to marry you. They always do in fiction."

She: "It would be only polite. And you might do worse."

He: "I might; though you say it that shouldn't. It's a good idea. I wonder why I never thought of it before."

She: "Well, there isn't time to think of it

now."

He: "The idea doesn't interest you?" She: "Oh, there's nothing new in it to me. I've often thought it over."

He (coming closer): "You've thought

of it? And what did you decide?"

She: "That I might do better. Let's both

pound."

He (after a few vicious bangs): "Do you know that you're rather brutal sometimes?"

She: "Nearly always. I'd be a hateful person to have around all the time. I'll tell you: let's call out the fire department. We could borrow one of their ladders and then tell them it was a mistake."

He: "It seems like giving the city a good

deal of trouble."

She: "We could warm ourselves by the engine while they were waking up Eliza for us. Oh, bother Eliza!"
He: "Hang Eliza!"

She: "Confound Eliza! I wish you didn't have to suffer, too. Can't you get a basket and hang me on the doorknob?"

He: "I'm not suffering except for you. How about trying the chimney? Santa Claus must have brushed some of the soot

off by this time."

She: "Oh, and I promised mother faithfully that I'd fill the children's stockings! Why, they'll be getting up before so very long. What shall I do? Can't you think of something? I'm cold and I'm tired. I want to get in.

He: "You poor child! Let me take you somewhere. Isn't there some one you know

whom we can rouse?"

She: "Not near here. And I couldn't, any way. It would be so sort of-dreadful. I should feel disreputable. Besides, the children's stockings. Their hearts would be broken."

He: "But, my dear girl, this is getting past a joke. It's evident we can't rouse that woman, and I can't let you stay here any Your poor hands—they're like ice."

longer. Your poor hands—they're like ice."
She: "Oh, dear! And I'm keeping you out all this time. Don't wait any longer. I'll—I'll manage some way. Do go."

He: "How comfortably I'd sleep, with you doing the little frozen match girl act half a dozen blocks away. If I could only

take you to my den! I'd build up a big fire and put the lounge out in front of it and wrap you in a steamer rug and brew you a good hot toddy and---'

She: "What a pity I'm not a man!"

He: "Oh-I don't know!"

She: "We could have loads of fun. If I were a man I'd like you tremendously."

He: "Well, but as a girl, mightn't--"

She: "Oh, a girl's liking doesn't count for much, unless she falls in love. And I never do that."

He: "But couldn't you make an exception? Just this once?"

She: "I was born cold. I can't help it. I shall never care for any man that way. I should really like to, you know, but I can't."

He (after a pause): "If you tell me that for my own good, I'm afraid it's too late."

She: "I'm sorry. I wish I were differ-

ert." (Another pause.)

He (squaring his shoulders): "Well, now to get you in. I'm going to try for that window."

She: "But you can't. It's simply crazy. There isn't even an edge to stand on; and

that pavement below!"

He (taking off his overcoat): "It's that or pneumonia for you. If I hadn't these beastly patent leathers on, I could manage it better.

She: "But it's foolhardy. I can't allow it. Look at the stone step you'd fall on."

He: "But do you realize that this has grown rather serious? And I honestly think I can make it."

She: "I ask you not to attempt it."

He (stepping up on the balustrade): "My dear girl, there's no other way."

She (catching his arm): "I can't let you. I can't bear it. I'd—I'd rather lose every rag of reputation I've got. I'll go to a hotel-anywhere."

He: "Do you hear that clock? It's too late now to go anywhere else. I care more for your name than I do for- How cold you are! Put this coat around you, and don't watch me if it makes you nervous."

She (excitedly): "Nervous! Nervous! When the man you --- Oh, please don't

He (quickly): "When the man you-?" "Surely we can think of some other She:

He: "When the man you-?" (Feels around for a foothold.) "I'll climb better if you finish it."

She: "When the—oh, come, quick!" (Darts down the steps.)

He: "What is it?"

She (breaking into a run): "The drug

He (following, bewildered): "But you can't spend the night there!"

She (over her shoulder): "Hurry!" They dash into the drug store, setting the night bell ringing violently.

She: "The telephone, please."

He: "By George, the telephone!" She: "Yes, 1423. Ring again. Eliza, is that you? Go down and unchain the front door at once. Yes, you did. Good by. Well, our troubles are over. How stupid we were. You have been very kind." (They hurry back 'n silence.)

He (as they mount the steps): "Please, before I go, did you mean it? When the man—"

She: "Oh, the stockings! I musn't stop. Come tomorrow and—and see what the children got. Good night."

He (as the door closes): "God bless

Eliza!'

Winifred Sothern.

### A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

THEY had separated from the other guests, and were sitting together in the cool shadow of the north piazza. Great, dusty bees, honey laden, swung in and out among the clematis that shrouded the porch, and the droning hum of their busy wings seemed like far off music. He had drawn his canvas topped stool, with its tripod legs, close beside her chair, and she, with her head resting against the carved back of the rocker, smiled responsive to the love that idealized his face.

"It is good just to be alive and near you, sweetheart," he said, seemingly content that one of her ribbons, stirred by the breeze, was fluttering against his hand. "I never understood what Browning meant by the 'wild joy of living' until I know you cared for me." He spoke with an air of sweet contentment and a pride of possession born of their three days' engagement.

She answered by a quick flash of her eyes, and he, reading love's language in them, put his hand softly over hers as it rested

on the arm of her chair.

"It is wonderfully sweet to be loved," she said, and added after a moment: " But a man's way of loving and a woman's differ so widely. A man wants the woman to come to him as pure and fresh as a newly opened flower. He wants to be the first to kiss the dew of innocence from her lips. Her heart must be free from dim images of other loves, for he must be the first, the only one, the holy of holies, as it were.

"Oh, come! you're too hard on us," he

interrupted.

"But you know it is so," she said. "When you men really went to marry a woman you don't like to remember that there have been others. With a woman it does not matter. She is proud to think that she has been chosen above the rest. As for those other women who may have occupied his heart for a time before he knew her, she feels only pity for them, not jealousy, because he has passed them by. We women love more generously as long as we think you care for us."

"A man can be generous in his love as well as a woman," he said, a little resentfully. "Besides, there are so many extenuating circumstances in a man's life. Girls are not always discreet, you know, and a man's natural gallantry toward her sex often entangles him in affairs into which his heart does not enter. You women are not handicapped that way. You can receive the admiration and love of a thousand men, and yet, if your heart is not touched, you can spurn them all."

"That's it!" she broke in. "You want other men to admire the woman you love, but her heart must remain untouched until you come. If you find that one out of the thousand has been more than a friend, you don't value her love so highly. Why may there not be 'extenuating circumstances'

in a woman's life?"

"Perhaps you will understand better what I mean if I tell you an experience of a friend of mine."

"A personal experience will be more in-

teresting," she interrupted.

"A man can't speak personally of things of that sort without appearing to a disadvantage."

"Then there have been 'circumstances'

in your life?"

"Oh, there is in every man's! What happened to my friend, happens to us all, with more or less variations. It was two years ago, when he was spending his vacation at King's Hintock Lake. There was a girl at the hotel, a clever, companionable little thing, and they were thrown a good deal together. Of course they talked of love, as young folks will, but in an abstract way. She was such a sensible little body one couldn't make love to her lightly. But because they were seen so much together people began to couple their names, although theirs was the purest of Platonic friendships.

"One morning they rowed down the lake some five or six miles. They came to a sunny little inland bay, and he pulled in there to rest. She took a sudden fancy to explore the woodland back of the bay, and he ran the boat up on the beach and sprang out to fasten it. Just as he stooped to secure the chain to a log which had been washed up on the rocks, and which the sun had bleached to an ashy grayness, she sprang out beside him, at the same time pushing him violently aside. He looked up

in surprise to find her face as white as the foam that capped the lake billows, and her little foot, in its stout walking shoe, planted firmly on the head of a rattler. It had evidently been sunning itself on the rocks, and, being disturbed, had coiled to strike. It had sent out its warning rattle, which had been unheeded by the man, but quick as a flash the girl had seen his danger.

"It was one of the bravest acts I have ever known, for there is no doubt but that her promptness saved his life. Before he could despatch the reptile, it had coiled itself around her ankle, but she never flinched, although her face kept getting whiter and whiter. For a wonder she didn't faint, and she refused to be made a heroine of, in spite of the vigorous efforts of the people at the hotel. He was really very fond of her, and linked to that now was a feeling of gratitude, but he was never for an instant disloyal to the girl he had promised to marry. They were the closest of friends—that is,

as close as a man and woman can be without

being lovers-and he never dreamed of

anything else until he went to say good by. "They were dancing at the hotel when the clerk handed him a wire from his firm, to take the morning train home. Her name was down on his card for the next waltz, and he went in search of her. She consented to sit out the dance with him, and they went to one end of the long piazza, to catch the breeze, for the night was very warm. It was after twelve o'clock, and most of the older people had gone up stairs. and for a time the piazza was deserted. An angle of the house shut them off completely. and the music came to them softened and sweetened by distance. He told her he had been called home, and this was practically their good by, as he must take the early train. She took the news very quietly, and they fell to talking over the incidents that had cemented their friendship. She let him do most of the talking, only speaking now and then in a strangely subdued voice. He was a little piqued that she took the news of his departure so indifferently, and after a while he got up and held out his hand.

"'Let's say good by out here under the stars,' he said. 'It will seem more sincere than in there with all that artificial life and

light.'

"Before he knew it she had her arms around his neck, and was sobbing, heart brokenly, on his shoulder. He was thoroughly startled and distressed. He had never dreamed that she cared for him like that, and he tried to soothe her as best he could. It was weak and cowardly, I suppose, but he couldn't tell her he was going to marry in the fall; that even the maid of

honor and best man had been chosen. He kissed her, and smoothed her hair, and petted her into composure again, and—well, he went off leaving her under the impression that he loved her. They exchanged a dozen or so letters, and then he ceased to write. It was all he could do. He couldn't be brutal enough to tell her the truth, when she had acted so."

The girl in the rocking chair had been listening with breathless interest. An odd, half frightened look had come into her eyes. When he paused, she drew in her

breath sharply.

"Are you sure your friend is not a fiction? You told that as if it were a personal remin-

iscence," she said.

"No, I am not the hero of my own story, but I have heard the poor boy talk of it so often the incidents have grown upon me. He was terribly cut up over it."

"Did he ever tell you the girl's name?"

she questioned.

"No; he didn't so far forget his honor."

"Do you blame her?"

"The girl? I don't know. I have never settled that question satisfactorily."

"But you wouldn't want her love?" she

persisted.

"Oh, it's hard on a girl to have her indiscretions brought up against her in after life. That may have been the only time she let her impulse carry her so far, and we men, God knows, are not fit to sit in judgment on any woman. If I loved her as I love you, I could forgive her anything."

He took her hand between his palms and

pressed it tenderly.

"Are you quite sure you don't know the girl's name?" she questioned again, with that odd, tense look still in her eyes.

"Yes, I am quite sure," he said, smiling indulgently at her persistence. "My friend never told me, although I asked him again and again. But why do you ask?"

"Because—" She caught her breath sharply. "Because—I was that girl!"

"You!" he echoed, letting her hand drop

from his nerveless fingers.

"Oh, don't be angry," she pleaded brokenly. "You have just said a girl's indiscretions should not be brought up against her."

He had pushed the little stool back against the wall, and stood now at the edge of the porch. She followed him and put her

hand on his shoulder.

"You said you could forgive me any-

thing," she said softly.

"I had such confidence in you," he answered dully, without turning his head. "I flever dreamed you had been as other girls."

"But I love you in spite of the entanglements you acknowledge have been in your own life," she pleaded. "I am willing to forgive you seventy times seven, so you still love me; and you will not overlook one little indiscretion."

"It is such a shock to me," he said. "My faith is broken. I will have to get used to the idea that you have cared for another man. I know you well enough to understand how you must have loved him to forget yourself so."

"But it is all buried now with the dead past. We are in the living present, and the

soul of that is our love."

She slipped her hand into his, and his fingers closed over it mechanically. There was no warmth in the action. It stung the girl and she drew back quickly.

"If you cannot forgive my one fault as freely and unreservedly as I forgive yours," she said, "it is best that everything should

end now."

Before he could answer the hall door closed between them, and he stood staring blankly at the clematis vines. Half the light had died out of the landscape, and he picked up his hat viciously and started out across the fields. He was in no mood to meet the other guests, for time lags sometimes to people at a country house, and they are apt to take too much interest in things which do not concern them. For two hours he tramped miserably in any direction, and then, just as the sun dropped behind the distant hills, he turned sharply with a firmness of purpose in his face.

The supper bell rang as he reached the house, but she sent word her head ached, and did not come down. He made a pretense of eating, but it seemed hours before the wretched meal was over. Then he went to his room and hastily scrawled a note, saying, no matter what had been, he could not live without her, and praying her to forgive him for being so unjust. It was a penitent little note, full of love and contrition, and the housemaid opened her eyes at the piece of silver slipped into her hand

with the envelope.

A half hour later, when he had finished dressing for the evening, and started down to the parlors, he found a folded paper under his door. It bore his name and he opened

it with trembling eagerness.

"My dear boy," he read, "when a woman proves her point she is always ready to be magnanimous. I am not the girl. I only took her identity to try your love, and to convince you that a man wants to be the first and only one in the heart of the woman he has asked to marry him. Truly, I never heard of the circumstances until you told me, and it was on the impulse of the moment that I spoke. Can you forgive me? You were generous enough to overlook the

'greater fault, and I know your heart will not be full of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness' toward the lesser—especially as I am waiting down stairs to tell you that you are the first and only one."

Neva Lillian Williams.

### A COUP OF THE KID'S.

It was September when Bill Saxton's younger brother, Gus, who had been sent out to cruise for cedar, came back to camp. He was thin and worn and ravenously hungry, having traveled two days with a pack heavy enough, but empty of food. After consuming unnumbered slabs of bacon, and otherwise refreshing the inner man, he lighted his pipe and prepared to relate his adventures. It was observed that he seemed strangely excited, that his eyes shone and his hand trembled, but this was accounted for when, after taking one long draw at his pipe, he said:

"It's no use, boys; I can't keep it. I went to find cedar and I found—gold."

So it happened that Saxton's logging camp, so well known in western Washington, dissolved business. The "S X" booms no longer floated down the Hoquiam, and the Saxton brothers, Sandy McDonald, Arch Simpson, and the rest were seen no more for a season in the barroom of the Great Northern in town or on the ballroom floor of the Rialto.

Far up the side of one of the unnamed mountain giants of the snow crowned Olympics they found the place Gus Saxton had chanced upon, and, with the instinct of lumbermen, built the two proverbial long log houses, the mess house and the bunk room. As the months went by, they were fairly successful, and each man was contentedly conscious of an individual canvas bag growing heavier with each day's addition of yellow dust.

Only two members had been added to the personnel of the camp, as it had been mutually agreed to keep out outsiders. Indeed, the motto of the hastily constructed company had been, "Stand close, and death to traitors." At Christmas time young Saxton disappeared, and when he returned he brought with him his wife and his five year old boy.

The woman was older than Saxton, and some of the earlier inhabitants of the harbor towns could recall, without stretching their memories, a time when she had dispensed liquid cheer over her father's bar at the clearing. She had been a pretty girl then, and had brought custom to the "Dewdrop Inn," but when young Saxton married her, her old acquaintances generously allowed the remembrance of unfragrant details to

slip out of their minds. They were sorry for Gus to be caught like that; that is, until after the advent of the Kid; from that time on, any of them would gladly have stepped into Gus' shoes, and shouldered the burden of a faded camp beauty, for the privilege of owning or, more correctly speaking, being owned by the Kid.

As a baby he was a thing of beauty in spite of the yellow flannel petticoats and indigo crocheted sacks with which his mother adorned him. As a toddler he was bewitching, albeit his gingham slip was often artificially stiffened with molasses and whatever other food remained on his active fingers after meals. As a five year old he

was still cherubic in his diminutive trousers

and all embracing "sweater."

In the first days of her motherhood Mrs. Saxton had spoken of the child as Simon Henry, explaining to visiting femininity that the first appellation was in honor of "poor pa" (commonly known as Drybone Si), and the second for a "dear brother who died young" (at Butte City of strangulation); but as the novelty of her position wore off, she followed the custom of the place and referred to her son as "the Kid."

A small house had been built some little distance down the trail for the accommodation of the new family, and though "the madam" kept pretty closely indoors (where it was suspected that she extracted more comfort from a certain flat bottle than from her family), Gus and the Kid ate and bunked as it happened, and the latter invariably spent the long days with the men at the "hole."

As a rule lumbermen are a decent lot, but even their conversation, taken verbatim, might not always look well in print, and since the Kid went and came as he chose, and might at any time attach himself to any particular group, it was agreed that only "dictionary" language should be used. Never but once had this unwritten law been violated, and that was when Jim Pendleton had flatly refused to "tack" when the Kid suddenly presented himself among them. Gus himself had warned him but though he looked the latter straight in the eye, he finished the tale with a particularly offensive oath.

The others had looked up in surprise when, instead of resenting the insult, Gus led the child away, and though he was a general favorite, and the camp was a peace able one, it was agreed almost unanimously that he ought to have made Jim "back water" or take the consequences.

Some days after this Sandy McDonald made an astounding discovery. His "pite" was missing from its corner in his bunk. It had not been hidden, to be sure, and

any one might have taken it, but just as easily might he have taken theirs, and as the one was impossible, so was the other. Sandy was silent and miserable. Then, a few days later, Hickshaw's bag was missing. Hickshaw also was miserable, and confided his misery to McDonald.

That afternoon the two observed the Kid putting small stones in a canvas bag on which the letters S. M. were boldly stenciled. When they questioned the boy he very cheerfully admitted that his mother had given him the bag, and that she had told him his father had given it to her.

That night Gus was detained in the bunk room and interviewed. He turned pale at the accusation and paler still when he was shown the bag and told the child's story,

but he denied the charge.

Bill Saxton had gone to town for supplies, and Jim Pendleton had followed the next day, complaining of a toothache and declaring that he would overtake Bill in his haste to reach a dentist. There was a full quorum left, however, and "Stand close, and death to traitors," was their simple code.

Mrs. Saxton came in tears when summoned, with many protestations of her love for her husband, which she averred was second only to her love of honor. Gus refused to see her, and in revenge she would not

allow him to see the boy.

He was given three days to confess, and then one night of grace. At daylight nine rifles would be aimed at his breast, three of them loaded. That last evening the rain fell in a steady downpour, which had lasted for hours and would last for many more. Its incessant fall produced a monotonous musical tone, which was supplemented by the deeper roar of the moisture laden wind as it swept inland from the ocean through the mighty tree tops in the valley. Occasionally a dull boom, boom, of a falling forest giant would reverberate above the orchestra of wind and rain like the death cry of a sinking ship at sea.

Gus lay silently in the bunk furthest from the stove, around which the men sat smoking. They hoped that he was asleep, and forbore to scrape their chair legs on the rough floor lest they should wake him.

Suddenly, in spite of the uproar outside, a slight sound was heard in the room—the lifting of the latch; once, and then again. This time those facing the door saw the clumsy latch rise, then fall again into place; again, and this time the door opened to admit the drenched and bedraggled figure of the Kid.

He slipped through the opening, and then with all his little strength banged the heavy door shut and set his back against it, bracing his short legs wide apart to hold it so until the latch should fall into place. He was panting, but he had saved enough breath to give them his usual cheery salutation—

"Hello, fellers!"

The man in the bunk swung his feet quickly off the shelf and sat up gazing hungrily at the little visitor, while the men about the stove sat speechless in their amazement. Great pools of water spread about the sturdy little feet. The Kid resented this unprecedented reception.

"Why didn't you fellers have no light?" he began argumentatively. "Course I couldn't see the trail in the dark, and I fell down hundreds and hundreds of times. And the water in the creek came up so high, and the plank bended down, and "—with a little quaver in his voice—"the angels and things in the woods made such a noise! I

'most couldn't get here at all."

McDonald strode across the room and clasped the brave baby in his arms. The others gathered round him and helped clumsily to pull off the soaked shoes and stockings, the sodden sweater, and the tight trousers; but they all distrusted their voices, and it was some moments before some one asked huskily, "What brought you here at this time of night, Kiddie? Wasn't you afraid?"

"No; I wasn't afraid—much. I came to see if my pop had come back. Mamma put me to bed long before dark and told me if I'd go right to sleep, in the morning I could come an' see pop. But after a while I woke up, and it was dark and mamma wasn't there and nobody wasn't there, so I thought I'd come now. Will pop be here in the morning?"

The men looked at one another, and Mc-Donald found voice to say, "Yes, your pop'll be here in the morning." Then he wrapped a warm blanket about the chubby, naked body and carried the bundle down the long room to where two trembling arms reached out from the shadow to receive it.

"I never did it, Sandy; you know that now. She's gone to meet Jim. They thought you wouldn't miss her till after I was gone. But I didn't think she'd go back on the Kid. Give him to me." And Sandy silently laid the baby in his father's arms.

When the squeak of his heavy boots subsided, the group around the stove heard a queer, choking sound from the bunk, and then a baby voice murmured, "It was awful dark, pop, and the angels in the woods—"

And Sandy added beneath his breath, "The angels in the woods kept guard over the motherless baby."

But the Kid was asleep.

Alice D. Baukhage.

## CUBA THE PICTURESQUE.

BY HENRY M. STEGMAN.

LIFE IN SPAIN'S LOST COLONY BEFORE AND SINCE THE WAR—WHAT CUBA OFFERS TO

AMERICANS WHO VISIT THE GREAT TROPICAL ISLAND FOR

PLEASURE OR FOR BUSINESS.

ONE hundred and thirty miles of the shining waters of the Florida Strait separate Cuba from the United States; a distance less than that from New York to Albany. The journey from Key West to Havana takes only a single night. It must be preceded by the trip from the mainland; either Tampa on the west coast of Florida, or Miami, lower down on the Atlantic side of the peninsula, will serve as the point of departure.

To the traveler from the North, Florida is to some extent a foreshadowing of Cuba. He will see there the cactus, the pineapple, the royal palm, and other vegetation of the chief of the Antilles. They will not, however, dull his enjoyment of the beauties of the land further south. The Gulf Stream crossed, he will find richer verdure and larger growths, so that the sub tropical scenery of his own country will be merely a pleasing foretaste of the delights to come.

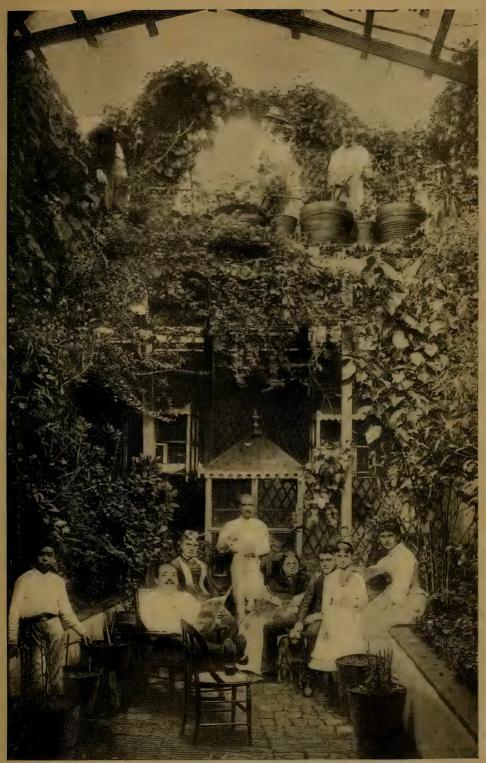
In the outward semblance of nature, the step from Florida to Cuba is no great one, but in all that concerns man and his works, the contrast is utter. On the island, everything is alien, the streets and houses, people and their modes of living, business methods and the cultivation of the land. If the voyager comes directly from New York by steamer, he lacks even the partial preparation of the Florida landscape for the new and strange surroundings of the Cuban capital.

Under the old order of things, sight seeing in Cuba meant a certain sacrifice

of personal convenience. If your mind was sufficiently intent on the picturesqueness of narrow streets and low, red tiled houses; on the slender grace of the palm and the gorgeousness of the royal poinciana, you might forget that the pavements were unconscionably rough, that the carriages were uncomfortable, that the food was not cooked to taste, and that filth and smells were everywhere. The luxury loving American, accustomed to the super civilized elegancies of big hotels and palace cars, found much to disgust him in Havana. However, such would ever do well to stick to the routes of personally conducted tourist parties, unless they have a stock of that travelers' contentment which makes hard beds soft, and discovers something edible in the most unpalatable repast.

If the visitor found the disagreeable features of Havana outweighing those which pleased him, he did well not to venture far into the interior. The railroads ran a certain distance, but they were of a primitive kind that would suffer comparison with a narrow gauge line in Arkansas. If the hotels in Havana tried his palate and his temper, he was sure to suffer far more in any of the smaller centers.

All this was true up to the time of the Spanish American War, and it remains so today. But a change is already in sight. The need has long been recognized of a hotel in Havana to meet the tastes of foreigners accustomed to the conveniences and luxuries of American and European places of en-



THE PATIO, OR OPEN CENTRAL COURT, OF A CUBAN HOUSE—"A NOOK WHICH IT IS A DELIGHT TO VISIT IN THE COOL OF THE AFTERNOON."



THE TACON THEATER, HAVANA'S LEADING PLAYHOUSE.

tertainment. But under Spanish rule, investment of capital was attended by too many risks. Now, however, there is promise of one or more hotels that will meet the fastidious requirements of the wealthy tourist. Meanwhile, the big Inglaterra, with its memories of Consul General Lee and the exciting times after the blowing up of the Maine, will serve the purposes of

the not over sensitive traveler. Proper sanitation will also in time make Havana a far more desirable place to sojourn in than it now is.

In proportion, however, that a hotel is large and expensive, it is cosmopolitan and lacking in the characteristics of the land in which it is. To get an intimate knowledge of the Cubans, one should see them in their own



THE INGLATERRA HOTEL, HAVANA—"WITH ITS MEMORIES OF CONSUL GENERAL LEE AND THE EXCITING TIMES AFTER THE BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE."

homes. Meeting them under proper auspices, the visitor will invariably find them hospitable and generous. Poverty does not affect their nature, even if it limits their ability to be liberal.

Far and away the most charming place to enjoy the graciousness of a Cuban host, and to get acquainted with his family, is the patio, or open court of his house. The dwelling may stand in a street narrow and dirty, and may itself show a sad lack of care, but once in the court, you forget the rest. This will be paved with stone and like as not, in the case of a man of wealth, display a fountain or a bit of sculpture. Vines ascend the side of the court and perhaps arch overhead. A tree or two and some shrubbery bearing brilliant flowers go to make up a nook which it is a delight to visit in the cool of the afternoon.

The patio is one of the devices whereby the Cuban seeks to live comfortably in spite of the weather. Another is his afternoon nap. With us, sleeping in the daytime is regarded as a more or less reprehensible custom, except in the very young or the very old. For a man in good health to yield to the lassitude following his midday meal is little short of a misdemeanor. But the Cuban, like many Europeans and the inhabitants of tropical countries



SHIPPING IN HAVANA HARBOR, WITH THE HEIGHTS OF CABANAS IN THE BACKGROUND Prom a photograph by Hemment, New York.



the heads of firms are not to be seen. Even sight seeing is attended by other difficulties than mere heat, and the visitor, if he is wise, will cease railing at the sleepy headed race and join them in their favorite weakness.

The matter of eating

The matter of eating is another in which the habits of home must give way. Your early meal in Cuba will be, as in France and Germany, coffee and a roll.

THE TACON MARKET, HAVANA.

generally, refers to his siesta with no suggestion of shamefacedness. To him it is as much a matter of course as the meal that precedes it.

Sojourners from the north are likely to bring with them a prejudice against this afternoon slumber as savoring of laziness. It is well for them to overcome this idea, and to yield to the superior knowledge of the inhabitants. Affairs are ordered with reference to the universality of the siesta, and it may be indulged in without interference with business. "Who sleeps has dined," say the French, and heat as well as hunger may be forgotten in slumber.

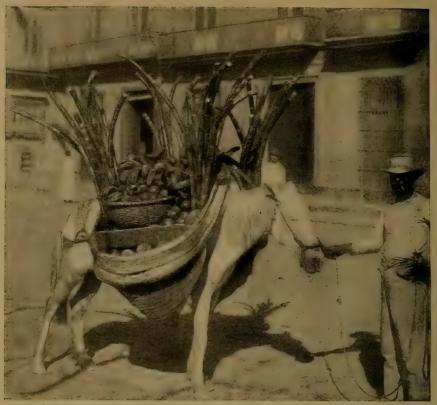
Even if the traveler from this country wishes to rise above this local custom, he will find circumstances combining against him. He can transact few affairs, for



THE CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA, WHICH LONG CLAIMED TO POSSESS THE BONES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



THE VOLANTE, THE HISTORICAL VEHICLE OF CUBA, STILL USED IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS. ITS HUGE WHEELS MINIMIZE THE JOLTING OF THE ROUGH CUBAN ROADS.



A CUBAN FRUIT PEDDLER, WITH A LOAD OF SUGAR CANE, BANANAS, MANGOES, AND COCOANUTS.

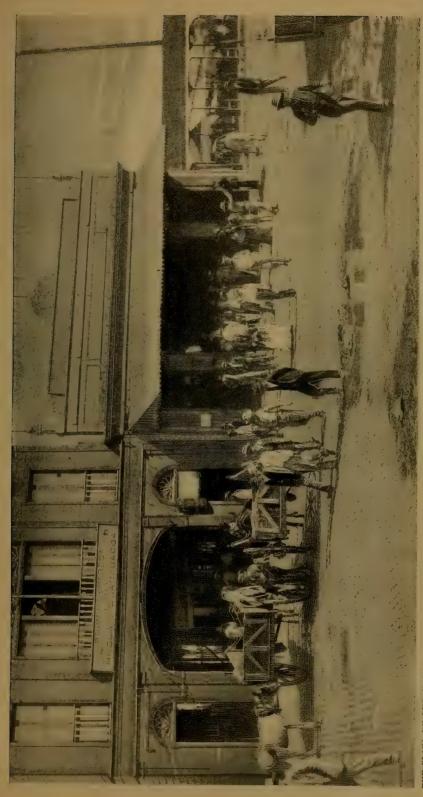
You can get eggs and bacon and beefsteak if you insist, but you will probably decide before many days that it is just as well to conform to the practice of your fellows. If you do this, when eleven or twelve o'clock comes you will be in readiness for your almuerzo, or breakfast. For the substantial nature of this, you will probably be grateful. Soup, fish, a roast, vegetables, and perhaps guava jelly, with cheese, will form this repast, together with the inevitable but ever welcome coffee. If you find this last especially delicious, you may on inquiry be told that the bean was roasted twice. After the ordinary grinding, the grains are again put in the oven until quite black, to be then crushed into powder. Above all, the Cuban cook knows the golden rule of coffee making, "Use plenty of coffee."

The habit of drinking a bottle of

wine both at breakfast and dinner strikes one as odd in a land where the sun is directly overhead part of the year. Yet a pint of heavy, sweetish Spanish claret is usual at these meals. If your appetite is duly catholic, you will enjoy a dinner in which Spanish cooking with Cuban modifications leads you into new and strange gustatory sensations.

If you are a smoker, you will lose no time on landing in possessing yourself of a supply of real Havanas. It is, however, as easy to buy poor cigars in Cuba as in New York. It is not uncommon for a man to smoke twenty big black fellows a day. So that they may be fresh enough to bend double without breaking, they are made to order daily.

The visitor who has letters to the owner of a big sugar estate and is so fortunate as to be his guest for a time,



THE PLAZA DE LUZ, HAVANA. ON THE LEFT IS THE FERRY HOUSE WHENCE BOATS RUN ACROSS THE HARBOR TO REGLA (WHERE THE BULL FIGHTS TAKE PLACE) AND GUANABACOA; TO THE RIGHT IS THE TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY CONNECTING HAVANA WITH MATANZAS AND OTHER CITIES.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.



THE BELEN COLLEGE, A JESUIT MONASTERY AND SCHOOL IN HAVANA.

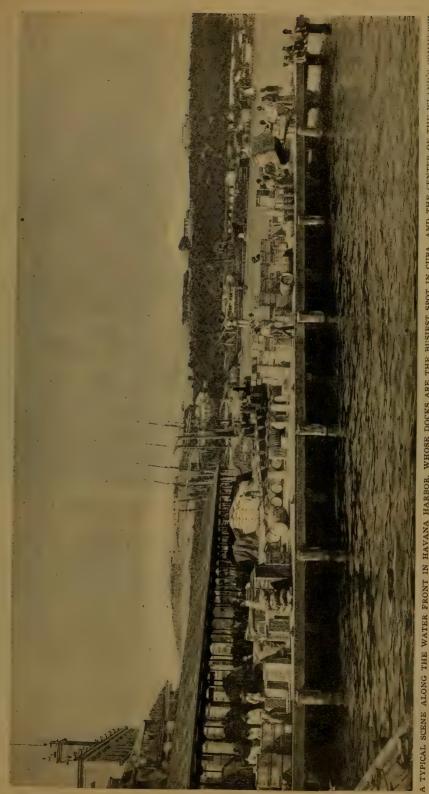
Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

enjoys the best life that Cuba affords. These plantations are often baronial possessions in which a community has its complete existence. The returns of the proprietor have been so rich that he could live in lordly style. He usually spent a part of the year in the United States or Europe. His children were educated abroad. In his manor house, hidden in a tropical jungle, were a billiard table and piano. To compensate in part for the loss of so many of the advantages of civilization, he sought to live in as luxurious a fashion as possible, and delicacies from Spain and France loaded his table. Trout streams yielded him sport, and in the woods he hunted quail and other game birds.

Electric light is common on these estates. It is used in the sugar mills, so that in the busy season darkness may not interrupt the grinding of the

cane. On one of the finest, south of Havana, the trees about the dwelling are strung with colored electric lamps. An illumination of them makes a fairy picture indeed in that country where nineteenth century invention seems so far away.

This is in times of peace. It would be difficult to say whether war or peace has been the normal condition of Cuba for the last generation. The sugar estates have suffered severely in the various struggles. First it was the Spaniards and then the insurgents levying special taxes and foraging, until in despair many places were deserted. In that country, ruin and desolation spread greedy and speedy hands. If the soldiers did not avenge an unfulfilled demand with the torch, nature at once set about doing what she could to wipe out the vestiges of man's domi-



A TYPICAL SCENE ALONG THE WATER FRONT IN HAVANA HARBOR, WHOSE DOCKS ARE THE BUSIEST SPOT IN CUBA, AND THE CENTER OF THE ISLAND'S COMMERCE. From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

nation. Thick underbrush overgrew the cultivated fields and swallowed up the cleared spaces about house and mills. A year or two of this, and the deserted hacienda was in a tangle as thick as that surrounding the palace of the Sleeping Beauty when Prince Charming came upon the scene.

But the time has now come for rooting out weeds and thickets, for re-

A certain number of visitors to Cuba from the United States will wish to remain there to engage in business or to seek investment for their capital. The lavishness with which nature does things dazzles the eye and the understanding. Some officers of the Fifth Army Corps saw a striking example of this luxuriance before Santiago. In front of their tent their horses were fed



BATHING HORSES AT LA PUNTA, AT THE ENTRANCE OF HAVANA HARBOR. THE MORRO CASTLE
IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

planting field and garden, and for starting the mills again. Under the protectorate of the United States, and later under the aegis of her institutions, agriculture and commerce will enter on a new era in Cuba.

There is doubt as to whether the conditions which have been so disastrous to sugar production in Jamaica and other islands of the Antilles group, will not similarly affect the industry in Cuba. The incomparable richness of her soil, however, gives her an advantage which bounties and the beet can hardly overcome. Under moderate taxation, and with improved machinery and methods, the old time prosperity should in a measure at least return.

with oats from time to time. When they were ready to break camp, after a stay of a week or ten days, some stray grains of oats had taken root and were several inches high. Contrasting this fertility with the sterility of his ancestral farm, it is small wonder that one of the officers exclaimed:

"If you planted dimes here, you could harvest silver dollars by fall."

In spite of this productiveness, however, the money maker will not find his task an easy one. In trade he will have to face the rivalry of Spaniards and other foreigners who know local conditions better than he. Agriculture is rude and could be made more profitable with northern implements and energy,



CUBAN PONIES LOADED WITH FODDER.



A CUBAN FARM WAGON, WHOSE LEAN OXEN DO NOT BESPEAK RICH PASTURE.



A CUBAN PLOWMAN AT WORK WITH HIS WOODEN PLOW.

PLANTATION LIFE IN CUBA, AND ITS LACK OF MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



"THE BYWAYS OF THE POOR "-A TYPICAL STREET OF CUBAN HOVELS.

but that is not the calling that would naturally attract the fortune seeker.

Fruit raising should prove remunerative, but golden promises here should not be accepted at their face value. There is mining wealth, too, in Santiago province, but that is a field where experts should be consulted. Stories are enthusiastically repeated about mahogany and other costly woods which may be had for the chopping. It is true they may, but so far from means of transportation as to be worth considerably less than nothing. Shrewd business men have been making money in Cuba for centuries, and

the newcomer is likely to find that most of his schemes have been anticipated.

With a knowledge of Spanish, with health and moderation in living, with some capital and business experience, with a determined spirit and patience for a long campaign, the immigrant may win his prize. Sink or swim, however, fail or succeed, he will cast his lot in a land where the eye is filled with a richness of grass and flower, plant and tree, such as he has not known before; where nature shows herself with a new sensuousness, and where his life takes on an experience that home keeping youths forever lack.

### THE HIGHEST JOY.

Though far we sail on life's great tide
In search, at any price,
Of dear delights that but abide
In ports of Paradise,
He has not reached the Happy Isles
Whose gladdened eyes and ears
Know not the joy too deep for smiles,
But manifest in tears.

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS WON SO REMARKABLE A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION-THE THIRD INSTALMENT SKETCHES THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS UP TO THE STRIKING OF THE HOUR FOR INTERVENTION IN CUBA, AND THE FINAL DEFINITION OF THE ISSUES UPON WHICH THE SWORD WAS DRAWN.

THE destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor, on the night of February 15, 1898, was a tragedy as extraordinary as it was startling and momentous. The vessel, a battleship of watchfulness on the part of all those 6,682 tons, lay at the buoy assigned her by the authorities of the port. Although her errand had been announced

as a friendly visit, and there had been no sign of a hostile demonstration, vet the situation was such that her commander had ordered an extra degree of responsible for the care of the ship. There had been no alarm of any sort when, without a moment's warning,



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER IN CHIÉF GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA, COMMANDER OF THE OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.



INSURGENTS IN SANTIAGO PROVINCE.

from deep down in the bowels of the vessel, there came the shock and roar of a tremendous explosion—or rather of two explosions with a brief but distinct interval—instantly transforming the entire forward part of the Maine

the ship had been blown up. The captain ran on deck, and ordered the magazines to be flooded; but the magazines, partly exploded, were already filled by the water that rushed through the rent frame of the vessel.



Wreck of the Maine

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF HAVANA-

into a shattered wreck, scattering débris over other vessels anchored in the harbor, and breaking windows and extinguishing lights along the water front of the city.

Captain Sigsbee was sitting in his cabin, writing a letter, when the upheaval came. Before he reached the door an orderly, from whom no explosion could shock the habit of discipline, marched in and formally reported that



BARTOLOMEO MASSO, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT GOVERNMENT 1897-1898.

The Maine was blazing fiercely and sinking fast. In a few minutes she had settled down in about thirty feet of water, her upper works, a mass of wreckage, remaining above the surface, and continuing to burn, with occasional explosions of ammunition, for four hours more. Three of her boats, which hung aft, were intact, and were launched before she sank; and in these, and in boats from two neighboring vessels-the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII and the American steamer City of Washington, of the Ward line-the survivors were carried ashore. Most of the crew, whose quarters were directly above the seat of the explosion, were instantly killed, or were drowned with the sinking ship, the total loss being 260 men, including two officers, Lieutenant Jenkins and Engineer Merritt. A third officer, Lieutenant Blandin. died some months after from causes attributed to the shock of the disaster.

### SORROW AND ANGER IN AMERICA.

To his brief announcement of the loss of his ship, cabled as soon as he went ashore, Captain Sigsbee added the sentence:

Public opinion should be suspended until further proof.

The circumstances were such that a suspension of the popular judgment was impossible. The case was one that American man of war had gone to a Spanish port, and there, moored in the

in time to prevent disaster, although some of the shells it contained had actually been charred by the heat. decided itself. The simple fact that an 'Among other cases cited was that of the British man of war Dotterel, destroyed in the Straits of Magellan, in



-AS SEEN FROM THE SUBURB OF REGLA, EAST OF THE HARBOR.

spot assigned by Spanish officials, had been destroyed by a nocturnal explosion, led inevitably to one conclusion.

At another time it might have been possible to consider, as was urged by a technical journal,\* that "the combination of steam, electricity, high explosives, and coal that may become self igniting, is not a happy one, and the most exact precautions against accidents may fail at times, as they have in the case of other vessels." There had been narrow escapes from disastrous explosions on at least three others of our new steel war ships, due to the escape, in the coal bunkers, of the gas that causes "fire damp" explosions in mines—a gas which, innocuous in the open air, is a very dangerous explosive when it accumulates in a confined space. About two years before, while she was stationed at Key West, some of the Cincinnati's coal was fired by spontaneous combustion, and the steel bulkhead which—just as in the Maine separated the bunker from a magazine full of projectiles and ammunition became red hot. The imminent peril was' revealed only by a tiny curl of smoke, and the magazine was flooded

1873, by an explosion which remained a mystery until it was traced to the paint room, where a dangerous inflammable gas had generated.

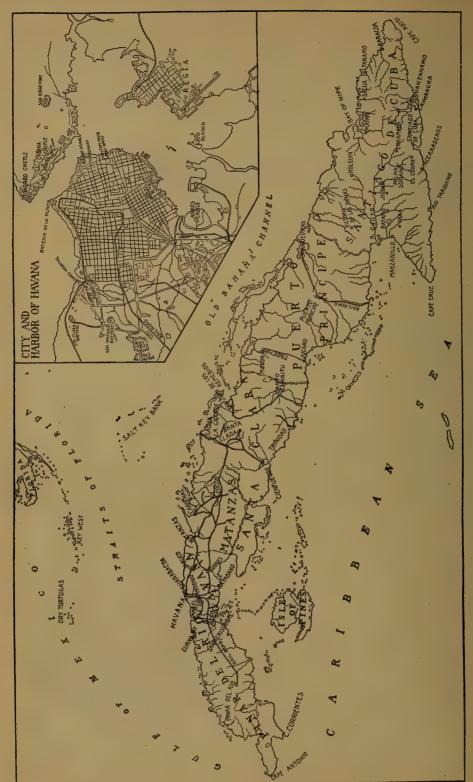
#### SPANISH TREACHERY ARRAIGNED.

But no technical plea of the possibility of accident to the Maine could avail against the overwhelming sus-



SALVADOR CISNEROS BETANCOURT, MARQUIS OF SANTA LUCIA, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT GOVERNMENT 1895-1897.

<sup>\*</sup> The Army and Navy Journal, February 19, 1898.



MAP OF CUBA, WITH PLAN OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF HAVANA.



PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA, PREMIER OF SPAIN. BORN IN 1827, AND EDUCATED AS AN ENGINEER, SEÑOR SAGASTA ENTERED THE CORTES IN 1854, AND FOR TWENTY YEARS HAS BEEN THE LEADER OF THE SPANISH LIBERALS.

From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

picion—nay, the practical certainty—engendered by the broad facts of the case. She had been destroyed, by deliberate and fiendish treachery, and her destroyers must be brought to account. That was the verdict rendered by a public opinion so strong, so unanimous, so earnest, that no official authority, however anxious to avoid a conflict so long as an honorable way of escaping it was to be found, could restrain the voice of national indignation.

The sinking of the Maine meant war between the United States and Spain. That soon became evident even to those who least desired hostilities. But war was not to be proclaimed without proper formalities, and these could not proceed with undignified haste. They might have moved faster had our armed forces been better prepared. The game was in our hands, but we were not ready to play the trump card that our vast and undoubted superiority of

strength gave us. Every day's delay enabled us to organize that strength for action, and much invaluable work was accomplished during those eight weeks of suspense, when impatient critics were denouncing the administra-

tain Chadwick, Lieutenant Commander Marix, and Lieutenant Commander Potter. Their sessions began in Havana harbor, on board the lighthouse tender Mangrove, which brought them from Key West, on the 21st of



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND AUTHOR OF THE REPORT OF APRIL 13, 1898, ON WHICH CONGRESS BASED ITS RESOLUTION FOR ARMED INTERVENTION.

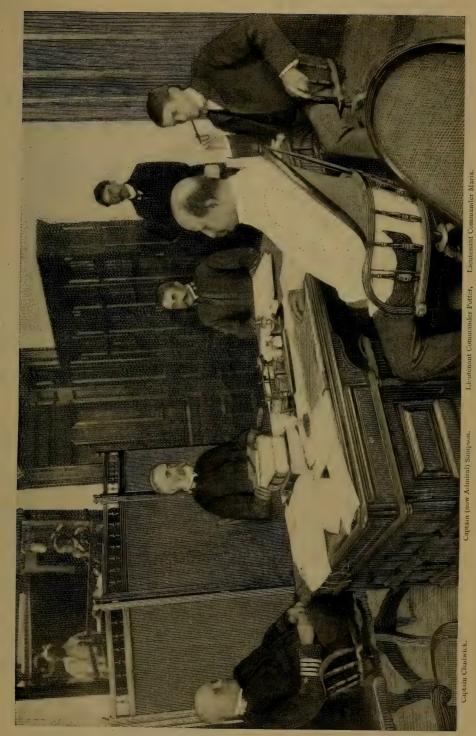
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

tion for its supposedly timid and half hearted policy.

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.

The President's first step was the natural and regular one of appointing a commission of inquiry to make a formal report on the disaster. Four naval officers of ability and experience were selected—Captain Sampson, Cap-

February. Divers and wrecking apparatus had already been sent from the United States, but it was soon determined that the Maine could not be raised. About a hundred of her dead were never recovered from the wreck: the rest were buried in the Cristobal Colon cemetery, the funeral of those first found being attended by a great demonstration of public sympathy.



THE MAINE BOARD OF INQUIRY IN SESSION AT KEY WEST,

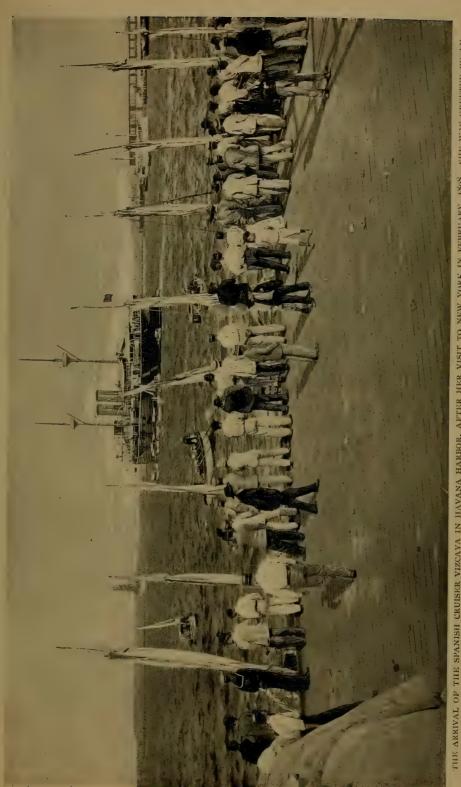


HOW A WARSHIP COALS AT SEA—THE CRUISER CINCINNATI TAKING A SUPPLY OF FUEL FROM A COLLIER OFF THE CUBAN COAST, APRIL, 1898.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

The commission of inquiry sat for twenty three days in Havana harbor and at Key West, closely following the work of the divers, and examining officers and men of the Maine and a few others who had been near the scene of the disaster. No Spanish witnesses were summoned, and suggestions for a joint inquiry were declined; but no objection was made to the inspection of the wreck by Havana divers, whose evidence was taken by a Spanish board appointed on the night of the explosion. During the inquiry the Montgomery, which had been ordered to Cuban waters with the Maine, arrived at

Havana from Matanzas (March 9). The Spanish cruiser Vizcaya entered the harbor a few days earlier. To keep up the polite fiction of the Maine's "friendly visit" to Havana, the Vizcaya had been dispatched to New York, to return the courtesy. She had arrived there in time to hear of the destruction of the American vessel (February 18), and had spent a week in the port, watchfully guarded by the metropolitan police, before sailing for Havana, where she was joined on March 5 by her sister ship, the Almirante Oquendo. —doomed to share her fate in Sampson's marine graveyard at Santiago...



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH CRUISER VIZCAYA IN HAVANA HARBOR, AFTER HER VISIT TO NEW YORK IN FEBRUARY, 1898. SHE WAS GREETED BY AN JUNTHUSIASTIC CROWD ALONG THE WATER FRONT, From a photograph by Hemment, New York,

Awaited with intense eagerness by Congress and the country at large, the commission's report—signed by Captain Sampson as president and Lieutenant Commander Marix as judge advocate—was delivered to the President on the 21st of March, but was not trans-

suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two governments,

It will be the duty of the executive to advise Congress of the result, and in the mean time deliberate consideration is invoked.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

This was highly unsatisfactory to



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

mitted to Congress until the 28th. The message that accompanied it was brief, formal, and non committal, reciting the facts ascertained by the court, and concluding:

I have directed that the finding of the court of inquiry and the views of this government thereon be communicated to the government of her majesty the queen regent, and I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate a course of action that portion of the American public which retains its old time appetite for flamboyant oratory. Our lack of preparation for hostilities was not generally appreciated, even by those who should have understood it; and fiery spirits in Congress and in journalism continued to talk war with the "light heart" with which Émile Ollivier, in 1870, sent the unready legions of France against the

perfectly organized armies of Germany. "I do not think," declared a Senator, on the 28th of March—and his easy confidence was by no means exceptional—"that any war measure will be necessary, except to blockade two or three Cuban ports and compel their capitulation." The President's utterances and actions were in a different spirit. As befitted his vastly greater responsibilities as the official head of the government, he moved with a dignified deliberation; as commander in chief of the armed forces of the United States, he was preparing for the decisive moment with the whole energies and resources of the government. The army and navy departments—the latter, it would seem in the light of later revelations, working with the greater foresight and efficiency—were busily making ready for hostilities. Enlistments were hastened, the navy yards and arsenals worked day and night, guns and ammunition were hurried to strategic points, orders were placed for



GENERAL LUIS MANUEL PANDO, CHIEF OF STAFF
TO CAPTAIN GENERAL BLANCO.

From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.



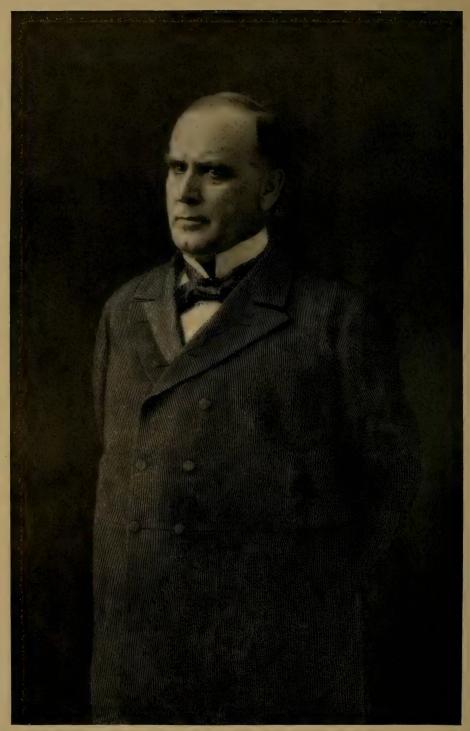
SEÑOR AUNON, MINISTER OF MARINE IN SAGASTA'S CABINET.

From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.

all kinds of military material. As early as the 9th of March, a trusted agent (Commander Brownson) was sent to Europe to make purchases abroad. Had all this, which of course was done as quietly as possible, been more widely known at the time, it might have silenced the popular impatience.

# MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE.

Congress, as well as the administration, deserves a share of the credit for these wise and patriotic efforts. On the 7th of March, as the result of a conference at the White House—the most important participants being Secretaries Day and Long, Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate committee on naval affairs, and Representative Dingley, chairman of the House committee on ways and means—Representative Cannon introduced a briefly worded bill appropriating \$50,000,000 "for the national defense and for each and every purpose connected therewith, to be ex-



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY.

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Baker's Art Gailery, Columbus, Ohio.

"In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop."—President McKinley's message of April 11, 1898.

pended at the discretion of the President." The appropriation was passed by the House, on the 8th, by a vote of 311 to 0—a signal demonstration of the fact that all political parties were united in support of a firm policy—and by the Senate, on the 9th, without change or debate.

Another valuable preparatory measure was the Hawley bill, passed by the Senate on the 22nd of February, and approved by the House on the 7th of March, adding to the army two regiments of artillery, urgently needed to man our coast defenses.

# THE FAILURE OF THE HULL BILL.

It is very greatly to be regretted that a bill providing for a much larger increase, reorganizing our regular forces and augmenting them to 104,600 men —four times their present numbers failed of passage, meeting with an opposition that might seem unaccountable were it not of a piece with the historical policy of Congress. Ever since the ending of the Revolutionary War, when it reduced the Continental Army to eighty men, and refused to send garrisons to the frontier posts surrendered by the British,\* our national legislature has shown an extraordinary jealousy of a standing force. The statesmen of 1784 may be excused for fearing that such a body might one day subvert their hardly won popular liberties, as it had done in ancient Rome; but in 1898 prudence seems to have degenerated into prejudice. In the debate upon the Hull bill—so named after the chairman of the committee on military affairs, who fathered it in the House-Representative Lewis of Washington is reported as describing our regular army as consisting of "gilded military satraps on the one hand and tasseled society sapheads on the other." Mr. Hepburn of Iowa voiced the traditional sentiment of Congress when he said, in the same debate (April 6):

If the country enters upon war, we want that war to be a popular one. To make it so, the patriots of the land must be invited to take part in it, as they have done in all previous wars.

Had the Hull bill been passed, we should have had, even at the eleventh hour, a regular army large enough to conquer the Spanish colonies, while our militia could have been relied on for service as a home guard. The sufferings of the volunteers in the field and in camp would have been minimized or entirely avoided, and we should have escaped most of the unpleasant developments that have tarnished the glory of our victory. If the lessons of the war with Spain are heeded, as those of previous wars have not been, we shall have an adequate force of trained regulars for the next emergency, instead of depending upon a hasty "invitation" to the "patriots of the land."

# THE REPORT OF THE MAINE BOARD.

The proceedings of the Maine commission had been carefully kept from the public until the report was published on the 28th of March. It was another comparatively brief and formal document, giving a general description of the condition and discipline of the ship and crew previous to the explosion, a technical summary of the injuries she had received, and the following momentous verdict:

The court finds that the loss of the Maine was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

In the opinion of the court the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines.

The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons.

The commission had been able to gather comparatively little definite and positive evidence; and no ray of light has since been thrown upon the subject. Only one of the Maine survivors was actually an eye witness of the explosion—Marine William Anthony, who testified that he saw "an immense

<sup>\*</sup> McMaster's History of the People of the United States, Vol. I, p. 186.

shoot of flame" and "débris going up with it," but did not notice any column of water, such as might have been expected to be thrown into the air by a submarine mine. Captain Teasdale of the British bark Deva, anchored near the destroyed battleship, "saw no wave after the explosion "-another negative piece of testimony. On the other hand, the divers-whose work was accomplished under great difficulties, owing to the terribly shattered condition of the wreck and its rapid settling in the soft bottom of the harbor-testified positively to finding a hole in the mud under the Maine's bow, and some of her bottom plates bent inward and thrust upward; and this testimony, no doubt, was conclusive with the board of inquiry. One diver spoke of wires and pieces of plate, not belonging to the ship, lying near her in the mud-not a very suspicious circumstance in so frequented a harbor. A large piece of cement found on the deck of the City of Washington after the explosion, and at first supposed to have come from the Maine's bottom-which would have been striking evidence-was afterwards identified as part of the floor of a wash room on the berth deck.

The proceedings of the Spanish board of inquiry were belittled by the American correspondents in Havana. but they resulted in a voluminous report—it fills more than seventy pages as a Congressional document—which at least made a display of careful examination of such slight evidence as was procurable. The Spanish divers flatly contradicted the American divers. Witnesses from the Alfonso XII. moored only about a hundred and fifty yards from the Maine, and from the Legazpi, which lay at twice that distance, testified that there was no disturbance of the water, as from the explosion of a mine. One of these witnesses was Ensign Guillermo Farragut, said to be connected by blood with the famous American admiral, whose father was a Spaniard, a native

of the island of Minorca. There had been an official search of the harbor early in the morning after the disaster, and no dead fish had been found—a point on which the Spaniards laid much stress, but which was, at best, negative and inconclusive. Their conclusion, of course, was that the catastrophe was due to internal causes; and this was confirmed by the statement, officially made through the Spanish legation at Washington, that no mines had ever been placed in the harbor of Havana.

# THE MYSTERY THAT REMAINS.

There is much about the destruction of the Maine that still remains unexplained. The Spaniards have only themselves to blame if their official reports are disbelieved and disregarded. The investigation by the American naval officers was to a certain extent an ex parte inquiry. Those who virtually stood before it as men accused of a frightful crime—the official authorities of Havana—were not, and could not be, represented by counsel. Had they been so represented, it is at least conceivable that the evidence on which the court based its findings might have been modified at material points. Those findings suggest interesting and important questions. A submarine mine powerful enough to destroy a warship is no ordinary article of commerce. It costs hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars; it weighs several hundred pounds; it is not likely to be possessed or operated except with official authority and by expert hands. Who set so mighty an engine of destruction under the keel of the Maine? Was it exploded there—exploded with such fatal precision, such a maximum of destructiveness—by some accident of criminal carelessness, or by the foulest act of deliberate treachery that ever blotted the name of Spain? How was it all accomplished without leaving behind any apparent trace of telltale evidence? If no later revelations answer these questions, the loss of the Maine

will go down in history as one of the most extraordinary and mysterious events ever recorded.

THE PLEA OF THE POWERS.

The last interlude in the drama, before the government at Washington took the decisive and irrevocable step for which it was preparing, came on the 7th of April, when the representatives of the six great powers of Europe, headed by the senior ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, called at the White House to present a joint note urging further negotiations for the maintenance of peace. Whether undertaken at the request of Spain, or at the suggestion of one of the powers, the proceedingwhich might have carried an unpleasant meaning as a hint of possible intervention in the coming struggle-was treated as simply a humane formality. The President's reply was perfectly courteous, but showed no sign of stirring from the policy upon which he had now fully determined, and which he was to announce to the country and to the world four days later:

The government of the United States recognizes the good will which has prompted the friendly communication of the representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia, as set forth in the address of your excellencies, and shares the hope therein expressed that the outcome of the situation in Cuba may be the maintenance of peace between the United States and Spain by affording the necessary guarantees for the reestablishment of order in the island, so terminating the chronic condition of disturbance there which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquillity of the American nation by the character and consequences of the struggle thus kept up at our doors, besides shocking its sentiment of humanity.

The government of the United States appreciates the humanitarian and disinterested character of the communication now made on behalf of the powers named, and for its part is confident that equal appreciation will be shown for its own earnest and unselfish endeavors to fulfil a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable.

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR MESSAGE.

The Spanish answer to the communication of the verdict of the Maine board was a proposal "that the facts be as-

certained by an impartial investigation by experts, whose decision Spain accepts in advance." To this no reply was made. On the 11th of April the President sent to Congress his message reviewing the whole situation, recapitulating the position of our government during Cuba's years of agony, and declaring that at last the hour for intervention had struck. It was an able and dignified state paper, and of such importance as defining the issues upon which America stood ready to draw the sword, that it deserves extended quota-The opening paragraphs describe the intolerable conditions existing so close to our southern shores:

The present revolution is but the successor of other similar insurrections which have occurred in Cuba against the dominion of Spain, extending over a period of nearly half a century, each of which, during its progress, has subjected the United States to great effort and expense in enforcing its neutrality laws, caused enormous losses to American trade and commerce, caused irritation, annoyance, and disturbance among our citizens, and, by the exercise of cruel, barbarous, and uncivilized practices of warfare, shocked the sensibilities and offended the humane sympathies of our people.

Since the present revolution began, in February, 1895, this country has seen the fertile domain at our threshold ravaged by fire and sword in the course of a struggle unequaled in the history of the island and rarely paralleled as to the numbers of the combatants and the bitterness of the contest by any revolution of modern times where a dependent people struggling to be free have been opposed by the power of the sovereign state.

Our people have beheld a once prosperous community reduced to comparative want, its lucrative commerce virtually paralyzed, its exceptional productiveness diminished, its fields laid waste, its mills in ruins, and its people perishing by tens of thousands from hunger and We have found ourselves condestitution. strained, in the observance of that strict neutrality which our laws enjoin, and which the law of nations commands, to police our own waters and watch our own seaports in prevention of any unlawful act in aid of the Cubans. Our trade has suffered; the capital invested by our citizens in Cuba has been largely lost, and the temper and forbearance of our people have been so sorely tried as to beget a perilous unrest among our own citizens which has inevitably found its expression from time to time in the national legis-

The war in Cuba is of such a nature that short of subjugation or extermination a final military victory for either side seems impracticable. The alternative lies in the physical exhaustion of the one or the other party, or perhaps of both—a condition which in effect ended the Ten Years' War by the truce of Zanjon. The prospect of such a protraction and conclusion of the present strife is a contingency hardly to be contemplated with equanimity by the civilized world, and least of all by the United States, affected and injured as we are, deeply and intimately, by its very existence.

The President then recounted his offers of friendly mediation, which Spain had uniformly declined, and discussed an alternative course which had been so frequently urged in Congress—the recognition of the insurgents either as belligerents or as an independent power. He pointed out that in avoiding this step he had followed the precedents clearly established by Jackson and other chief magistrates, and had continued the policy consistently maintained by his more recent predecessors before whom the same question had come-Presidents Grant and Cleveland; and he added, in a passage whose foresight will now be admitted:

Such recognition is not necessary in order to enable the United States to intervene and pacify the island. To commit this country now to the recognition of any particular government in Cuba might subject us to embarrassing conditions of international obligation toward the organization so recognized. In case of intervention our conduct would be subject to the approval or disapproval of such government. We would be required to submit to its direction and to assume to it the mere relation of a friendly ally

When it shall appear hereafter that there is within the island a government capable of performing the duties and discharging the functions of a separate nation, and having, as a matter of fact, the proper forms and attributes of nationality, such government can be promptly and readily recognized.

# OUR DUTY TO INTERVENE.

Recognition of the insurgents being inadmissible and inexpedient, and mediation being declined, nothing but intervention remained. That the time would come for the United States to take action, Spain had long ago been warned. President Grant had declared that "the agency of others, either by mediation or by intervention, seems to be the only alternative which must sooner or later be invoked." President Cleveland had repeated the warning, in

a passage already quoted, and Mr. Mc-Kinley's earlier messages had reiterated it. And as to our moral right to intervene:

The forcible intervention of the United States as a neutral to stop the war, according to the large dictates of humanity, and following many historical precedents where neighboring states have interfered to check the hopeless sacrifices of life by internecine conflicts beyond their borders, is justifiable on rational grounds. It involves hostile constraint upon both the parties to the contest, as well to enforce a truce as to guide the eventual settlement.

The grounds for such intervention may be

briefly summarized as follows:

First. In the cause of humanity and to put an end to the barbarities, bloodshed, starvation, and horrible miseries now existing there, and which the parties to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate. It is no answer to say this is all in another country, belonging to another nation, and is therefore none of our business. It is specially our duty, for it is right at our door.

Second. We owe it to our citizens in Cuba to afford them that protection and indemnity for life and property which no government there can or will afford, and to that end to terminate the conditions that deprive them of legal protection.

Third. The right to intervene may be justified by the very serious injury to the commerce, trade, and business of our people, and by the wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island.

Fourth, and which is of the utmost importance. The present condition of affairs in Cuba is a constant menace to our peace, and entails upon this government an enormous expense. With such a conflict waged for years in an island so near us, and with which our people have such trade and business relations—where the lives and liberty of our citizens are in constant danger and their property destroyed and themselves ruined-where our trading vessels are liable to seizure and are seized at our very door by warships of a foreign nation; the expeditions of filibustering that we are powerless to prevent altogether, and the irritating questions and entanglements thus arising-all these and others that I need not mention, with the resulting strained relations, are a constant menace to our peace, and compel us to keep on a semi war footing with a nation with which we are at peace.

All these sinister conditions had been patiently endured until there came the crowning and intolerable outrage of the destruction of an American battleship, while "reposing in the fancied security of a friendly harbor."

The naval court of inquiry, which, it is needless to say, commands the unqualified confidence of the government, was unanimous in its con-

clusion that the destruction of the Maine was caused by an exterior explosion, that of a submarine mine. It did not assume to place the responsibility. That remains to be fixed.

In any event, the destruction of the Maine, by

In any event, the destruction of the Maine, by whatever exterior cause, is a patent and impressive proof of a state of things in Cuba that is intolerable. That condition is thus shown to be such that the Spanish government cannot assure safety and security to a vessel of the American navy in the harbor of Havana on a mission of peace, and rightfully there.

# THE CALL TO ARMS.

On all these convincing and carefully stated premises the President based his concluding call for immediate and decisive action:

The only hope of relief and repose from a condition which can no longer be endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop.

empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes.

The issue is now with the Congress . . . Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the constitution and the law, I await your action.

The message was received with a marked and rather curious absence of enthusiasm. The impression it made in Congress was one of disappointment. In the House, where it was read to crowded galleries, it was greeted with only two faint outbursts of applause. It was not regarded as a call to arms, though it certainly seems such as we read it in the light of its consequences. Many in Washington had expected a direct and unqualified declaration of war with Spain; they were dissatisfied with a policy of intervention, seeing a possible loophole in the fact that no date for action was fixed. It is difficult to see how they expected Spain to regard the announcement of forcible interposition—" hostile constraint upon both the parties to the contest," the message said—as anything else but a virtual declaration of hostilities.

# SENATOR DAVIS' REPORT.

Two days later (April 13) the Senate committee on foreign affairs, to which the President's two messages had been referred, with several resolutions, most of them in favor of recognizing the Cuban insurgents, presented its report. This, written by the chairman of the committee, Senator Davis, was another document of such historical importance that its salient points must be cited here. It first dealt with the situation created by the destruction of the Maine, a catastrophe which

excited to an unprecedented degree the compassion and resentment of the American people.

The event itself, though in a certain sense a distinct occurrence, was linked with a series of precedent transactions which cannot in reason be disconnected from it. It was the catastrophe of a unity of events extending over more than three years of momentous history. Standing by itself it would be, perhaps, merely an ominous calamity; considered, as it must be, with the events with which reason and common sense must connect it, and with animus by Spain so plainly apparent that no one can even plausibly deny its existence, it is merely one reason for the conclusion to which the investigating mind must come in considering the entire subject of the relations of the United States with that government.

# ANOTHER PLEA FOR RECOGNITION.

Coming, then, to the policy proper in these untoward circumstances, the report took issue with the President's opposition to any recognition of the insurgents, and defended the constant moves—all of them fruitless—that Congress had made in this direction:

The United States ought at once to recognize the independence of the people of Cuba. . . .

It is believed that recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents in Cuba, if it had been given seasonably, when it was suggested by concurrent resolutions to that effect passed by Congress, would have insured the speedy termination of the war without involving the United States in the contest.

The recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba is justified and demanded by the highest considerations of duty, right, and policy.

This very positive assertion was supported by a description of the "Cuban

republic" and its supposed established control of the eastern half of the island.

The insurgents hold the eastern portion of the island, to the practical exclusion of Spain. This possession extends over one body of territory comprising fully one half of the area of Cuba.

rn half nearly one third of the population of the island. That third of the population pays taxes to them, serves in their armies, and in every way supports and is loyal to them.

The cause of Spain has continually grown weaker, and that of the insurgents has grown stronger. The former is making no substantial effort for the recovery of these lost provinces. Their people are secure from invasion and cruel administration. Spain has never been able to subject them to her unprecedented and murderous policy of concentration and extermination.

Her control over the western portion of the island is dominance over a desolation which she herself has created. Even there she controls only the territory occupied by her cantonments

and camps.

This description accorded with the prevalent impression of the existing state of affairs in Cuba, but it was quite at variance with the facts given in the consular reports quoted on an earlier page,\* and with the conditions which our forces found confronting them when the war began. The President's view was, as has been said before, the better informed one.

The plea for recognition of the insurgents was little more than a thrashing of old straw. The report touched a more vital point in its justification of intervention by sufficient precedents, and by the opinions of authorities on international law. It pointed out that the great political principles that guide national policies in the old world and in the new—the "balance of power" in Europe and the Monroe Doctrine in America—are distinct assertions of the right of intervention in certain contingencies. Under those principles, in 1878, united Europe intervened between Turkey and Russia-which latter power had itself forcibly intervened in Turkey to put a stop to flagrant misgovernment—and in 1867 the United States, "by threat and show of force" compelled France to evacuate Mexico. Egypt, Crete, and Greece have furnished further instances in point.

After a final summary of the injuries suffered by American interests, already stated in the President's message, Senator Davis' report concluded by submitting the following resolution:

Whereas, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 266 of its officers and crew,\* while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited;

Therefore, Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of

America in Congress assembled:

First. That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and inde-

pendent.

Second. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third. That the President of the United States be, and hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

## A MEMORABLE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

A week of vehement debate followed in both branches of Congress. The House was the quicker to act, passing a resolution, framed by its foreign affairs committee, on the 13th of April, after a discussion in which the strained feelings of the hour found expression in passages of violent disorder. The lie was passed between the two sides of the House; there was much shouting and shaking of fists; one Southern member

<sup>\*</sup>Page 222 of the November Munsey. It is strange that the committee's report should speak of the eastern provinces as having escaped the horrors of the war when our consular agents were giving such frightful pictures of their sufferings—sufferings far more severe than the distress of the western provinces, serious as that was. "I do not believe," Consul Hyatt wrote from Santiago, February I, 1898, "that the western continent has ever witnessed death by starvation equal to that which now exists in eastern Cuba."

<sup>\*</sup>This seems to have been a slight inaccuracy. The figures given by the Navy Department were 260.

hurled a heavy book at an opponent, and another ran along the top of a line of desks to plunge into the fray, which was finally quieted by the sergeant at arms.

The resolution adopted amid such scenes of excitement was couched in terms that were certainly sweeping and vigorous. It declared that for three years Spain had waged war upon the inhabitants of Cuba without making any substantial progress toward suppressing the revolution; that she had conducted her warfare in a manner contrary to the laws of nations, had caused the death by starvation of more than two hundred thousand non combatants, and had destroyed the lives and property of many American citizens; that the long series of losses, injuries, and murders for which Spain was responsible had culminated in the destruction of the Maine. With all this as a preamble, it authorized the President to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, "with the purpose of establishing, by the free action of the people thereof, a stable and independent government of their own." It passed the House by 322 votes to 19, Representative Boutelle of Maine being the most prominent member of the minority.

The debate in the Senate was also marked by an excitement rare in that dignified body, and the lie was passed when one speaker alluded to another Senator's visit to Cuba as the "commissioner" of a sensational New York newspaper. It ended in the adoption of the resolution submitted by the Senate foreign affairs committee, and already quoted at the conclusion of Senator Davis' report, with two notable amendments. One was the addition—suggested by a minority of the committee, including Senators Foraker and Turpie -of the following words to the first paragraph:

And that the government of the United States hereby recognizes the republic of Cuba as the true and lawful government of that island.

This was in direct opposition to the

President's message and reaffirmed the Congressional antagonism to his policy of non recognition. As Mr. McKinley had very justly pointed out, it would have ended our freedom of action in Cuba. Having once acknowledged the authority of the insurgents, we could not have appeared in the island without their permission, nor have acted except at their direction.

OUR SELF DENYING ORDINANCE.

The other amendment, moved by Senator Davis, was the addition of a fourth paragraph to the resolution:

Fourth. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

With these amendments the Senate passed the resolution by a vote of 67 to 21, on the night of April 16, after a continuous session of eleven hours.

The difference between the House and Senate resolutions necessitating a conference, the representatives of the former branch agreed to the fourth paragraph, but refused to accept the recognition of the insurgents. The refusal, in spite of the strong feeling in favor of recognition that had always existed in the House, was a fortunate and patriotic concession to the judgment of the President, as well as a remarkable tribute to the influence of Speaker Reed. It is to be regretted that the other Senate amendment could not also have been left off the record. Well intentioned as was the disclaimer of desire for aggrandizement, and correctly as it expressed the feeling in which the United States entered upon the war, it is easy to see now that its wisdom was doubtful. History moves rapidly in war time, and it is difficult to predict, before drawing the sword, what policy will best meet the problems that may have arisen when it is sheathed again. It would have been better to follow more strictly the lines laid down in the President's message, and avoid all the "embarrassing conditions" of which he spoke in warning.

# THE ULTIMATUM TO SPAIN.

The final debate took place on the 18th, lasting beyond midnight and ending at half past one in the morning of the 19th, when the conference report was adopted by the House. The President held the resolution for a day, adding his signature on the 20th, at 11.24 A. M., in the presence of most of his cabinet. In accordance with its terms, instructions were immediately sent to General Woodford, United States minister at Madrid, to present to the Spanish government a formal demand that it should "at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba. and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters." For a "full and satisfactory response," the American ultimatum continued, the President would wait till noon on April 23; in default of such reply, he would use the power of the nation to carry it into effect.

That Spain would comply with the demand was not to be expected. Although diplomatically she had admitted that the conduct of the United States during the Cuban civil war had been correct, she bitterly resented the fact that the insurrection had been to a great extent organized and directed from this country, and assisted by illegal expeditions recruited here. had been the subject of constant abuse, both just and unjust, in our newspapers and in Congress. Her proud and sensitive people, ignorant of the real character and resources of the American republic, would not have suffered her statesmen to accept our terms even had they themselves desired to do so. Such a concession would have unseated Sagasta's ministry and upset little Alfonso's throne.

Señor Polo, the Spanish minister at Washington, was notified by a messenger from the State Department, on

the morning of the 20th, of the signing of the joint resolution, and of the instructions that had gone to General Woodford. He at once replied with a request for his passports. "The resolution," he wrote, " is of such a character that my permanence in Washington becomes impossible." At seven o'clockafter an interview with the ubiquitous newspaper correspondents, to whom he foretold victory for Spain in the coming struggle—he took a train for the north. Police guarded the station to prevent any hostile demonstration, but none was attempted. His destination was Niagara Falls, just over the Canadian frontier, whither Señor du Bosc, first secretary of the legation, followed him on the following day, leaving the affairs of the Spanish government in the hands of the French ambassador, M. Cambon. and the Austrian minister, Baron Hengelmüller.

# SPAIN BREAKS OFF DIPLOMATIC RELA-TIONS.

Meanwhile, there was great excitement in Madrid. On the 19th Señor Sagasta addressed a meeting of his supporters in the Cortes—which had been summoned in special session—and called on "all sons of Spain" to "repel with the whole might of the nation a most odious outrage, the like of which has never been seen in history." On the following day the boy king and his mother, the queen regent, went in person to open the legislature, and their appearance was the signal for a great demonstration of enthusiasm. Maria Christina herself read the opening speech to the Cortes, which body, she declared, would "undoubtedly indorse the invincible resolution which inspires my government to defend our rights with whatever sacrifices may be required from us." It is impossible not to feel a touch of personal sympathy for this hapless princess, a pathetic figure amid the troubles of her adopted country, and never, perhaps, more pathetic than when, on the eve of a disastrous war

that was Spain's just punishment, she told the Cortes that "with the self devotion which always guided our ancestors in the great emergencies of our history, we will surmount the present crisis without loss of honor."

The American ultimatum was never officially presented, for on the morning of April 21, before General Woodford had handed it to the Spanish government, he received a note from Pio Gullon, the minister for foreign affairs, informing him that diplomatic relations were at an end. Congress, said Señor Gullon, had passed a resolution which "denies the legitimate sovereignty of Spain and threatens immediate armed intervention in Cuba—which is equivalent to a declaration of war." American newspapers saw in this another piece of Spanish treachery, and declared that the President's despatch to General Woodford must have been surreptitiously copied at the telegraph office in Madrid; but the supposition is unnecessary. As already stated, the ultimatum had been communicated to the Spanish legation in Washington twenty four hours before, and Señor Polo had no doubt promptly informed the home government of so momentous a piece of news.

On the afternoon of the 21st General Woodford left Madrid, leaving American interests there in the hands of the British ambassador, and instructing our consuls in the Spanish cities to take similar steps. He was escorted to the station by Señor Aguilera, the governor of Madrid, who preserved an attitude of grave Castilian courtesy till the train was moving away, when he led the bystanders in cheering for Spain. There was an unpleasant incident as the departing minister passed through Valladolid, where a mob yelled "Death to the Yankees!" and threw stones at the train, in spite of the efforts of the local police. In Madrid, that same evening, excited crowds thronged the streets, and there was some disorder, a gilded eagle being pulled down from

the office of an American life insurance company.

# APRIL 21-WAR BEGINS.

Such were some of the incidents of the day that was to be memorable in history as the first of the war; but its great and decisive event was the flashing of a brief message along the wire from Washington to Key West, where the most powerful fleet of war ships that ever floated in American waters lay waiting with intense eagerness the word for action. Before entering upon the mighty battle drama that ensued, it may be well to give a brief review of the forces that the combatants had marshaled for the struggle thus signaled to begin.

Four hundred years ago Spain rose suddenly to the foremost place among the nations: but she fell almost as speedily, and in the present century she has not been reckoned as one of the great powers of Europe. At the beginning of 1898, her population was estimated at eighteen millions-about a quarter of that of the United States; and in other respects the disproportion of her resources to ours was still greater. Her one point of advantage—on paper, at least—lay in the fact that she had more trained soldiers than we had. The issue of the conflict depended on the command of the sea, and her navy was weaker than ours, though the tremendous inferiority it was to display under the guns of Dewey and Sampson did not appear in the navy lists. Almost overwhelmingly burdened with debt, her government had neither ready money nor credit—the sinews of modern war. Her financial condition, indeed, was in itself a handicap that predetermined the result of her struggle against her rich and powerful enemy from the day it began.

There is no boastfulness in saying that the American is a better fighter than the Spaniard. Napoleon stigmatized the British as a nation of shopkeepers, and in that historical epigram he unintentionally phrased the strength of the peoples whom we classify by the oft abused term of Anglo Saxon. The qualities that win in the arts of peace will also win in the arts of war, and the greater energy, intelligence, and organizing power—in a word, the superior business ability—of the men who speak the English language is setting them further and further ahead of the Latin races in the struggle for world wide dominion.

Of all the Latin countries, Spain is probably the least advanced, the most medieval. Her people live primitively by agriculture; her manufactures are utterly insignificant in comparison to the vast industrial forces of the United In 1889, 68 per cent of her States. inhabitants were returned as illiterate. In such a soil good government does not thrive, and she has suffered sorely from misrule and civil disorder. Her lack of great men is sufficiently shown by the disastrous ineptitude with which her best soldiers and statesmen have met the military and political emergencies of the last three years.

# THE ARMY OF SPAIN.

As in practically all the countries of continental Europe, Spain's army is raised by conscription, 80,000 recruits being levied annually. Their term of service is twelve years—three in the line, three in the first reserve, six in the second reserve. The full force of the army is nominally 1,083,595 men, but this is on paper only, as nothing like that number could be equipped for service. The standing army is stated at 128,183 on a peace footing, 183,972 on a war footing. The infantry is equipped with the Mauser, a good modern rifle that is also used by the German and other armies. It is of German make, a magazine rifle of small caliber and great range and power, using smokeless powder, and shooting five bullets without reloading.

Of the morale of the Spanish soldiers, their ill success in Cuba had created an unfavorable-perhaps a too unfavorable-opinion in the United States. Americans who saw them there described them as not lacking in bravery. but undisciplined, undrilled, and badly officered-criticisms that agree with those made by Wellington during the Peninsular war. They were wretched marksmen, the correspondents said. never doing target practice, and so careless in action that they seldom raised their rifles to the shoulder, finding it easier to fire with the butt held under the arm. They spoiled their weapons by ignorant misuse, knocking off the sight, for instance, because they complained that it tore their clothes.

In the face of the American navy. Spain had little prospect of sending any further reinforcement to her army in Cuba. The strength of her garrison there, at the outbreak of the war, was not known with anything like exactitude. According to Mr. Springer, vice consul at Havana, official records showed that since February, 1895, she had despatched 237,000 men across the Atlantic; a few of these had been killed in action, many thousands had died of disease, many more thousands had been invalided home. Consul General Lee testified before the Senate foreign affairs committee, on April 12, that there there were probably 97,000 or 98,000 Spanish troops then in the island, of whom only about 55,000 were capable of bearing arms. This was undoubtedly an underestimate; 120,000 men would probably have been nearer the mark, besides the volunteers and perhaps 10,000 guerrillas.

# SPAIN'S NAVAL INFERIORITY.

It has been repeatedly stated that Spain's naval power, on paper, was quite equal to ours; but the navy lists do not bear this out. Her total number of vessels in service was given as 137, against our 86; but such figures mean nothing. Of first rate men of war—the ships that win sea fights—she had in commission six against our nine, and

hers were individually inferior to ours. In our second line we had eleven good modern steel cruisers—besides the New Orleans, bought just in time for the war; she had only five that could be classed as such. The rest of her navy consisted mainly of old iron and wooden vessels and of small gunboats used in patrolling the Cuban coast.

Of her six first rates, only one was a battleship—the Pelayo, a steel vessel of 9,900 tons, built at La Seyne (Toulon) eleven years ago and since fitted with new boilers. Another battleship, the Emperador Carlos V, launched at Cadiz in 1895, was at Havre, taking her armament aboard. Spain had no other ship of this class in service or

building.

The fighting strength of the Spanish navy lay in its armored cruisers. Nine of these were listed, but two of the nine were unfinished, and two-the Numancia and the Vittoria—were iron ships more than thirty years old, very slow, and practically useless for distant work. The other five cruisers were fine modern vessels. Four - the Almirante Oquendo, the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Princesa de Asturias, and the Vizcava—were sister ships, built in the Spanish yards during the last eight years. Each was of 7,000 tons, with a speed stated at twenty knots an hour, and costing three million dollars. The fifth was the Cristobal Colon, built at Sestri, Italy, as the Giuseppe Garibaldi II, the purchase of which was reported by the American newspapers, in March last, as part of Spain's hostile preparations. As a matter of fact the Colon was bought in 1897, an order being placed with the same builders for a sister ship, which is still on the stocks.

At the Spanish yards—the most important are those at Cartagena, Cadiz. Ferrol, and Bilbao-some other ships were building. Two were the unfinished cruisers Cardinal Cisneros and Cataluna, similar to the Vizcava class. Another, the Isabel la Catolica, a 3,000 ton cruiser, was to be paid for by a fund raised in Mexico; a third small cruiser. the Rio de la Plata, was building at Havre, as a gift from the Spaniards of South America. None of these could be made ready for service; but two swift torpedo cruisers had just been completed in Thomson's yard, at Glasgow. In bringing them south, their Spanish crews ran afoul of the Irish coast, and one was badly damaged.

Never, since the days of the Armada, has Spain's navy been famed for good seamanship. Her people do not possess the mechanical ability that is proverbially an American characteristic; and in handling so complicated a piece of machinery as the modern warship a lack of intelligent care is speedily ruinous to efficiency. During the last three years her vessels had suffered many mishaps, and four had actually been lost—one being the cruiser Reina Regente, which went down with all on board off Cape Trafalgar in 1895.

(To be continued.)



# FIRELIGHT.

Whene'er at evening on the pictured wall I watch the flickering firelight rise and fall, From out the changing shadowry there come The forms of those who marched to martyrdom—Unflinching souls no agony could tame, A martyr wraith for every tongue of flame!

Clinton Scollard.

# CES LITERARY CHAT COM

HAROLD FREDERIC'S DEATH.

If Harold Frederic had died three years ago his chief fame would have rested on his work as London correspondent for the New York Times. The success of "The Damnation of Theron Ware," however, gave him a far wider reputation as a novelist. This success was partly owed to Mr. Gladstone, who did not write one of his customary postal cards praising the story, but sent a word of approval to the publisher through a member of his family. Even this indirect approval gave an immediate stimulus to the sales of the book and to the critics' interest in it.

Mr. Frederic was a man of strongly pronounced characteristics; he had stanch friends and warm enemies. No one, however, could deny his ability. The success of "The Damnation of Theron Ware" naturally pleased him, but it carried some bitterness with it. He could not understand why such favor had been extended to a work which he considered inferior to a previous novel of his that had been neglected, "In the Valley."

He was a tremendously hard worker, and if he had been spared a few years longer, he would unquestionably have written books that the world would have wished to read. As a man grows older, "life widens and deepens," to quote the words of Mr. W. D. Howells; and a writer cut off at so early an age as was Mr. Frederic is not likely to have done his best work.

# THE MAGNET OF LONDON.

"Do you know," remarked a young New York writer to a brother of the pen the other day, "I think seriously of going to England to live."

"And give up all your connections here? Why abandon a pretty certain market for an uncertain one?"

"I shan't. If I live in England I can place my books here in America just as well as if I lived in New York. I give all my manuscripts to an agent now, and so far as the agent is concerned my being over there will simply mean a small extra cost for postage. On the other hand, I shall have a chance of gaining a second market, which will be even more profitable than the American market is. Haven't you noticed how many American writers who live in England get their books published over there? Some of them could never have done so if they hadn't been on the ground in Lon-

don. Think of the way Gertrude Atherton has advanced since she first lived abroad! She writes her American stories just the same, and turns them over to John Lane, who brings them out in both England and America."

"But why do you think that the English market is better than the American?"

"Because authors get a larger royalty on their books there than they do here—sometimes two or three times as much."

"Is that true also of the payment for serial rights?"

"No. Here the American market is much better than the English. The English periodicals pay wretchedly. But by being in England I could not only place my work serially in America through my New York agent, but I should have a fair chance, too, of placing it in some English publication through my own efforts."

"Yes, but would all these material advantages pay you for your exile from your literary associations here?"

The author burst out laughing.

" My literary associations? Why, I haven't any. Nearly all my friends have nothing whatever to do with literature. There is no literary society, as such, in New York. Of course, there are certain houses where literary people meet, but there is very little of the spirit of camaraderie among the writers as a class. In London, on the other hand, there is a very large and distinct literary society, where you meet scores of writers known wherever English is read. In fact, that is one of the strongest inducements to go there. So I think," he added, "that I shall soon join the band that poor Harold Frederic used to speak of as 'the paper stainers in exile,"

### ON THE DEGRADATION OF WORDS.

The American tendency to exaggerate, which is, after all, thoroughly characteristic of the age in which we live, has had a distinctly pernicious influence on the mother tongue. The demand for superlatives has been greater than the supply. In our mad eagerness to give verbal expression to the high tension of our thoughts we have reached out and dragged down to a commonplace level words that our forefathers regarded as too sacred to be applied to every day and vulgar things. Sometimes we have replaced honest Anglo Saxon with inferior French, under the impression that we were getting something better, or at

least with more syllables in it; but it has happened more frequently that really good words, which had stood the test of centuries, have been held up and robbed of their true meaning and turned adrift naked to the ridicule of the world.

The poor man has a house or home, but his rich neighbor lives in a "residence," and in nine cases out of ten does not know that the poor man is his superior from a verbal standpoint. Years ago, when railroad cars containing more luxurious appointments than the old fashioned ones were introduced, they were called "parlor cars." Soon afterwards they became "drawingroom," and a little later "palace" cars. At this point the limitations of the English language called a halt.

It is in the same exuberant spirit that we have bestowed the word "palace" on so many hideously commonplace and flimsy brick houses with a brown stone veneer that the word no longer commands any attention. A few years ago the word "function," as applied to a social gathering, was brought to this country from England. It excited the cupidity of the society reporters before it had passed through the customhouse, was drafted into active service the next day, and now means anything from a ball at Newport to a country church sociable. The deplorable fate that has overtaken those admirable old words "lady" and "gentleman" is known to us all, and is a subject too sad to dwell upon.

Scarcely less pitiful is the present condition of a word which has fallen from a very high estate indeed, and is now in common use in some of the most lowly circles of society. Time was when it was something to be an "artist," but today we have "song and dance artists," "tonsorial artists," and there is even a boot blacking establishment in New York which boasts of a sign with this legend: "Drop your money in the box, as the artist is not allowed to receive the coin."

The late war is responsible, among other things, for the complete degradation of that noble old word "hero." Originally the term applied only to a mortal possessed of certain divine attributes—one who was permitted, after a glorious death, to take his place among the gods. It signified all that was best and grandest in mortal man. It grew up with the English language, and has come down to us with stately tread and undimmed meaning through centuries of war and strife and progress and civilization. But now evil days have come upon it. It has fallen into the clutches of the newspaper writer, the hysterical woman, and the rest of the harpies who destroy the Anglo Saxon tongue with tooth and nail.

To such an extent has it been mauled and pulled about that it is impossible at this moment to define its exact status, or to predict with any degree of certainty its chances of recovery from what it has undergone. There seems to have been an unlimited issue of shinplaster "heroes," and the result has been a completely demoralized market, due to deterioration in our verbal currency. It is used with reckless indifference to indicate anybody and everybody who either fought in the war, or wrote articles about the war, or went into a camp, or lay sick in a hospital. Sutlers, war correspondents, photographers, teamsters, camp followers of all sorts, are all included in this grand army; all are heroes, except the regulars who did the fighting, as Mr. Gibson told us in an admirable picture recently published in Life.

# HOW KIPLING WORKS.

A group of literary men were discussing Kipling's new book, "The Day's Work." "The most astonishing thing about it," said one, a short, dark man, well known in New York as a critic and story writer, "is the amount of all kinds of knowledge that it shows, knowledge about locomotives and ships and rare old gems and bridge building and other out of the way matters. How in the world did he ever pick up that information?"

"He didn't 'pick it up.'" said another, a fair complexioned young journalist whose name is never signed to the long political editorial that appears each morning in a widely read newspaper. "He deliberately set to work to acquire it. Kipling is one of the few writers we have who never rely on their 'barrel,' that is, on the helter skelter knowledge they gather as they go along from day to day. I haven't a doubt that before writing 'The Ship That Found Herself' he spent months in studying the mechanism of ships. In every story he touches he shows the same thoroughness. Another man of his genius would be tempted to rely on his genius alone. Kipling shows his common sense by never doing so."

"In that respect," said the third man, who writes book reviews for a popular weekly, "he has set a very bad example."

The other men looked astonished. "What do you mean?" said one of them.

"I mean that he has made some of his best stories a vehicle for conveying a great deal of useful information. Now people don't read stories to get information. They read them to be entertained. Consequently, they have a perfect right to feel aggrieved when they find a Kipling story full of scientific talk."

"But they never do feel aggrieved," re-

torted the short, dark man. "They're mighty glad to read whatever Kipling

chooses to give them."

"You are right. But that only helps to establish the point I am trying to make. The genius of Kipling is so great that he makes even his scientific stuff seem human and interesting. But how many other men can do that?"

# SLUM STORIES.

"Is the taste for slum stories declining?" a New York author asked a librarian the

other day.

The librarian has charge of a public library where a great deal of light literature is in steady demand. "I can't say whether slum stories are read less at present than they used to be," he replied, "but I have observed of late that many readers who come here for books strongly object to that class of fiction."

The author expressed gratification, and the librarian remarked: "I myself am rather sorry that such a distaste exists. I believe that it is a good thing for readers to acquire a familiarity with slum life through literature. It broadens their sympathies."

The author shook his head. "It gives them sentimental notions about the slums," he said. "When our American writers, for example, write about the slums of New York, with their curious foreign populations, they are likely to go all astray and to give highly colored pictures of slum life, which are very different from the truth. What can we Americans know about the real lives of the Polish and the Russian Jews, the Bohemians, the Italians, and the other foreigners who live on the East Side of New York? Practically nothing. We'd better leave that to be written by the authors who are beginning to spring up among them. How, for example, can a man like Howells really get at those people? Surely net by taking a walk in their quarter, as they say he does very often. But he is clever enough not to write about them in fiction. He puts his observations into his essays, a much safer form. But even here he shows that he takes the sentimental view. For example, he writes as if the people of the East Side were unhappy in their poverty; but his sympathy is wasted, for, as a matter of fact, the average of happiness is probably higher among them than among well to do Americans.

"I predict that as soon as a strong, wholesome, and truthful story about the New York slums appears, written by a man who has lived in them, it will make a sensation, and will be read by all classes regardless of prejudice." The librarian refused to be convinced, but he is now on the watch for the writers that are supposed to be rising out of Hester Street

# THE PUBLIC'S OPTIMISTIC TASTE.

There are two young story writers who live together in New York and who work side by side every morning. Both are clever fellows, and during the past year each has written more than twenty short stories. The one who is considered by far the cleverer of the two, however, has sold only three, while his friend has sold seventeen.

The other day they put their heads together to see if they could discover why the cleverer man's work was not successful, and they finally agreed that it was simply because nearly all of his stories ended pessimistically.

"The public wants stories to come out right, there's no doubt about it," the suc-

cessful one remarked.

"But what am I to do?" his friend cried despairingly. "If my stories work themselves out sadly, I can't help it. I'm not to blame. I should be false to my art if I twisted the endings around to make them happy."

His friend was thoughtful for a moment; then he said: "It isn't that the public won't accept sad endings. As a matter of fact, it will accept any ending from a popular writer—from a man like Thomas Hardy, for instance. But before you become popular," he concluded with a smile, "you must write cheerful things."

The pessimist groaned. "If the editors won't take more of my stuff," he lamented, "I really don't see how I can ever become popular."

## A BOMBSHELL FOR THE CONSERVATIVE.

A great many people are going to be very angry when they read the latest work of that restless, progressive, belligerent, unafraid, and iconoclastic spirit, Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

"Women and Economics" is a treatise on woman's relation to the world, written with a very cold steel pen. It is as deliberate and unemotional as the multiplication table, and as drily logical in its methods. When Mrs. Stetson opens the doors of the world's sanctuaries, she does not do it with an appeasing "sentiment aside"; but quietly ignores that there is such a thing until she has applied her inexorable hammer to everything in sight. Then she looks up from the fragments to explain that she knows it hurts the world's feelings, but that the feelings themselves were mistaken ones. She has made a conscientious analysis of

woman's position in the world, and has found the root of all our worst social evils in the wife's economic dependence. She establishes this without hysteria, and without for a moment shirking any aspect of the

question.

Mrs. Stetson has always been at war with our social establishment. This year she comes to the attack with a weapon in each hand, and those who escape the heavy blows of "Women and Economics" may succumb to the sharp prick of "In This Our World," a volume of verse most noteworthy for the keen sarcasm of its gibes against the conventions that hedge the woman question. The humor and adroitness of such attacks as "Similar Cases" makes the antagonism of the conservative melt in laughter, and sets the reformer crowing with triumphant delight.

Just what practical effect a work like "Women and Economics" has, it is impossible to tell. If its theories had been set in a vividly human novel, it might have had a wildfire career. As a treatise, it will be passed over by many, and disliked by more, yet it is not to be shrugged or smiled down. It must be met in fair and open

fight.

# A LECTURE THAT FAILED.

A Boston woman who had the pleasure of Louisa Alcott's friendship relates an amusing anecdote of Miss Alcott's love of the truth, which in one particular instance proved to be unfortunate.

It was the first call she had paid Miss Alcott since her own marriage. The authoress viewed her fine gown, which fitted like a glove, scornfully scanned her high heeled boots, and then burst forth a torrent

of reproach.

"You ought to be ashamed to dress like that. Your gown fits too tight to be comfortable, your belt is too small for you, and those foolish boots are enough to cripple you. You are just like ——, a girl I used to know. Her sister was sensible, and wore flat heels, and no belt, but she was just as silly as you are."

"And I suppose she died at twenty five, while her sensible sister lived to play with

her grandchildren?"

"Well—no; as a matter of fact," replied Miss Alcott, "she had five fine, healthy sons, and danced in her eighteen inch belt, and her sister had only one baby, which was a sickly little thing."

"I don't quite see the moral," the visitor

said, somewhat amused.

"No," Miss Alcott admitted, "I feared after I started that the moral might not be all that I could-wish, but I said to myself,

'Tell the truth, Louisa, though the heavens should fall!'"

One of the most curious literary successes in recent years is that of Miss Lillian Whiting, of Boston, whose two collections of essays entitled "The World Beautiful," have had a remarkably large sale for works of that class. They have been called "Emerson simplified," and they appeal to readers for whom Emerson would be altogether too abstruse and unpractical. It is said that from the sales of the two volumes, during the past year, Miss Whiting has received four thousand dollars in royalties.

In Boston and in the West Miss Whiting is well known as a newspaper writer. For several years she has contributed articles on philosophical and religious subjects to the Boston Budget, from which her books have been compiled, and she has also written Boston letters for Western papers. When she first went to the New England metropolis from her home in Cleveland about fifteen years ago, she was entirely unknown, and the success she has made has been due wholly to her own pluck and ability.

\* \* \*

"Have you observed," a publisher remarked to a friend the other day, "how many novels have been published during the past few years that bear a striking resemblance to 'The Prisoner of Zenda'? I doubt if any other living author has been so extensively imitated as Anthony Hope. One American writer in particular-a young man who is popular as a novelist and perhaps somewhat less popular as a war correspondent-has imitated him so often and so closely that it is strange that he has never been charged with the plagiarism. Yet the public continues to read his variations of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' As a matter of fact, I believe that the public likes to have a story that has once been popular served up over and over again, just as some people like to go to see the same play three or four times,"

Miss Mary E. Wilkins owes her first chance to Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who may be said to have discovered her. A story is told of Miss Wilkins and of her friend, Miss Gertrude Smith, a writer of short stories, which illustrates how slight their literary training must have been. "I think I could do all right," Miss Smith remarked to Miss Wilkins one day, "if I only knew how to punctuate;" and Miss Wilkins replied, "Well, I just begin a sentence and go straight ahead till I somehow come to a stop. Then I make a period and start all over again."

# GEORGE GREY BARNARD.

# BY REGINA ARMSTRONG HILLIARD.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCULPTOR WHOSE WORK IS ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD OF ART BY ITS STRIKING POWER AND ORIGINALITY.

NE of the most interesting figures in contemporary American art is Mr. George Grev Barnard, the sculptor, whose work—notably his statues exhibited at the Salon of the Champ de Mars in Paris-has received the unqualified praise of the world's greatest critics. Here is a man worthy to be ranked with Michelangelo, some of them have been enthusiastic enough to say; for not only is his work different from that of any other modern sculptor, but he has created a new interpretation of man and of nature, and in his conceptions are the virility and freshness of eternal youth, and, directing it, a wise and classical temperament.

Mr. Barnard was born in Pennsylvania, the son of an Indiana clergyman, but most of his childhood was spent in or near Chicago. When he was about five years of age, he made friends with a retired sea captain, whose geological collection, gathered from all parts of the world, first directed the childish impulse toward that knowledge of nature which was the beginning of his artistic life. He roamed the fields and woods for curious stones and shells, which he found more to be desired than toys, and more marvelous than story books.

The boy who found his chief interest in stones was father to the man who is today working out the epic of humanity in marble. Mr. Barnard is the essence of his work. He takes nature as his context, and man as a detail in the great unfolding plan.

Mr. Barnard's colossal group, "I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within

Me," is well known. It shows the momentary triumph of the baser over the finer nature in man's self, and the energy and strength of the recumbent figure of the group are wonderful. The Metropolitan Museum of Art possesses this work, it being the gift of the Alfred Corning Clark estate, which also presented the bronze statue of the Great God Pan to Central Park. Into the latter figure, which has not yet been placed in position, Mr. Barnard has infused an effluence of adolescence and wild freshness that is the very ecstasy of the poet's dream of the wood god.

While Mr. Barnard has always broken away from tradition and conventionality in his character of design and expression, he has shown himself to be no less a master of the quieter methods. A figure for a mausoleum, recently exhibited by him, is characterized by a refinement of treatment and delicacy of modeling that are exquisitely simple and chaste in effect. The work is known as "The Maiden and Pedestal," but it is said that it is the portrait of the young girl whose tomb it is to adorn.

The design of this work takes its conception from the inscription on the pedestal, which was written by the young girl a few weeks previous to her death, and in which life is likened to the bloom and decay of roses. The base is a conventionalized arrangement of rose branches and buds, with the inscription wrought from the falling petals which have drifted downward from a mass of blossoms in the maiden's arms. The

# THEMUNSEY



THE SULLY SEVEN SERVED AS A VENEZULLY SEVEN SEVE

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# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

# BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS WON SO REMARKABLE
A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE FOURTH
INSTALMENT OUTLINES THE POSITION OF THE SPANISH AND AMERICAN
FORCES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT GAME OF WAR,
AND THE FIRST BATTLE IN WHICH THEY MET,
DEWEY'S SPLENDID VICTORY IN
MANILA BAY.

IN the preceding chapter an outline was given of Spain's armed strength on land and sea. A brief statement may be added of the forces at the command of our own government when the war

began.

For fourteen years the United States had been busily at work upon the construction of its new navy, but for about two years there had been something of a lull in the work. During that time the Iowa and the Brooklyn were the only important additions to the list, and no large vessels were under construction until, in 1897, five new battleships were ordered. These—the Illinois, the Kearsarge, the Kentucky, the Alabama, and the Wisconsin-will be powerful vessels of 11,525 tons each, and when completed will practically double the fighting strength of the first line of our navy. None of them had been launched at the outbreak of war with Spain.

OUR NINE GREAT FIGHTING SHIPS.

At the head of our list of ships in actual service there stood nine great floating engines of warfare which in speed, armament, and general efficiency were well prepared to meet anything of their inches afloat. These included the four first class battleships—four

floating fortresses, carrying twelve and thirteen inch guns, making from 15.5 to 17 knots an hour, and costing more than \$3,000,000 apiece:

Spain had nothing to pit against this quartet of bulldogs of the sea. Next came one second class battleship, a vessel very similar to the lost Maine, and classed by some authorities as an armored cruiser:

Then the two great armored cruisers:

Ships. Tonnage. When Launched. Brooklyn. .....9,215...Philadelphia, 1895
New York. .....8,200...Philadelphia, 1891

These carried eight inch guns, and had a speed of 21 and 21.9 knots respectively. Still swifter, but less heavily armed and armored, were the two protected cruisers:

Ships. Tonnage. When Launched. Columbia. ......7,375....Philadelphia, 1892 Minneapolis. ....7,375....Philadelphia, 1893

These, strong enough to fight anything less than battleships, were specially fitted for scouting service.

The other seven men of war were to make their names household words by their splendid work as fighters in the squadrons of Sampson and Schley.

OUR CRUISERS AND MONITORS.

In its second line our navy had eleven good modern steel cruisers:

rifles, supplemented in most of them by a battery of rapid fire guns. A valuable addition to their class was made by the purchase, in March, of the cruisers Amazonas and Almirante Abru (rechristened New Orleans and Albany) built by the Armstrongs, at Elswick, for the Brazilian government. The Al-



COMMODORE (NOW REAR ADMIRAL) GEORGE DEWEY, THE VICTOR OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, MAY I, 1898.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Ships.	Tonnage.	When Launched.
Olympia	5,800S	an Francisco, 1892
Chicago	4,5000	hester, 1885
Baltimore	4,413P	hiladelphia, 1888
Philadelphia.	4,324P	hiladelphia, 1889
San Francisco	4,098 S	an Francisco, 1889
Newark	4,098P	hiladelphia, 1890
Charleston	3,730S	an Francisco, 1889
Cincinnati	3,213E	Brooklyn, 1892
Raleigh	3,213N	Vorfolk, 1892
Atlanta	3,000C	hester, 1884
Boston	3,0000	hester, 1884

The heaviest weapons carried on these vessels were eight and six inch

bany was still unfinished; the New Orleans, a fine vessel of 3,600 tons, 20 knots, and armed with a powerful battery of rapid fire guns using smokeless powder, had just been completed, and left the Thames for New York on the 27th of March.

In the remainder of our navy list the most important items were the trio of small cruisers, displacing a little more than two thousand tons apiece—the



TYPES OF AMERICAN MEN OF WAR-NO, I, THE MASSACHUSETTS, FIRST CLASS BATTLESHIP; SPEED 15 KNOTS; COST, \$3,020,000; ARMED WITH 4 THIRTEEN INCH, 8 EIGHT INCH, AND 4 SIX INCH RIFLES, AND 6 TORPEDO TUBES. From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

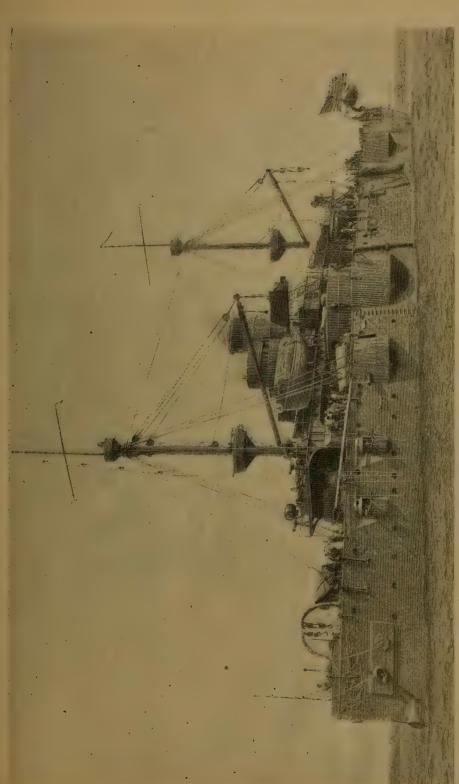


CAPTAIN (NOW REAR ADMIRAL) WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, COMMANDING THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.

From a photograph taken aboard the Mangrove in Havana Harbor, March, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.

head; the six double turreted monitors, vessels of low speed, armed with heavy guns (ten and twelve inch rifles) and

Detroit, Montgomery, and Marble- best fitted for coast and port defense, though the voyage of the Monterey and the Monadnock to Manila proved their availability for distant service in an



TYPES OF AMERICAN MEN OF WAR-NO. 2, THE TEXAS, SECOND CLASS BATTLESHIP; SPEED 17 KNOTS; COST \$2,500,000; ARMED WITH 2 TWELVE INCH AND O SIX INCH RIFLES, AND FOUR TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Charles E Bolles, Brooklyn,

emergency; and two unique naval types that bore witness to the originality of American constructors—the ram Katahdin and the dynamite gunboat Vestivius

States, constituted a small but serviceable auxiliary force of 200 officers and 3,703 men—volunteers who, though not experienced sailors, had had some training in seamanship and gunnery.



COMMODORE (NOW REAR ADMIRAL) WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, COMMANDING THE FLYING SQUADRON.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by E. M. Jackson, Norwalk, Connecticut.

The personnel of the navy was thus stated at the beginning of the year:

Officers (line)	
Paymasters, surgeons, and chaplains Warrant officers	262
Seamen	11,750
Marines, men	
Total	15,425

The naval militia, which had been organized in fifteen seaboard and lake

The corresponding figures for the army were these:

# OUR LITTLE REGULAR ARMY.

	Officers.	Men.
Infantry, 25 regiments	. 877	.13,125
Cavalry, 10 "	. 432	. 6,170
Artillery, 5 "		
General and staff officers	. 362	
Ordnance department		. 605
Engineer "		
Hospital corps		
Miscellaneous		

Total .....2,116....25,706



TYPES OF AMERICAN MEN OF WAR-NO. 3, THE BROOKLYN, FIRST CLASS ARMORED CRUISER: SPEED 21.9 KNOTS; COST \$2,986,000; ARMED WITH 8 EIGHT INCH RIFLES, 12 FIVE INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, AND 5 TORPEDO TUBES. From a photograph-Copyright, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

To this force the Hawley bill had added two regiments of artillery. The adjutant general's returns (February, 1898) showed 114,632 men enrolled in the militia of the States, and estimated the total number of men available for service in case of necessity at 10,301,-339.

The meaning of this brief array of figures was that the United States had

through House and Senate, and received executive approval April 22; and on the following day a call for 125,000 men was issued.

By an act that became law four days later Congress partially retrieved its failure to pass the original Hull bill for the reorganization of the army. This later measure, also named after Mr. Hull, who fathered it in the House,



THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF MATANZAS HARBOR BY THE NEW YORK, PURITAN, AND CINCINNATI, APRIL 27, 1898.

gone to war, practically speaking, without an army. To create one, the first step must be a call for volunteers, and to provide for this Congressman Hull, chairman of the House military affairs committee, introduced a bill (April 20) framed by the War Department. It declared that all able bodied male citizens from eighteen to forty five years old constituted the national forces, and were liable to military duty; that troops might be called out by the President, to be supplied by each State and Territory in proportion to its population; that the regimental and company officers should be named by the Governors of the States, the general and staff officers by the President. The bill was hurried

authorized additional enlistments up to a total of 62,579 men, doubling the rank and file of each of the existing regiments. It was carefully provided that the increase should be only temporary, and that the army should be reduced to its former strength—or rather weakness—at the end of the war.

# MOBILIZING THE ARMY.

The first plans of the War Department were to concentrate the regular troops, scattered in small detachments at the army posts, at three Southern ports—New Orleans, Mobile, and Tampa—in readiness for an immediate move upon the Spanish West Indies. Like a great many other plans made



TYPES OF AMERICAN MEN OF WAR-NO. 4, THE COLUMBIA, PROTECTED CRUISER; SPEED 22.8 KNOTS; COST \$2,725,000; ARMED WITH ONE FIGHT INCH RIFLE. 2 SIX INCH AND 8 FOUR INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, AND 5 TORPEDO TUBES.

From a photograph.-Copyright, 1898, by Charles E. Bolles, Brooklyn.



ADMIRAL CERVERA, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH CAPE VERDE SQUADRON.

From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.

during the war, this was changed before it had been carried out. It was decided to form a great central camp in the national park on the battlefield of Chickamauga, to whose poignant memories of warfare a new chapter was to be added by the great host that gathered there—the North and the South in arms together.

The first regiment to move southward was the Seventeenth Infantry, which left its post at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, on the 18th of April, bound for Camp Thomas, as the point of concentration at Chickamauga had been named, in honor of the general whose valor stemmed the tide of Federal defeat there in 1863. Later, another great instruction camp—Camp Alger—was formed at Falls Church, Virginia; and troops were sent to three points in Florida — Tampa, Jacksonville, and Fernandina—selected for their healthfulness, real or supposed, and for their convenience as ports of embarkation. At Tampa a powerful train of siege artillery was organized as rapidly as possible, under General John I. Rodg-



TYPES OF AMERICAN MEN OF WAR-NO. 5, THE OLYMPIA, THE FINEST OF OUR SECOND CLASS CRUISERS, ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLACSHIP AT MANILA; SPEED 21.6 KNOTS; COST \$1,796,000; ARMED WITH 4 EIGHT INCH RIFLES, 10 FIVE INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS, AND 6 TORPEDO TUBES.

ers—only one battery of it being destined to see active service.

Such were the army's chief offensive preparations. It had also to care for the defense of our coasts, which, except



CAPTAIN VILLAMIL, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

From a ph tograph by Fernandez, Madrid.

at a few points, were very inadequately protected. After years of persistent refusal to vote the necessary appropriations, Congress had consented to a comprehensive scheme of fortification, but of the twelve hundred guns required for its completion only a small percentage were actually in place. Many important points were in a condition of defenselessness which, in the face of a more powerful and active enemy, might have proved disastrous. To remedy this the ordnance bureau, as far back as the preceding February, had been making special efforts, and though the work is of the sort that moves slowly, much had been accomplished. Early in April a number of large rifled guns and howitzers were distributed to Southern ports, where

they were most needed. Later, when the fear of attack had passed, most of them were sent to join the siege train at Tampa.

### THE NAVY READY TO STRIKE.

The navy's preparations were much further advanced than those of the army. It was the service upon which the first brunt of the struggle was expected to fall; nor had it, like the army, been kept in time of peace at merely skeleton strength. Roughly speaking, its personnel was doubled during the war; that of the army was multiplied by ten. Its problems of organization and equipment were easy ones compared to the overwhelming task that confronted the army staff. This, however, does not detract from the credit due to Secretary Long's department for the remarkable record it made throughout the conflict, administering the affairs of our fleets in two hemispheres without a breakdown, a hitch, or a complaint.

For months the navy had been holding itself in readiness to strike at short notice. In January, Admiral Sicard, commanding the North squadron, rendezvoused at Key West the strongest fleet we had ever sent to sea, its chief vessels being the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the Maine, the Texas, the Brooklyn, and the New York. It was from this squadron that the Maine was detached for her fatal cruise to Havana. The rest of the fleet was still in Southern waters, from Hampton Roads to the West Indies, and the Cincinnati, the Detroit, the Marblehead; the Montgomery, the monitors Amphitrite, Miantonomoh, Puritan, and Terror, and several other vessels, much more than replaced the lost battleship.

On the European station we had, at the beginning of the year, only the cruiser San Francisco and the gunboats Helena and Bancroft. These were ordered home, the San Francisco crossing the Atlantic in company with the newly purchased New Orleans, and





ADMIRAL MONTOJO, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA. From a photograph by Fernandez, Madrid.

reaching New York on the 14th of April.

Of our eleven second class cruisers, three—the Chicago, the Philadelphia, and the Atlanta—were undergoing repairs or alterations, and were not likely to be available during the war. Three more—the Olympia, the Raleigh, and the Boston—were on the Asiatic station, commanded by Commodore George Dewey. A fourth cruiser, the Baltimore, had been ordered from the Pacific station to strengthen Dewey's squadron, for which fighting was foreseen; and she joined him at Hong Kong on the second day of the war (April 22).

On our Pacific coast we had the battleship Oregon, the cruiser Charleston, and the monitors Monadnock and Monterey, besides the cruiser Philadelphia, laid up for repairs, and the gunboat Marietta, which had been showing our flag in the Pacific ports of Central America. The Oregon, of little service where she was, would

make a splendid addition to our fighting strength in the main theater of war, and immediately after the Maine explosion she had been dry docked and prepared for the fifteen thousand mile journey around Cape Horn. It was an object lesson upon the stragetic value to our navy of a canal through the Central American isthmus.

THE VOYAGE OF THE OREGON.

The Oregon's voyage from Puget Sound to Florida was a remarkable one. breaking all records for long distance steaming by men of war of any class. Leaving the Bremerton dry dock on March 6, she sailed from San Francisco, under command of Captain Charles E. Clark, on the 19th, and reached Callao on April 4. Here coalordered by the Marietta, which had preceded her, leaving Panama March 24 -was waiting in lighters, and was hurried aboard. On April 7 she started southward again. In the straits of Magellan she overtook the Marietta, and the two coaled together at Punta Arenas, the southernmost Chilian port.



DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN, CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

From a photograph.



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, MAY I, 1898.



MANILA BAY AND THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, JUST BELOW THE CITY OF MANILA, SHOWING THE OLD SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS. Drawn by C. W. Jefferys from a photograph.

From this point—which they left on April 21, of course unaware that it was the first day of the war-the run was an exciting one. It was expected that hostilities might be declared at any time, and it was known that a Spanish torpedo cruiser, the Temerario, was in their track; off the South American coast. The American ships were kept in constant readiness for action, and no lights were shown at night. On the 30th they reached Rio de Janeiro, where they heard the news of war, and were joined by the Nictheroy, purchased by the United States from the Brazilian government.

The Nictheroy, which was renamed the Buffalo, had originally been El Cid, of the Morgan line, and had since been fitted as a cruiser and armed with dynamite guns. She was a ship of nearly 5,000 tons, but proved an unsatisfactory purchase, her machinery being in very poor condition. Her first performance was to break down, shortly after starting from Rio, and the Oregon pushed on alone, leaving the Marietta to convoy the crippled ship. The engineers repaired her, but at Para she broke down again, and the Marietta left her, making for Key West, where she arrived on June 4.

Meanwhile the Oregon, straining every nerve for speed, had called at Bahia and Barbadoes, at which latter point (May 18) Captain Clark learned that the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera was at Martinique, just to the north of him. Our later acquaintance with the Spaniards' seamanship and gunnery shows that he need scarcely have feared an encounter with the entire squadron; but of course it was only prudent to avoid an enemy so overwhelmingly superior on paper. Besides, his orders were to bring his ship to our Atlantic squadron, not to risk its loss by seeking battle. Leaving Martinique at sunset on the 18th, he headed to the northwest, as if direct for Cuba: but as soon as darkness fell, he turned about, went south of Barbadoes, and eastward into

the ocean, before again heading toward the United States. On the 25th he put into Jupiter Inlet, Florida, for instructions, with the Oregon in as fine condition as when she left the dry dock, and needing only a supply of coal to be in complete readiness for instant action.

#### TWO GREAT AUXILIARY FLEETS.

During the Civil War, when the Federal government, with but little naval strength at its command, found itself compelled to blockade the long coast line of the Southern States, it bought almost everything that Northern shipmasters had to sell. More than four hundred vessels, from ocean steamers to coasting schooners and New York ferry boats, were purchased; and it was one of the latter unwarlike craft-a boat taken from daily duty on the Fulton Ferry—that captured, in Cuban waters, one of the most valuable prizes of the war. There was less need of indiscriminate purchases in 1898, but auxiliaries and supply ships of all sorts were wanted, and immediately after the voting of \$50,000,000 for military preparations a board, with Captain Frederick Rodgers at its head, was appointed to buy or lease the most available vessels.

The most important accessions were the four swift passenger steamers of the American line—the St. Paul, the St. Louis, the New York (rechristened Harvard), and the Paris (rechristened Yale), for whose services the government paid \$9,000 a day, and whose great speed (20 to 22 knots) and carrying capacity made them valuable as scouts and transports. The St. Paul, armed with 8 five inch rapid fire guns, was to show that she could fight, too. A number of smaller steamers were bought from other commercial lines, some of which had their business suspended by the war. A flotilla of small and speedy auxiliary cruisers and despatch boats was formed by the purchase of twenty five private steam yachts, and two more were lent to the government, without

charge, by their public spirited owners—Messrs. Augustus Schermerhorn and William R. Hearst, of New York. The city of Philadelphia gave the use of an ice boat, the Arctic—or, to be precise, rented it for the nominal sum of one dollar. The total cost of 102 vessels added to the navy before the war ended was nearly \$18,000,000.

Another imposing fleet was created by the War Department, as need arose for transports\*. Fifty seven of these were chartered for the expeditions to Manila, Cuba, and Porto Rico, besides a number of water boats, lighters, barges, and such prosaic but useful craft. Each service had a hospital ship, these two vessels (the Solace and the Relief) costing more than a million dollars. They were a new feature in warfare, as was also another experiment which proved its value, the naval repair ship Vulcan.

A rich government can buy ships, but it cannot buy experienced naval officers; and the great increase in the number of vessels in service proved a severe strain upon the personnel of the navy. In other words, there were just enough officers to go around, and none to spare. Had the struggle proved a long and severe one, with many casualties to our forces, we should have suffered severely for want of a reserve of trained men. Coming through the war, as we did, with the marvelous record of only two officers and seventeen men killed, we escaped this difficulty; but the lesson is one that should not be forgotten.

# TWO GREAT ADMIRALS—DEWEY AND SAMPSON.

It was evident that Key West would be a very important point in the naval strategy of the war, as the best base of operations against Cuba. Early in March a great depot of supplies was established there, and the building of a repair plant—long planned, but never undertaken owing to lack of the necessary appropriation—was begun.

This was one of the points around which the navy was concentrating its strength. The preparatory moves that have already been outlined were forming our ships into two fleets, on opposite sides of the globe, ready to strike at Spain in the two remaining strongholds of her colonial empire. One was the North Atlantic squadron, in which were all our first rate men of war; the other the fleet of cruisers at Hong Kong. Their chief officers were two men destined to win the brightest laurels of the war, and to prove themselves worthy to rank among the heroic figures of our naval annals-Commodore George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic station; and Captain Wiliam T. Sampson, acting rear admiral, promoted just before the beginning of hostilities from the captaincy of the Iowa to succeed Rear Admiral Sicard. who was relieved on account of ill health. Sampson owed his selection for what was in some respects the most important and responsible post in the entire service to the fact that he was the senior officer present with the squadron, that he knew its vessels and their capabilities, and that his record had been an excellent one ever since the days when, as a young lieutenant, he narrowly escaped death in the Patapsco's daring run into Charleston harbor, in January, 1865.

The great fleet under Sampson's orders was divided into two main bodies—one, under his personal command, with its base at Key West; the other, under Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, held in reserve at Newport News as a "flying squadron" to meet any move that might be made by the Spanish fleet lying at St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Islands. Besides these the Columbia and a few other vessels were assigned to patrol duty along our northern coast, to guard against any possible attack in that quarter. There were many

<sup>\*</sup>Transports are under the sole charge of the War Department. When the St. Louis and other American liners were used to transport troops, they had been turned over to the army service by the navy.

alarms of mysterious Spanish war ships in the early days of hostilities. On the 27th of April, for instance, it was very positively reported that a Spanish battleship and three torpedo boats were in the North Atlantic in the track of the ocean liners; and some uneasiness was felt for the Paris, which had left Southampton on the 22nd, to take her place in the navy as an auxiliary cruiser. On the 30th, however, she reached New York in safety, having seen nothing of the phantom foe.

#### CERVERA'S CRIPPLED FLEET.

Spain had made but little answer to our warlike preparations—chiefly, no doubt, through her lack of means. She had purchased three German Atlantic liners and an English yacht as auxiliary cruisers. On the day when Woodford left Madrid, a call was issued for eighty thousand men of the reserves. The concentration of a squadron at St. Vincent was her most important move. A small flotilla of torpedo boat destroyers, commanded by Captain Villamil, had left Cadiz in March, going to the Canaries, and thence (March 24) to the Cape Verde Islands. Here they were joined on April 14 by the Maria Teresa, Admiral Cervera's flagship, and the Cristobal Colon, which had followed them from Cadiz, and on the 20th by the Vizcaya and Almirante Oquendo, from Havana. At St. Vincent—a Portuguese port—the squadron remained until the outbreak of the war.

It was in no condition to meet the powerful fleet that was waiting for it across the Atlantic. The Colon had never received the heavy guns that should have been in her turrets. On the three other cruisers, the batteries of fourteen centimeter  $(5\frac{1}{2} \text{ inch})$  artillery—their chief power of offense—were disabled by defective breech mechanism and inferior ammunition. The Vizcaya urgently needed docking and cleaning, and was far below her speed. Cervera had repeatedly reported the deficiencies of his ships, but the

authorities at Madrid took no notice of either recommendations or protests. Just before leaving Cadiz he frankly declared that he was going upon a desperate, not to say a suicidal, errand:

It seems to me a most risky adventure, which may cost us very dear, for the loss of our flotilla and the defeat of our squadron in the Caribbean Sea entails a great danger for the Canaries, and perhaps the bombardment of our coast cities. I do not mention the fate of the island of Cuba, because I have anticipated it long ago.

In spite of this, on the 22nd of April, orders came from Madrid that the squadron should sail for Cuba at once. Cervera acknowledged their receipt thus:

And Villamil, his second in command, added in a private telegram to Sagasta—a pathetic message from the brave sailor who was to lose his life off Santiago:

I deem it expedient you should know, through a friend who does not fear censure, that while as seamen we are all ready to meet honorable death in the performance of duty, I think it certain that the sacrifice of these naval forces will be as sure as it will be fruitless and useless.

The squadron did not put to sea for a week, but on April 29 it started westward. Its subsequent career, neither long nor glorious, will be traced later.

#### THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.

On the 21st of April, as has been said, Admiral-Sampson, at Key West, received the orders for which he had been waiting for weeks. What they were, the world knew on the following day, when the President issued a proclamation declaring a blockade of "the north coast of Cuba, including ports on said coast between Cardenas and Bahia

Honda, and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast." This meant a blockade covering Havana and extending some forty miles westward and fifty miles eastward. Cienfuegos, on the other side of the island, was closed because it had railroad communication with the Cuban capital.

Sampson was not ordered to attack any Spanish position. It had been determined to run no unnecessary risk of injury to our ships until they had met and vanguished any fleet that Spain might send against them. Vigorous and immediate aggression might possibly have ended the war more summarily, but our policy was a safe one. Our first move rendered Blanco's position in Cuba untenable, unless Spain should make some effective counter stroke—which with her weaker navy, and with all the disadvantages of fighting from a base three thousand miles distant, was practically impossible.

Our command of Cuban waters was complete from the first. Spain had no ships there that could attempt resistance to the blockading squadron, and of her merchantmen attempting to enter or leave the closed ports few escaped capture, the first prize, the Buena Ventura, being taken by the gunboat Nashville on the 22nd.

# THE SEIZURE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY ON THE SEA.

The seizure of ships owned by citizens of a hostile country is a survival from the days when might was right and a successful battle meant indiscriminate loot. In warfare on land, private property has long been respected by civilized armies, and it is a curious anomaly that the same principle should not obtain on the sea. It was partially recognized, forty years ago, in the Declaration of Paris, by which the leading European powers agreed to abolish privateering, and to respect neutral flags and neutral goods. Spain did not sign that agreement, nor did the United States, though President Pierce offered

to go further, and to join in a declaration exempting all private property, except contraband of war, from seizure, whether by privateers or by naval vessels. It has been suggested that our government, with the prestige of a victorious war, should now propose to add such a rule to the canons of international law, and the suggestion commends itself to all respecters of the eighth commandment. Overhauling some helpless merchantman, which has had no notice of the existence of war: making prisoners of its crew; depriving its skipper of the ship that is perhaps his only property and source of livelihood; and confiscating its cargo, which may be of no possible service to the enemy's forces—the Buena Ventura, for instance, was a small steamer carrying American lumber—this is a poor business for the navy of a great power.

At the same time, it is so profitable that naval officers cannot be expected to oppose its continuance. During the Civil War, for instance, Admiral Farragut—besides the \$50,000 presented to him by a subscription raised in New York—received no less than \$140,000 in prize and bounty money, and several other Federal officers drew an amount not much less. In the army, which has no such perquisite, the pay of all ranks is increased twenty per cent during war. It would be more consonant with the advance of civilization to give the navy a similar allowance, and to end the seizure of private property on the sea.

#### THE FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR.

It was announced by the State Department, on the day before the war began, that the United States would commission no privateers; but as Spain had not signed the Declaration of Paris, she was technically at liberty to do so. There is reason to believe that an inquiry—which implied a warning against a policy that might work serious damage to neutral commercial interests—was sent to Madrid from London. On April 24 Sagasta's govern-

ment replied by issuing a decree which declared a state of war to exist between Spain and the United States, and added:

The Spanish government, reserving its right to grant letters of marque, will at present confine itself to organizing, with the vessels of the mercantile marine, a force of auxiliary cruisers, which will coöperate with the navy, according to the needs of the campaign, and will be under naval control.

The threatened force of auxiliary cruisers did not figure in the war, though the government, in addition to its few purchases abroad, took over several steamers from the Compania Transatlantica Española, whose traffic to West Indian ports was cut off by the blockade. Only one American vessel was taken during the struggle—the bark Saranac, which, not knowing that hostilities were in progress, entered the port of Ilo Ilo, in the Philippines, and was captured by a Spanish gunboat. She was subsequently released, as her owners had transferred her to a British subject while she was at sea. On the other hand, our men of war took no less than fifty six prizes.\*

The United States was a day behind Spain in its formal announcement of war. On the 25th of April the President requested Congress to give legal status to the operations of our forces, and a brief bill stating that "war has existed since the 21st day of April, 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the kingdom of Spain" was passed without a dissenting vote in either House. The State Department at once notified all the foreign powers, who promptly responded with proclamations of neutrality.

#### THE FIRST EXCHANGE OF SHOTS.

The squadron in Cuban waters had before it plenty of nobler and more serious work than the capturing of merchantmen. It first exchanged shots with the enemy at Matanzas, on April 27. Admiral Sampson's instructions\* were to avoid risking the safety of his armored vessels; but observing that the garrison of Matanzas was constructing new shore batteries, he decided to give his gunners some target practice. With his flagship, the New York, the cruiser Cincinnati, and the monitor Puritan, he bombarded an earthwork at Punta Gorda and a fort at Quintas de Recreo, at the mouth of the harbor. The range was long-from two to four miles-but the shells seemed to reach their mark, and the batteries replied with only a few shots, all of which fell short. The three ships had discharged about three hundred projectiles in twenty minutes when the admiral signaled to "cease firing." The Spaniards reported that their loss was "one mule"—which, whether true or not, was distinctly humorous, and caused much mirth in Havana and Madrid.

#### THE FIRST MOVE IN THE EAST.

Very different news was to come a few days later, from a widely distant point. It was strange that the first battle of a war waged for the liberation of an island almost in sight of our shores should be fought on the opposite side of the globe; but it was a perfectly logical—indeed, an evitable—train of action that led to the attack on Manila. with all the new and unforeseen chapter of history of which that was to be the beginning. War consists in striking at the enemy's forces wherever they are to be found; and a blow at the Spanish power in the Philippines was not only a telling offensive move, but also a defensive necessity for the protection of

<sup>\*</sup>According to the Attorney General's annual report for 1898. The amount realized by the sale of these vessels and their cargoes, up to the date of the report (November, 1898), with several ships still to be sold, was \$701,034.

<sup>\*</sup>Instructions to the commanding officers of our fleets and armies issue from the President, as commander in chief of the land and sea forces of the United States, through the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. In planning the grand strategy of the late war, the President and Secretary Long were assisted by a specially appointed naval war board, consisting of Rear Admiral Sicard, Captain Crowninshield, Captain Mahan, and Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy. When Mr. Roosevelt resigned to enter the army, his place was taken by his successor, Assistant Secretary Allen.

American commerce in eastern seas, and even for the security of our Pacific coast.

The Philippines were Spain's, like the rest of her once vast empire, by right of discovery. Fernao de Magalhaes, better known as Magellan, landed on their shores in March, 1521, and was slain there by hostile natives. In 1565 Spaniards from Mexico, under Legazpi, crossed the Pacific to plant colonies in these eastern islands, which named after the reigning sovereign, the Philip of the Armada. Manila was founded in 1571, on the finest harbor on the west coast of Luzon; and from that date to 1898 the Philippines have had very little history. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were hostilities with Chinese pirates, and with the Dutch, who harried the Spanish commerce, but were defeated in an attack on Manila. In 1762 the city was taken by a British fleet under Admiral Cornish, who exacted an indemnity of a million pounds and the surrender of the entire archipelago; but in 1763 it was returned to Spain-together with Havana, captured in the same year.

#### SPANISH RULE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Under Spain's colonial rule the development of the islands was extraordinarily slow. Manila was almost fifty years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, yet the Philippines are today in great part a terra incognita. Compare what the Spaniards have done for them with the achievements of the Anglo Saxon race in Australia, whose colonization began in 1788, and in South Africa, British only since 1806; or with the changes wrought in India by her present rulers, whose power dates from Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757. While civilization has fought its battles and won its triumphs in America, in Asia, in Africa, in the isles of the sea, this richly endowed archipelago has progressed but little since the days when the pagan king of Cebu came to meet Magellan.

The ruinous disorders of Cuba, too, have had their counterpart in Spain's eastern possessions. Throughout this century the natives have grown more and more discontented with the domination of the monastic orders, the corrupt and oppressive administration of the courts, the burden of compulsory military service, and above all the intolerably extortionate system of taxation. One revolt followed another, but the Spaniards suppressed them—usually with little difficulty, always with

great cruelty.

The insurrection of 1806 was more formidable than any that preceded it. Several Spanish detachments were defeated by the rebels, and, as in Cuba, campaigning in a tropical climate proved disastrous to the health of the troops. Finally General Primo de Rivera succeeded in effecting a pacification, ostensibly by liberal promises of political concessions, but secretly, it is understood, by the more effectual method of bribing the Filipino leaders. The natives disbanded, but the promised reforms were not made, and in the early months of 1898 there were renewed risings on several of the islands. Meanwhile Emilio Aguinaldo. who had been the head and front of the rebellion in Luzon, had gone to Hong Kong, where he met Mr. Wildman, the United States consul, and through him opened relations with our forces which were to have an important bearing on the Manila campaign.

DEWEY PREPARES - AUGUSTIN PRO-CLAIMS.

On April 24 Commodore Dewey, at Hong Kong, received the following despatch from the Navy Department at Washington:

War has been commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors.

This, of course, was not his first

notification of the task before him. For several weeks he had been preparing his squadron for it. He had dismantled the one unserviceable vessel in his command, the old wooden corvette Monocacy, and had distributed her crew among his other men of war, leaving her at Woosung. At the beginning of April he was instructed to secure two auxiliary ships to carry coal and supplies; he accordingly bought the Nashan and the Zafiro, with ten thousand tons of Welsh coal, besides filling up the bunkers of the cruisers. His fuel bill for the month was \$81,872.

At Manila, Governor General Augustin prepared for the coming fray by issuing, on April 23, a proclamation which, if the published version of it be correct, was so ridiculously bombastic that it is worth quoting as a curiosity:

The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, with their outrages against the law of nations and international conventions.

The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of victories will give us one as brilliant as the justice of our cause demands. Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all the nations, will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those States which, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the ungrateful spectacle of a legislature in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.

A squadron manned by foreigners possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty.

Filipinos, prepare for the struggle, and united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the challenge of our enemies let us oppose, with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, the cry of "Viva España!"

Your General,
Basilio Augustin y Davila.\*

This was as fine a piece of vituperation as anything that Napoleon ever launched at his foes.

#### DEWEY LEAVES HONG KONG.

Dewey's preparations were not quite completed—probably owing to the fact that the Baltimore had reached Hong Kong only three days before-when on April 25 the governor of the colony requested him to leave the harbor, to prevent any breach of British neutrality. He accordingly withdrew to Mirs Bay. in Chinese territory, about thirty miles distant. On the afternoon of the 27th all was ready, and the fleet set out for Manila. Besides the Olympia (flagship; Captain C. V. Gridley commanding: Commander Lamberton, chief of the commodore's staff), the Baltimore (Captain N. M. Dyer), the Raleigh (Captain J. B. Coghlan), and the Boston (Captain Frank Wildes), it included the small cruiser Concord (1700 tons, Commander Asa Walker), the gunboat Petrel (800 tons, Commander E. P. Wood), the two colliers, and the despatch boat Hugh McCullough, a revenue cutter which had been on its way from New York to the Pacific coast when ordered to join Dewey.

Accommodating its speed to that of the heavy colliers, the squadron crossed the China Sea together. On the morning of the 30th, when the shore of Luzon was sighted, the ships were cleared for action, nets were stretched around the boats to lessen the danger from flying splinters, and on some of the cruisers chain cables were coiled around the ammunition hoists. The ingenuity of this last device for increasing the protection of a vulnerable point was afterwards warmly commended by an English naval critic, who apparently did not know that it was used on board the Kearsarge when she fought and won her famous duel with the Alabama. Captain Winslow went into action with his engines protected by sheet chains hung over the side of his vessel.

Steaming southward, in the after-

<sup>\*</sup>This is an instance of the Spanish custom of adding the maiden name of a man's mother to his own surname, to distinguish him from others of the same name.

noon of the 30th the American ships reached Subig Bay, an indentation of the coast about forty miles north of Manila. Montojo, the Spanish admiral, had intended to meet the 'attacking squadron here, and Dewey may have had information of this, for he sent the Boston and the Concord into the bay, which is about seven miles deep, in search of the enemy; but the Spaniards' plans had been changed, and they were not there. Late in the afternoon the commodore ordered the fleet to lie to. to avoid appearing before Manila by daylight, and summoned his commanding officers to a council on board the flagship. He informed them that he meant to enter Manila Bay during the

The bay is a large sheet of water, running inland for thirty miles, and the same distance in average width. though much narrower at the mouth. In the entrance are two high rocky islands, Corregidor and Caballo, dividing the waterway into two channels, the Boca Chica (Little Mouth) on the north, and the Boca Grande (Great Mouth) on the south. In the latter, \* which is about six miles wide, rise two isolated rocks, La Monja and El Fraile (The Nun and The Friar). Corregidor was fortified and garrisoned; there was a small battery on El Fraile, and others on the mainland on both sides of the entrance.

#### RUNNING THE BATTERIES AT MIDNIGHT.

An hour before midnight the American fleet reached the mouth of the bay and turned into the Boca Grande, steaming at eight knots. The ships were in column, the Olympia leading, and the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, and Boston following in order. No lights were shown except one at the stern, to guide the vessel next in line. There was a half moon, and the night was light enough to make it a risky matter to run through a channel that was commanded by batteries and might be laid with mines. Not an officer in the

squadron had been in the bay before,\* and Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator of the Olympia, who piloted the fleet, had a very difficult and responsible task.

Commodore Dewey had been perfectly correct in his belief that the Spaniards would not dream of his forcing an entrance into the bay before daybreak. Their watch was not a very sharp one, for half of the ships had passed Corregidor before any alarm was given. Then a rocket went up from the island, and a little later the guns on El Fraile opened fire. The Raleigh and the Concord replied, and the rearguard ship, the Boston, turned aside to pass close to the battery, not a formidable one, and hammered it until it was silenced.

The McCullough and the two colliers formed a separate column to the right of the war ships. As they passed into the bay, the former signaled that her chief engineer had been disabled by sudden illness. It was a stroke of heat prostration or of apoplexy, and in twenty minutes Engineer Randall was dead—the only life lost in the attack on Manila.

Past the batteries, and untouched by a hostile shot, the fleet advanced at its leisure toward the Philippine capital, still about twenty miles distant. There was time to spare, as it was useless to arrive there before daybreak; and the crews, who had stood to their guns since nightfall, had three or four hours for such rest as they could get. At four o'clock coffee and hardtack were served out. At five the ships were opposite the city, and it was light enough to see that there were no men of war in the port. Turning southward again, the squadron moved toward the peninsula of Cavite, which projects into the bay a few miles below Manila, and on which the Spaniards had their naval arsenal; and here Montojo's fleet was speedily descried. As the American ships circled toward Cavite, a few shots were ex-

<sup>\*</sup>On the authority of Lieutenant Fiske, of the Petrel.

changed with a shore battery in Manila, but at too great a range to be effective.

MONTOJO'S SQUADRON.

Montojo had only one vessel that could be ranked as high as the second class—his flagship, the Reina Christina, a steel cruiser of 3,500 tons, launched at Ferrol in 1886, and armed with 6 six inch and 14 smaller guns. Her consorts were two small English built cruisers, the Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon. 1,030 tons each, and two others, old iron ships, slightly larger but less efficient, the Don Antonio de Ulloa and the Don Iuan de Austria; a still more ancient wooden vessel, whose engine. were disabled—the Castilla, 3,342 tons; two 500 ton gunboats, the General Lezo and the Marques del Duero; and four small torpedo boats. There were also two transports, the Manila and the Isla de Mindanao, and the Velasco, another obsolete iron ship which was laid up for repairs. In offensive and defensive power the squadron was far inferior to Dewey's fine quartet of cruisers; but it had a great advantage in position, fighting in its own waters, where it knew the ranges, and had the aid of batteries on shore.

Montojo had abandoned his plan of meeting Dewey in Subig Bay only two days before, having found the fortifications there to be worthless. In Manila Bay he had a stronger base, but he had not had time to complete his preparations. Whatever may have been the case elsewhere, at Cavite the Spaniards had an abundant store of war material. When the American marines occupied the arsenal, they found it well supplied and apparently well kept. The most serious defect in the Spanish defenses was the lack of mines. In Dewey's first detailed report of the action, he stated that "while advancing to the attack, two mines were exploded ahead of the flagship, too far to be effective." Later accounts do not mention any mines, and Lieutenant Fiske, in his published narrative, says that the Spaniards had

none in place, though some mine cases lay in the arsenal, unfinished. This is confirmed by Montojo's statement\* that he had repeatedly asked for torpedoes from Madrid, but had received none, and his attempts to make them had been failures. In a published account of the battle by one of the Olympia's engineers, it is stated that a mine went off twelve hundred yards in front of the flagship. At that distance, in the dim light of dawn, it would be easy to mistake the splash of a shell for the explosion of a torpedo. Spanish projectiles frequently fell as much as twelve hundred yards short of their mark, but it would be an extraordinary miscalculation to discharge an electric mine nearly three quarters of a mile away from its intended victim.

#### THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

The peninsula of Cavite is shaped like a two pronged fork, with the small bay of Canacao between the prongs, and the larger bay of Bakor between the peninsula and the mainland of Luzon. Montojo's ships were drawn up in line across Bakor Bay, their left resting on the Cavite arsenal, their right on the shore near the village of Bakor. In spite of the warning sounded by the firing at the mouth of the harbor, Dewey's attack apparently took them by surprise, for many of the officers and men were ashore, and came hurrying out in boats as the battle began.

The American ships came on in the same order as before, attacking in column, as Nelson did at the Nile and at Trafalgar, but veering to the right, so as to turn their port broadsides to the enemy. The first shot of the battle was fired from the Reina Christina a little after half past five, and was answered by the Olympia, at a distance of nearly three miles. The engagement soon became general. Every ship in both fleets was firing every piece it could bring to bear, and the Spaniards

<sup>\*</sup>Reported by the China Mail's correspondent in Manila shortly after the battle.

had the assistance of three guns on Sangley Point (the outer of the two prongs of the Cavite peninsula), and, at the other end of their line, of a shore battery at Malate, between Bakor and Manila, and of two at Manila—one upon the end of the mole at the mouth of the Pasig, the other on the wall of the old Spanish city south of the river.

To render them a more difficult mark, Dewey kept his ships passing slowly up and down in front of the Spanish line. Montojo's vessels were anchored, but as the fight began he ordered them to slip their anchors and get under way-except the Castilla, whose disabled engines prevented her from moving. Two of the torpedo boats boldly dashed out to attack the Olympia, but the American gunners did not allow them to get within striking distance. One was sunk, the other driven ashore disabled. The Reina Christina also steamed out to attack at close quarters, but she too had to retreat; and the Spaniards made no further move until at the end of the battle they went inshore to sink, as a dog crawls into his kennel to die.

#### A FIERCE ARTILLERY DUEL.

There being no armored ships on either side, the result was simply a question of gunnery; and here the Americans had a great advantage in their more powerful batteries, and a still greater one in their vastly superior marksmanship. Whether from lack of training or from inability to preserve. in the stress and strain of battle, the steadiness of hand and eve that is needed for accurate gun practice, the Spaniards' fire was extraordinarily wild and ineffective. With about seventy guns firing for two hours at an enemy within easy range, they did practically no damage. Only one of their shells injured a gun or a man in the American fleet, striking one of the Baltimore's cannon and sending out a shower of splinters that wounded eight men, none of them seriously.

On the other hand, the American fire was exceedingly accurate and destructive. As they passed along the Spanish line, our gunners paid special attention to the Reina Christina, their only antagonist that could be considered formidable, and Montojo's flagship suffered terribly. Early in the action, a shell exploded in the forecastle, and killed or disabled the crews of four of her rapid fire guns. The helmsman on the bridge being wounded by splinters struck from the foremast, Lieutenant Nunez took the wheel and kept it, amid the hail of shot, until another shell destroyed the steering gear. The admiral's flag was shot from the mizzenmast, one gun after another was put out of action, the smokestack was riddled, the engines were struck and damaged. A shell burst in the hospital, killing wounded men who were being treated there; another set fire to the crews' quarters, and another caused a serious blaze close to one of the magazines. Altogether, as reported by Montojo, she was struck seventy times.

Both here and on the other ships, the Spaniards fought with great bravery. The Christina's guns were fired until only two gunners remained unhurt. Finally, with his ship hopelessly disabled and burning in half a dozen places, with more than half her crew killed or wounded, with her boilers and magazines likely to explode at any moment, the admiral, who had himself been wounded by a splinter from a shell, ordered her abandoned. The boats were launched, and Montojo was rowed over to the Isla de Cuba. Many of the crew jumped overboard and swam to other vessels or to the shore. Captain Cadarso, the Christina's chief officer, stayed on the ship to the last, and was killed by a shell as he was about to leave her.

THE WRECK OF MONTOJO'S FLEET.

The rest of the Spanish vessels had suffered almost as severely. The wooden Castilla was no better than a floating

coffin under the fire of the American guns, and she had burned and sunk where she lay. As Lieutenant Fiske remarks, Montojo would have been wiser to dismantle her before the battle, and mount her guns on shore. The whole fleet was practically silenced and wrecked when, at twenty five minutes to eight, after passing five times along the Spanish line, and gradually drawing closer until he was within two thousand yards of it, Dewey ordered his ships to cease firing. He drew further out into the bay, out of range, to give his men, who for more than twenty four hours had been under an almost continuous strain of exciting work, time for rest and refreshment.

At a quarter past eleven the American fleet returned to the attack. Montojo had moved his ships—all that could be moved—close to the point of Cavite. Most of them were on fire, and one of them after another was scuttled and abandoned. The admiral himself had been carried to a convent in the town. A few more rounds from our cruisers completed the work of destruction, and at twenty minutes to one, the Spanish ships being wrecked and sunk, the shore batteries silenced, and the arsenal having hauled down its flag, Dewey steamed northward again to Manila, leaving the Petrel—whose light draft enabled her to go into the shallow water inshore—to destroy or capture a few small craft that remained affoat. Commander Wood carried out his commission without difficulty, sinking the transport Isla de Mindanao and capturing the tugs Rapido and Hercules and some launches. The transport Manila, which had been run ashore at Bakor, was afterwards hauled off uninjured and added to the list of prizes.

Thus was executed one of the most brilliant and completely successful naval operations in history. The morning's work of Dewey's squadron had obliterated Spain's naval power in the east, and had given him command of the great Philippine archipelago. All this had been done without losing a single man in a battle in which the enemy's loss, as reported to Madrid by Montojo, was 381 killed and wounded—besides the destruction of a fleet and the ruin of a colonial empire.

#### MANILA UNDER DEWEY'S GUNS.

During the action the batteries at Manila had kept up their fire upon the American fleet until the commodore sent word that if they continued he would shell the city, which lay at the mercy of his guns. In the afternoon the British consul came out to the Olympia and requested him, on behalf of resident foreigners of twenty one nations, not to bombard. Dewey consented on certain conditions, which included a supply of coal for his ships, and control of the cable to Hong Kong. Governor General Augustin refused his terms, but there was no further firing. A bombardment would have caused frightful destruction, and would have been of no equivalent military advantage, as Dewey could not land a force sufficient to hold the city against the insurgents who would have swarmed in to loot it.

On the following day (May 2) the commodore moved his ships back to Cavite, where they took up a position which they were to hold for many weeks. On the 3rd the arsenal, which the Spaniards had evacuated, was occupied—not in time to prevent some plundering by the rebels, who also despoiled the neighboring villages of Cavite and San Roque. On the same day, the Baltimore and the Raleigh went over to Corregidor island, and received the surrender of its garrison.

During the battle, General Augustin had sent to Madrid a vaguely worded despatch which, though it admitted the loss of two ships, gave the impression that the Spaniards had the best of the fight. It created momentary jubilation in the Spanish capital, which was gradually changed to sorrow and indignation as later reports, though still very

indefinite, left no doubt of a disaster. On the 3rd of May, when the Cortes met, Señor Salmeron, the republican leader, demanded an explanation, and declared that it would be necessary to establish the responsibility attaching to the existing government. Sagasta replied by appealing to the house to subordinate partisanship to patriotism. Communication between Madrid and Manila had ended on the previous day, when Dewey cut the cable of which Augustin had refused him the use.

In America, meanwhile, there was intense suspense, in the absence of definite news. Dewey's success was

not doubted, but no one dreamed that it could have been won without serious loss. Not until May 4 did the commodore send the McCullough speeding off to Hong Kong, the nearest cable station, with despatches for the Navy Department; and on the 7th the country was thrilled by his laconic announcement of his magnificent and bloodless victory.

Five more weeks were to pass before a detailed story of the battle was received. By that time an army was on its way across the Pacific to reap for America the fruit of the fleet's great achievement of the 1st of May.

(To be continued.)

## THE ADVANCE OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC ART.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Dramatic Critic of the London Daily Telegraph.

THE WELL KNOWN ENGLISH CRITIC OUTLINES THE PAST AND PRESENT RELATIONS OF THE BRITISH AND THE AMERICAN STAGE, AND INSTITUTES COMPARISONS THAT ARE NOT TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF THE LATTER.

"I NTIL at last the old man was beaten by the boy." I see before me a picture of an oldster and a youngster finishing a game of chess or drafts. The youth is triumphant; his senior is scratching his head and is evidently depressed. Underneath this homely scene is printed a distich of which I quote the last line. I remember the picture well, and it seems to me fairly to illustrate the present relative condition of English and American art. We cannot shut our eyes or blind ourselves to the facts. Without a doubt, the complete American companies brought over to England in recent years by Augustin Daly and Charles Frohman have made a profound impression on the playgoing public. Already I hear a grumbling note of discontent, a very pronounced cry of chauvinism, a wail that everything American is praised, that foreign artists receive not only excessive praise, but a kind of bounty money. Already they are endeavoring to hack at the roots of that goodly tree Free Trade in dramatic art, which I saw planted as a mere sapling amidst flouts and jeers nearly forty years ago.

On all questions of dramatic art, I was ever a free trader. From my earliest years of office I resented the cry that "these foreigners who take the bread out of the mouths of English artists should be put down with a strong hand." About the year 1860 it was heresy to praise, even to recognize, the actor who was not English born or bred. The theatrical journals, such as the Era and the Sunday Times, dared not encourage free trade at that time for fear of offending their subscribers and advertisers; and the daily papers, as a rule, took very little interest in the matter one way or another, for, save with such men as John Oxenford and a few others, what is now called dramatic criticism was mere commonplace reporting, and no one dreamed of noticing a play until a day or so after it was produced.

The youthful enthusiasm for the cultivation of foreign art in this country, and the desire to welcome to England the best actors in the world, were fanned by several earnest lovers of the drama whose names I can readily recall. Prominently among them I should place Charles Mathews, the inimitable comedian, who has acted in Paris and in French as well as he acted at home in English: Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist and amateur actor, who knew the continental theaters by heart, and was a free trader heart and soul; Herman Merivale, dramatist again and accomplished scholar; Walter Pollock and Sir Frederick Leighton; John Clayton, the actor; and last, but certainly not least, my old friend J. W. Clark, now the Registrar of the University of Cambridge.

But it is one thing to be enthusiastic and quite another to get that enthusiasm heard and recognized. That labor at the outset fell to my old friend, Joseph Knight, and your humble servant. We certainly got more kicks than halfpence. In fact, the kicks deprived us of the chance of picking up the halfpence, for (I speak for myself now) I was turned off paper after paper because I was a free trader in dramatic art and would not run down a foreigner because he was a foreigner, or belittle an American because he or she was not born under the sound of Bow Bells. Some of us were determined not to handicap art. And what has been the result? In the course of thirty or forty years, instead of hissing French actors out of our so called legitimate playhouses or banishing them to the St. James' on penalty of death, we have welcomed to London on two occasions the whole of the Comédie Française, and seen the best French actors and actresses of the last half century. We have seen Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and Duse from Italy; Devrient and Barnay and the Saxe Meiningen players from Germany, and the famous Dutch players.

So far as America was concerned. the success of American art in the early days was the success of the individual, not of ensemble or harmony of style, or symmetry of production, which, as we see it now in America, is as good, if not better, than the Comédie Française thirty years ago and the Bancroft production at the old Prince of Wales' Theater, when Robertson joined the free traders and established a school of his own, sneered at as the "teacup and saucer school"; but, for all that, the cups and the saucers were of exquisite china, and the tea came from the same country.

But I will come now to the individual actors or actresses who forced themselves to the front amidst much avowed opposition and unpopularity. I am not old enough to remember the days of Junius Brutus Booth, who opposed Edmund Kean or Forrest or the Wallacks. The first strong individual success that I can recall was that of Miss Bateman in the character of Leah the Forsaken at the Adelphi Theater in the days of Benjamin Webster. She had played before when a child with her sister as one of the "Bateman children," infant prodigies, no doubt, at the St. James' Theater, but I never saw them. In all probability I was at school, an infant myself, but certainly not a prodigy.

Before Miss Bateman arrived with "Leah" as adapted by Augustin Daly and touched up by John Oxenford, the critic of the *Times*, we had seen Edward Askew Sothern as *Lord Dundreary* in "Our American Cousin," his great success in America. But Sothern was an Englishman, not an American. He made his first appearance and failure at the Weymouth Theater, and his success as *Dundreary* was one of the most extraordinary "flukes" on record. But Miss Bateman's success as *Leah*, strik-

ing as it was and deserved also, was not obtained without infinite trouble and labor. Old Colonel Bateman was a showman of showmen, a Barnum in his way, and his children he idolized, thinking and saying that they were all Rachels and Ristoris and Favarts and Dejazets rolled into one. The press had to be worked in favor of the young and beautiful American actress, who was well trained, effective, and knew the business of the stage. So old Colonel Bateman got hold of one of Charles Kean's advance note trumpeters, one Dr. Joy, who bored the editors of newspapers to death with his réclames and paragraphs, and eventually got his way.

After Miss Bateman came Joseph Tefferson—also to the Adelphi—with his exquisite performance of Rip Van Winkle in Washington Irving's romance, perhaps the most beautiful individual performance that has added laurels to American art. Some of the youngsters look at me now in staring astonishment and say, "It could not be better than poor Fred Leslie's Rip," but indeed it was. They could not be mentioned in the same week. Jefferson's Rib is one of the greatest creations I have ever seen, and I have seen most of the best actors and actresses in the world during the last forty years. John E. Owens—once more at the Adelphi-with his dialect play and "apple sass," came before his time. Had Bret Harte written "Sue" at that time it would probably have failed, actors and actresses and all, as completely as Owens did, for dialect plays were an abomination to the English ear. Another American actress failed at the Haymarket as completely as John E. Owens had failed at the Adelphi. I refer to Janauschek, a magnificent artist. She played "Medea" and other plays to empty benches, but her art I am not likely to forget.

Then came a pause in the incursion of strong individual artists to this country from America. We liked John Brougham and George Jordan at the

Lyceum well enough in the Fechter days. We were very fond of poor Billy Florence and his clever wife, but after them the strongest individual success that I can recall was that of Charles Thorne at the Gaiety in a play by Boucicault adapted from "La Tentation" of Octave Feuillet and called "Led Astray." He was a splendid, virile actor, with a fine presence, and assumed quite the French style. We most of us praised Charles Thorne highly, and were told afterwards that his countrymen did not think so highly of him as we did. But when he got home they changed their minds, and their eyes were opened to his conspicuous merits.

From time to time we have welcomed other American favorites who sparkled and disappeared, notably Raymond, Dixey, and Nat Goodwin. But the first compact American company founded on the old and, in many respects, very valuable stock company system was that organized by Augustin Daly, who possesses, as it seems to me, every quality most essential to an artistic manager of the stage. To start with, he is a scholar and a profound Shaksperian student. He has studied the stage since boyhood, having been appointed the dramatic critic of some of the most important American journals at almost as early an age as I was when I started this most ungrateful task in 1860. Augustin Daly, though not by profession an actor, can direct a stage as well as any actor with whose methods I am familiar. Lastly, he is a strict disciplinarian, knows exactly what he is about, and does not permit any one to argue with him on the stage when he is conducting a rehearsal. He is the general in command. The company are the rank and file of the army. This is as it should be.

In our country the system of rehearsals is almost ludicrous, except in very special instances. Half the valuable time is taken up in arguing and protesting and crying and sulking in corners. Jack at home is as good, or thinks he is as good, as his master. Tedious discussions take place as to the pronunciation of a word or the accent on a sentence, in fact, on matters that do not admit of one moment's argument, and I have heard of cases where a leading actor has been directing a rehearsal of a Shaksperian play, who had evidently not even read the play he was directing. As Mr. Bernard Shaw once said in a humorous speech, the critics have the pull over the managers—they have read the work that they will eventually have to discuss.

I feel that I am now treading on dangerous ground, but I cannot help it. No one doubts or denies that there have been brilliant actor managers both in England and America. Macready, Samuel Phelps, Charles Kean, Fechter, Henry Irving, Squire Bancroft, John Hare, and others were actor managers of the first class, unselfish and devoted to their art. So were Lester Wallack and Edwin Booth. But it has always seemed to me that the ideal manager is one who does not act at all and is therefore not concerned in the difficulties inseparable from a naturally sensitive profession. I do not myself believe in the existence of that sublime unselfishness that would induce the actor in power to play Horatio when he could cast himself for Hamlet, or would hesitate to force himself upon an unwilling audience as a tragedian when nature and temperament intended him to be a comedian. Nor have I ever come across the actress who would calmly take Jessica or Nerissa when she could air herself and her graces as Portia. We are told they do these things or are prepared to do it. I should like to see the proof. Why, this heroic unselfishness and abnegation does not prevail even at the celebrated state aided but decadent institution, the Comédie Française, which the London overtaxed rate payers will soon be asked to imitate in our midst. No! Love of art is all very well in the abstract; but, as a rule, it is love of self in the concrete.

It was during one of Henry Irving's early visits to America that William Terriss persuaded Augustin Daly to come over to England to show us the perfection of an American stock company in the lighter order of play. At that time we knew very little of the existence of the Peg Woffington of America, the glorious Ada Rehan, whose Katherine and Rosalind were soon to charge our souls with delight and appreciation; of John Drew, most polished and exquisite of comedians, well dressed, alert, and admirable; or of that incomparable pair, Mrs. Gilbert and funny Jimmy Lewis. Clarke we knew very well at home as an admirable and versatile actor; old Leclerg, of course, belonged originally to us, but that was about all. The Daly company came to the Strand; they were seen and they instantly conquered; and, once having been seen, they could ill be spared every succeeding season. First of all, they came with neatly adapted German farces, in which the whole company was fitted like gloves. Ada Rehan was and is of course in her way a genius; but when the Daly company first came there was many a sigh for the revival in England of the old stock company which virtually died in the Bancroft days at the little Prince of Wales' Theater, when John Hare broke away and became a manager on his own account.

The Daly company obeyed the motto "Festina lente." They hastened slowly, but I do not desire to see better Shaksperian performances than were organized by Augustin Daly, though he was loudly abused for reducing the text of Shakspere according to modern requirements, and transposing Shaksperian songs from other plays—things that have been done by every Shaksperian actor and manager of our time, and will continue to be done so long as Shakspere endures.

Such a brilliant example of ensemble and harmony of motive, set by so not-

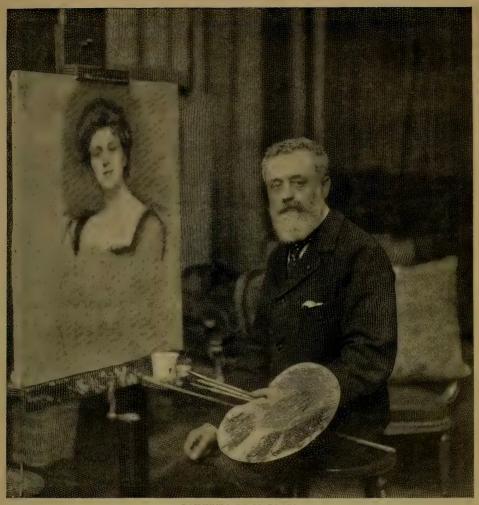
able a manager as Augustin Daly, was destined not to be lost. Among many successful laymen managers, as opposed to actor managers, one of the most brilliant and instructive has been Charles Frohman. The impression in England is that he is a mere business man and figurehead. Ouite the contrary. He conducts the stage in a masterly manner, and though not an actor he owns the rare and difficult art of being able to teach others how to act. Like his best predecessors in office, Charles Frohman is a disciplinarian, and when he comes down to the theater to direct a play he knows exactly what to do-nay, more, what he has made up his mind shall be done. He has stage managed the play in his head before he meets his company under the "T" light.

Half the valuable time at English rehearsals is taken up with, "Don't you think this would do?" or "Don't you consider that would be better?" or "How about this?" most of the suggestions being absolutely idiotic. Only recently a pretty young actress insisted on getting up a ladder in a flowering apple orchard and flinging the blossoms to the ground in an artless manner. When remonstrated with and told she was a farmer's daughter and was recklessly destroying her father's crop of fruit, she said, "What on earth does that matter? It looks so pretty!" So, no doubt, did her trim ankles up the ladder.

We owe to Charles Frohman many wonderful effects in stage management quite new to our boards—the sense of a battle raging in the distance expressed by sound, the noise of galloping chargers, the click of telegraph wires and operating instruments, all of which give color and life and movement to such plays as "Secret Service" and "Sue." The effect in the last play of the lovers galloping away over the dusty Bolinas plain after the supposed murder was one of the most striking things I have ever heard on the modern stage,

The value of a good example is shown in "The Cat and the Cherub," the Chinese play, that in addition to being weird and quaint is a miracle of pure stage management; and also recently in "The Heart of Maryland." From the point of view of symmetry and harmony of idea from first to last, when was a better thing seen on any stage than Bret Harte's "Sue"? Nor must we forget that though Augustin Daly discovered, taught, and brought to perfection the latent art of such brilliant people as Ada Rehan and John Drew. the prizes that fell to the discriminating manager, Charles Frohman, were W. H. Gillette and Annie Russell, both artists to their finger tips.

I am not saying or pretending to say that we have not in England talent as pronounced and admirable. But is it or is it not the case that our young people are not so amenable to instruction, and, in point of fact, in many instances refuse to be taught at all? They want to run before they can walk, they pretend to deliver Shakspere before they can speak properly, and are utterly indifferent to that golden rule that the true artist is ever learning, ever improving, ever striving after an ideal. Look, for instance, at that greatest of all living artists, Sarah Bernhardt. She is never weary of showing that to her artistic mind perfection rarely exists. I have followed her career for thirty years and more, and I affirm that she acted better in London in 1898 than she ever acted in her life. And this is the artist who broke away from the fetters of the Comédie Française, and with the aid of Free Trade "built herself an everlasting name." And this is the enervating, depressing, state aided or rate aided theater that is to be dragged into London in order to fossilize the drama and to waste the rate payers' money in pensions to actors and actresses on the shelf. If we do arrive at that national disaster, I doubt very much if young America will ever consent to row in the same boat with old England.



RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO.

From a photograph by W. A. Cooper, New York

# A SPANISH PAINTER IN AMERICA.

BY LENA COOPER.

RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO AND HIS ARTISTIC EXPEDITIONS TO THE NEW WORLD—HIS BRILLIANT GENRE WORK, AND HIS SKILL AS A PAINTER OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THAT the son and grandson of two of Spain's most famous court painters should be sojourning in America seems something more than an anomaly; but New York's atmosphere—physical, not artistic, of course—New York's beautiful women, and New York's facile dollars, have proved se-

ductive enough to overcome patriotic love; and Raimundo de Madrazo, son of Frederico de Madrazo and grandson of Jose de Madrazo, has again established himself, as he did last winter, in a metropolitan studio. However, inasmuch as he was born in Rome and educated in Paris, the artist doubtless



. A PORTRAIT STUDY.

From a photograph by W. A. Cooper after the painting by Raimundo de Madrazo.



"UNDER THE STATUE OF APOLLO."

From a photograph by W. A. Cooper after the painting by Raimundo de Madrazo.

considers himself a citizen of the world rather than a Spaniard.

M. de Madrazo received his earliest art instruction in Rome. In the early sixties, when he was but twenty years old, he went to Paris, where he continued his studies at the École des Beaux Arts. He was fortunate enough to be admitted to the studio of Leon Cogniet, the noted portrait and genre painter. While he was still a student he did some important decorative work in the palace on the Champs Elysées,

in which Queen Christina, banished from Spain, maintained her little court. It was at this time, too, that he attracted the attention of the late W. H. Stewart, the American art patron, for whom some of his most celebrated work was afterwards done. At the exposition of 1878 M. de Madrazo won a gold medal, and in 1889 he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

While M. de Madrazo is best known in European art circles as a genre painter, it is his portraits that have

made him popular in this country. On his last visit to New York, a year ago, he occupied the studio of Charles Dana Gibson in the Life Building, and here, in the birthplace of the pen and ink "Gibson girl," real American beauties posed for the Spanish artist. The subtle and delicate refinement of the Spanish intellect, combined with the wonderful skill of the modern Parisian craftsman, makes M. de Madrazo peculiarly fitted to be a painter of women. He seems to have a real understanding of their varying moods and tempers, and to be able to transfer them to his canvas. Close, fine work is the characteristic feature of all his feminine portraits.

Among the well known society women whom he has painted are Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Astor, and Mrs. Robert L. Kennedy.

When he depicts men his methods are quite different, and yet the results are no less successful. His portraits of Mr. William H. Stewart, of the late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and of his sons, W. K. and Cornelius, are strong, forceful and almost impressionistic. Perhaps the best example of this work is the portrait of the late Mr. Robert L. Stuart now in the Lenox Library in New York.

M. de Madrazo always makes a pencil sketch of his subject before he begins the portrait proper. He works upon it until the pose and general composition of the picture are satisfactory, and from this first sketch he rarely departs. The collection of pencil drawings in M. de Madrazo's possession proves that he is as great a master of line and form as he is of color and technique.

Of the artist's genre paintings, those that are well known in this country were nearly all in the Stewart collection that was sold last year in New York. "After the Masked Ball," without doubt his masterpiece, brought the

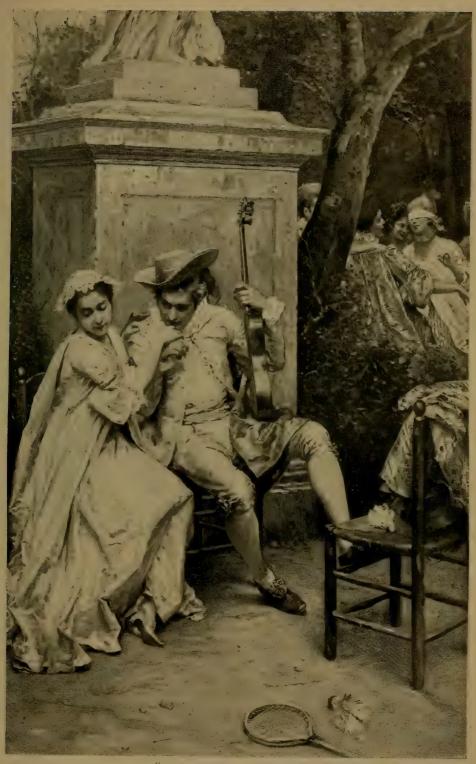
second highest price at the sale, Mr. F. A. Bell paying sixteen thousand five hundred dollars for it. This canvas attracted a great deal of attention at the Salon of 1878. It represents the courtyard of a stately Parisian mansion at early dawn; carriages conveying the maskers are being driven away, guests are coming down the canopied stairs, while other grotesques stand around on the pavement. Trees, leafless but splendidly drawn, are in front of the iron railing around the courtvard, and a grayish tone peculiar to the early hour, veils the houses in the distance. The group is exceedingly rich in detail, and wonderfully well arranged.

"Pierrette," also sold at the Stewart sale, brought five thousand dollars. It is one of M. de Madrazo's most popular pictures, and probably his best known work, as it has often been reproduced. It is a spirited bit of drawing; a girl in fancy evening dress, holding a mask in her hand, leans against a wall, a jaunty pink cloak covering her shoulders; her expression is deliciously piquant, and her costume chic and attractive.

In the same sale, "The Woman and the Parrot" was bought for three thousand three hundred and fifty dollars by W. A. Clark, well known as an owner of mines and a collector of paintings. In its handling, and in the elaborate delineation of the tapestried hangings and the yellow silk gown of the central figure, it suggests the Dutch school. The woman herself and the dainty white cockatoo are thoroughly French.

In M. de Madrazo's less known works the same characteristics are observable. In the examples presented here the stories are plainly told, and yet the settings are much more than mere backgrounds. One is brought, as it were, into the locality in which the action is taking place, and then one's attention is called to the actors.

That M. de Madrazo is not only an artist but also an art connoisseur is evident to every one who visits his Pa-



"IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN."

From a photograph by W. A. Cooper after the painting by Raimundo de Madrazo.



From a photograph by W. A. Cooper after the painting by Raimundo de Madrazo.

risian studio. His apartments in the French home of his adoption are full of rare old furniture carved in the middle ages, curious Grecian pottery dug up from buried cities, dim Russian bronzes, and brasses from every corner of Europe. Besides these there are superb examples of the works of old and new masters — Rafael, Rubens, Ingres, and Watteau, all ages and all schools are represented.

It was their art collections that formed the real bond of sympathy between Mr. Stewart and the artist. In 1867 they met, and while at first Ma-

drazo revered, in Stewart, the art patron, and Stewart admired, in Madrazo, the budding genius, as collectors they were on a common ground. Not long before the death of Mr. Stewart Madrazo said of the friend and patron whose influence helped him so much: "He was a connoisseur of rare judgment. Art was not merely a hobby with him, it was a study. He was entirely familiar with the modern school. He knew the artists well, and their works thoroughly." Madrazo knew whereof he spoke, for artist and art patron had wandered together through the studios of Paris,



PORTRAIT OF MRS. AUSTIN LEE.

From a photograph by W. A. Cooper after the painting by Raimundo de Madrazo.

through the museums and curio shops of Europe, into palaces where the millionaire's gold was the open sesame, into hovels of genius where the artist's craft admitted them.

Raimundo de Madrazo is only one member of an artistic family. His brother has succeeded to the post occupied by father and grandfather, and is the present court painter of Spain. His sister married his friend and fellow artist, Mariano Fortuny. Frederico de Madrazo, the painter's son, is at present studying in Rome, and his portraits have already won favorable comment. M. de Madrazo speaks English fluently, and has a curious magnetism that wins him friends wherever he goes.





MR. HOPE, WHO IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS HAS WON SO REMARKABLE A REPUTATION AS AN AUTHOR OF DASHING TALES OF ADVENTURE AND AS A MASTER OF CLEVER DIALOGUE, STRIKES A NEW VEIN OF FICTION IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOUNG THE WORLD ENVIES THE MEN WHO SIT ON THRONES; THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE STORY OF KING AUGUSTIN WILL HAVE SYMPATHY RATHER THAN ENVY FOR HIM IN HIS LOFTY AND

LONELY STATION.

T.

father's death, the result of a chill contracted during a hunting excursion, REFORE my coronation there was meant no more to me than a week of no event in childhood that im- rooms gloomy and games forbidden; pressed itself on my memory with the decease of King Augustin, my unmarked or singular distinction. My cle, appeared at the first instant of even



"THE ARCHBISHOP LEANED DOWN TOWARDS ME AND TOLD ME THAT HENCEFORWARD GOD WAS THE ONLY POWER ABOVE ME, AND I HAD NO LORD EXCEPT THE KING OF KINGS."

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# THE MUNSEY



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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00. in advance. This is but a trifle over eight cents a copy. Single copies, ten cents. BOUND VOLUMES, handsomely bound in cloth and gold, \$1.00. Postage and packing, thirty cents extra. IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to Munsey's through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people who have subscribed to Munsey's through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

Dawson has three hospitals, and they are taxed to their utmost limit to care for the sick properly. Yet the death rate is not high, and now that steps have been taken to secure proper drainage, and transportation facilities are adequate for suitable food requirements, there is no reason why it should not be a healthy city.

THE GOLD SEEKER'S CHANCE OF SUC-CESS.

Finally, whether the visitor to Alaska is successful in a mercenary sense, depends very much upon his brain, and how he uses it; his hands, and how he employs them; and his courage and patience, and how long they are true to him. There is more gold in that country than anywhere else under the sun, but nowhere else is it locked so stubbornly and inflexibly in the earth's bosom. Although each has been tried, neither dynamite nor giant powder answers the purpose of unlocking it. Nothing seems to meet the desired requirements but thawing the ground by heat. Where fuel is plentiful, the frozen ground is not a serious bar to mining. Indeed, old miners claim that it makes mining possible, for otherwise water would run into the drift holes and necessitate other and more expensive methods. But it requires a good deal of heat to thaw the soil, which is as hard as flint in summer as well as winter. Scarcity of wood for this purpose, as well as for building and for domestic fuel, is already a serious problem. In some cases firewood must already be carried for many miles. But each of the great transportation companies is mining coal on the American side, and two thawing machines have been invented which work admirably, it is claimed.

Just one word concerning the American side. Although no mines have as yet been discovered there of as mar-

velous richness as those of Bonanza and Eldorado, the more liberal mining laws, the greater accessibility of placer claims, and the practically unlimited amount of unoccupied rich territory, are advantages worth considering. And when he leaves the Klondike, the tourist should go out by the way of St. Michael, by all means, rather than retrace his steps over the mountain. If he can stand the mosquitoes, he may secure a boat in Dawson at a much less figure than anywhere near the coast, set up his Yukon stove in it, provide himself with provisions, and float down stream to Norton Sound according to his own time schedule, stopping off at various mining camps on the American side.

That many gold seekers who visited the country last year were unsuccessful is what might have been expected. Most of them were quite unlike those who went to the country long before the days of Dawson and Circle City. These early argonauts were natural pioneers and adventurers, and were actuated as much by love of discovery as by the prospect of finding the glittering treasure. In other words, it is no place for the man who has been attracted to it by the dazzling reports of easily acquired fortunes. It needs only those hardy spirits who would go there even though the local conditions were unknown and the prospects forbidding.

But the trip is worth the while of those who are not animated by the love of gold. The adventurous spirit, the searching mind, the willing ear, the heart that loves the extraordinary and craves new discoveries, new scenes, and places where man never trod before, will be satisfied even though the hardships were far greater. He will come back with a clearer brain, a brighter eye, a more buoyant step—and possibly with a greater love for his own immediate locality.



# THE GARDEN OF SWORDS.\*

#### BY MAX PEMBERTON.

THE LATEST NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT" IS A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR, A TRAGEDY OF PASSION AMID THE SOUND AND FURY OF BATTLE—MR. PEMBERTON SAYS OF IT THAT HE THINKS IT IS HIS BEST WORK, "BECAUSE IT IS THE NEAREST TO A SIMPLE RECORD OF LIFE UNDER VERY TRAGIC AND HISTORIC CIRCUMSTANCES."

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

The story opens at Strasburg on the wedding day of Edmond Lefort, a French officer of lancers, and Beatrix Hamilton, the English granddaughter of Hélène, Countess of Gorsdorf. The young couple go to the chalet of the Niederwald, near the town of Wörth, to spend their honeymoon, and they are very happy there, although Edmond, who is wrapped up in his profession, cannot help but pine at times for a sight of his comrades in arms. Then, too, there is a prospect of war with Germany, with its attendant chances to win glory and promotion. And it is this thought, in which her husband rejoices, which casts a shadow over the young wife's happiness. Finally her worst fears are realized. War is declared, and Edmond is ordered to rejoin his regiment. After his departure Beatrix remains at Wörth, whither comes regiment after regiment of the army of France. Then, after some days of intolerable suspense, Captain Lefort pays a visit to his home. It is on the following day that tidings of disaster reach the chalet. Douay has been defeated at Weissenburg, and his division is fleeing panic stricken through the hills. When Edmond leaves her for the impending conflict, Beatrix promises that she will seek safety at Saverne, to the westward; but her anxiety for her husband's safety will not permit her to leave. When, finally, the dull roar of artillery announces that the battle is on, she rides with old Jules Picard, a neighbor, to where she can obtain a view of the proceedings. She rejoices over some apparent advantage gained by the army of France, but old Jules Picard points out to her that, nevertheless, the Bavarian troops have continued to advance.

#### XII (Continued).

STRANGE gloom took possession of the old man. He sat very still upon his horse, and Beatrix, in turn, began for the first time to experience a vague doubt which she had not known before, even when Edmond left her at the chalet. How, indeed, if a nation should rejoice upon a victory tomorrow and that nation should not be France? How if the Prussians really were creeping up those declivities toward the woods and her home? The belching guns, which made the earth tremble about her, were no longer living forces for the glory of her country. She began to fear them. She started when a spent bullet brought down a branch

from the tree beside her. She was conscious of danger, and it appalled her.

"M. Picard," she said, "let us go—I believe I am afraid."

He awoke from his lethargy.

"You are right to be afraid, my child; nevertheless—"

He half wheeled his horse, and then turned him back again.

"Nevertheless, madame, there is Captain Lefort and his regiment. They are about to charge. Do you wish to go now?"

She did not speak. An icy chill crept over her. She feared to look, yet dared not turn her eyes away. An ambulance passed close by her with a wounded gunner, his breast open and

bleeding, to be seen in the winding sheet. A great pity for the man brought tears to her eyes. If they should carry her lover as that brave fellow was being carried!

Trumpets were blaring then in the valley below. It was the crisis of the day. The cuirassiers, and with them the squadrons of lancers, rode out of the shelter of the woods to charge the Prussians, who were swarming in the vineyards above the villages.

#### XIII.

GENERAL MICHEL had been in the woods of the Niederwald since dawn. Two regiments of cuirassiers were at his command, and a few companies of lancers whom Tripard had left for scouting duty. The general did not doubt that all the work he would have to do would be to engage the few daring hussars that had appeared upon the heights of Gunstett and thence open fire on the valley land below. Imitating MacMahon, his chief, he believed that the army of the Vosges had encountered the outposts only of the crown prince's army. The day undeceived him, but not until twelve o'clock had struck and the sun was hot upon the vinevards.

All morning the troopers were in the saddle waiting. Around them the overturned pans and scattered fires spoke of breakfast interrupted and of hunger continuing. Their morale was beyond question. They asked only that they might charge those spiked helmets and drive them across the Rhine. They thought that no infantry the world had ever seen could withstand the cuirassiers of France. The lesson to be learned was bitter—the first of many that they must master.

It was just light when Lefort joined his men, and found the laughing Giraud full of the good news, and of those promises of hopes which youth can give abundantly. The boyish voice and unquestioning belief were a tonic of the morning. His own night had been such a night of foreboding. Fear for France and for his child wife at the chalet had pursued him even in his sleep. But here, in the greenwood, with the great fellows on their fine horses; here where the helmets shone like gold and the chargers pawed the glistening grass, and all the talk was of victory, he drank in a great draft of courage, and remembered the purpose of his life, and all that his life's task demanded of him. Those friends of his, they would drive the Prussians to the Rhine! Beatrix would go to Saverne with old Tules Picard and Jacob. He would write to her that night and tell her of the victory. And Giraud gave him such a welcome.

"Ah, captain—you come, then, in good time. And madame, she is up there still? Well, it is good to fight like that. She will stay, of course. She does not fear all the hussars in Germany—she told me so. If only those others were like her. But they run—they have been running since yesterday—the sheep. There is not a woman in Gunstett now. Have you breakfasted, captain?"

A trooper took his horse, and Lefort began to pace the wood with the lieutenant. The cuirassiers were all about, figures of white and gold against the ripe green of the leaves. Rifle shots crepitated in the distance. There was a loom of smoke above Gunstett, and those with strong eyes would distinguish the black figures of the Prussians, or count the daring uhlans who rode out upon the heights to scan the opposing camps.

"The outposts of the eleventh, captain," exclaimed Giraud impulsively, as he pointed to the figures on the hills; "we must have missed them when we rode out yesterday. The general speaks of the heads of columns, and he is right. There will be no army corps here today. They say that the Bavarians are in force at Görsdorf, but Ducrot is there and Raoult holds Froeschweiler. It will be

a strong division which takes Froeschweiler! Look at the slopes of it. And the engineers have been at work. If the battle must be, today is our time. We shall find no better position. And we have sixty thousand men in the hills."

"I doubt that," said Lefort quickly. "We were short in Strasburg, and our numbers cannot have been completed here. Why do the gunners not begin? The men are falling yonder; look at the ambulances busy already. It is a good position, certainly, for those who defend. But why are we the defenders always? It was so at Weissenburg, they tell me. You cannot keep up the morale of troops who must always stand for targets. Believe me, Giraud, I cannot help seeing these things. No man, who is not blind, can fail to see that we have neither the men nor the generals to do any of those things which France is asking us to do."

The lieutenant, his oldest friend, laid his hand upon his arm in a gesture of affection.

"Mon ami," he said, "if it is as you say, our work is to alter it. But is it? I repeat, look at Froeschweiler. You could hold it against a nation. When the time for advance comes, it will be the cavalry who will send the answer to Paris. I know well how you feel this morning. Madame is up there in your home. You will go back tonight to tell her all about it. She can see Froeschweiler almost from your gardens. She will count the Prussians who die. Let us go and breakfast and pledge her in a bottle of champagne. I have two in my holsters now. There is nothing like champagne when you feel that way. I know it-and I have not a little wife waiting for me."

The hard expression passed from the face of Lefort.

"Confess," he said, "how many wait in Paris, Giraud—to how many did you write yesterday?"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, then," he said, "why do we fight if it is not to tell those others about it? Applause is the food of glory—I do not want to grow thin. Let us breakfast, mon ami, and drink to all the pretty ones in France."

The lancers were bivouacked almost upon the northwest edge of the wood. Lefort, having exchanged cheery words with the men of his own company, sat down upon a log beneath a vast chestnut tree and took the biscuits and the wine his young comrade offered generously. Away upon his left hand was the great hill of Froeschweiler, its wooded slopes running down steeply toward the town of Wörth. He could see Raoult's brigade already busy upon it; the blue tunics and the red breeches of infantry soldiers flashed beneath the trees; even the quaint uniforms of the Zouaves and the black Turcos. From the extreme north there came an echo of rifle shots. even of artillery; and it was there, Giraud said, that Ducrot was driving back the Bavarians. Fitfully, indeed, along the whole line of the valley, the firing was now sustained. Yet few fell. Lefort believed with an effort only that this was battle, this the working of a nation's destiny.

"Look," he said, "how odd it is. A strip of valley land, vineyards, and villages in the sunlight, the birds still singing in the woods, who knows, even the laborer in the fields. And yet tomorrow all Europe will hear of it. A great battle will have been fought. We are fighting it now. Men are looking at the sky who will never see another sun. Do you realize it yourself, Giraud; do you understand it all?"

"I, captain? I realize nothing except that the champagne is good. Men must die, it is true, but will they die less well because I am thirsty? Nom d'un chien, let us wait until our time comes, and then remember that it is for France."

He lifted his glass to his lips, but set it down again quickly. One of the lancers, who had been leading a troop horse, turned, suddenly with a sharp cry on his lips and came quickly toward them. A curious pallor, tinged with green, spread over his face. He pressed his hand to his head, and a crimson stain dyed his fingers.

"Monsieur," he said very quietly,

"they have killed me."

There were three men at his side in a moment: but even as they stooped over him a shell hurtled through the trees and pitched in the very center of the bivouac. For an instant Lefort beheld a leaping flame of crimson fire. He rearing upon horses haunches; heard cries of agony; was conscious of a ringing sensation in his ears as though some one were beating a drum there. Then an intolerable acrid taste of gunpowder filled his mouth; he could not see for the blinding smoke; he pressed his hands to his eyes, which pained him intolerably. When Giraud spoke to him the voice came as from afar.

"You are all right, captain?"

"Yes; and you?"

"I don't know—I seem to have only one hand. Where is the ambulance? You are going to fall back, of course? How those devils fire! And we are silent. What folly!"

He babbled incessantly, while the loom of smoke lifted and showed them the death it had cloaked. Three of the troopers lay prone at their feet. A horse, pawing the ground in agony, turned to them pitiful eyes. One of the sergeants of Lefort's company ran up and down with blood upon his tunic. Others of the horses were galloping, blind with terror, up and down the glade. Lieutenant Giraud hugged his left arm—there were tears of rage and pain in his eyes. They had shot away his hand.

"What pain, what pain!" he cried, as a child that is hurt. "I am maimed for life, captain. At the beginning, too. Oh, my God, where is the ambulance?"

He ran to and fro as one distracted,

and fell anon in a dead faint. Lefort, stupefied for a moment, began to remember his duty. This was battle, then—these agonizing cries, this maining of youth and courage, these eyes looking to his so pitifully. And he must face these things that his country might be saved. In that moment he awoke to the spirit of combat. He forgot even the child wife waiting on the distant hills for him who had taught her the meaning of love.

The ambulance entered the wood now, and Giraud was the first to be lifted on it. He lay as one asleep, his mangled hand nursed as a babe nurses a little wounded limb. Lefort bent over him. He wondered how many of his friends would sleep like that before the sun set. And he himself—would he see the dawn again, the home he loved, or her who had made it a home to him? A burning hatred of those who had made the war steeled his heart to action and to courage. He would fight for his little wife—for the homes of France, and the children waiting there.

The cavalry fell back into the heart of the wood, but without the sounds of battle magnified and came nearer. Bullets sang among the trees always. Shells came hurtling over the thickets, or fell in the open places of the vinevards. A little while, and men laughed at those fellows. You could see them afar, black specks as comets with tails of steam hissing through the air. The bullets were more to be feared; the song of death wailing in flight, the unseen blow ending in a gasp and a stagger and a crimson stain upon the earth. And the delay was intolerable to those troops of horsemen who must be spectators while their comrades fell in the open places of the fields and marsh lands. Brave horses pawed the ground or became restive at the thunder of sounds. Old troopers who had been in Africa and had won triumphs at Massena shrugged their shoulders and asked what sort of a general that was who forgot his cavalry. They watched

the batteries spitting fire from the trenches below them and mocked the spectacle. Every aide de camp galloping by, every driver of a wagon who passed them, was followed by a hundred questions.

"How goes it, monsieur? Do they fall back? When are we to ride?"

Lefort heard the questions of his fellows and did not rebuke them. He shared their impatience. Sitting there idly upon his horse with that old fire eater, Captain Quirat, at his side, he thought how odd it was to see those glittering ranks of motionless troopers and to know that men were falling by thousands in the vineyards below. What held them back? The Prussians were in the villages now. Those cursed guns were putting a girdle of fire about the heights. Was this the victory of which an aide de camp, dashing up to Froeschweiler, spoke as he went by? The very word seemed an irony.

"What a tale!" he said to Quirat savagely. "We hold them at all points. How does Morsbronn burn, then? And look at the mill. We had it an hour ago. Where are our fellows now?"

Quirat pulled his long mustache fiercely.

"The men are saying that Von Kirchback is through Wörth with the fifth corps. That would be the eleventh corps yonder. We are fighting the heads of columns, mon ami—two hundred thousand men, if I have any eyes to see. Why do we sit here like fools? Is the cavalry for an autumn maneuver, then? It's nonsense to hear them. A charge would settle it; but we are more ornamental. We shall remain in this wood to applaud when the Germans ride through to Paris."

Lefort took a cigar from his case and lighted it.

"If we were at the opera, I would say bravo," he exclaimed ironically. "As we are not, we must count our fingers until the time comes. There is plenty to see, at least. They are burning the farm house now to amuse the

poor fellows up in the wood. Ma foi, what flames! If the weather were not so hot, the farmer could warm himself at his own fireside. As it is, he is probably saying to himself that the army knows how to protect the people. You let the Prussians burn their houses, Quirat, and then they have no anxieties."

A great white farm house, the Aldbrechshauser, situated upon the edge of the wood, burst into flames as he spoke. Smoke curled above its thatch: tongues of fire licked its gables and spread from barn to barn and rick to rick. All about the house the shricks of the dying were to be heard. Red breeches and blue gave color to every courtyard. Bayonets flashed in the sunlight; the spiked helmets were everywhere. Foot by foot the Prussians drove those others before them: the din of battle, resounding as a crash of thunder, mingled with voices of woe and cries of agony and the blaring of trumpets and the baying of the guns. Through the whole length of the valley the French were retreating. Up the rugged slopes, leaping from trench to trench, Vorwärts, their song of battle on their lips, Von Werder's men came on. It was the culminating hour. The cavalry would wait idling no longer.

The command came to the woods when the Prussians were already in the outstanding thickets. Lefort heard it and scarce believed his ears. They were to charge, then! They must drive those spiked helmets from the vinevards, or their own right would be turned. He rode up to his troops and spoke a good word of encouragement. It was odd to draw his sword for the first time in earnest and to know that he must kill wherever the enemies of France were to be seen. The danger of the charge was never in his thoughts. It was dreadful ground; the obstacles were many—but for this day all his life had been the school.

"We go to save our comrades down vonder," he said. "You will win honor

for us, mes enfants—for me and for France. You will remember our fathers

who fought at Jena!"

Ringing cheers greeted his words. At last, at last, the weary hours of waiting were done with. woods quickened to the awakening impulses. A fever of excitement lighted eyes dull and savage with delay. The breastplates of the cuirassiers glittered as the golden shields of a mighty host moving apace in sunshine. En avant! En avant! The bugle's blast was as some call to judgment and to victory. Onward—if to death, it mattered not. Onward—it was good to be out there where the bullets fell as hail and the shells dug graves for the living. Onward-for the sake of France, if you wished it so: for the sake of movement and of life, as the dull truth went.

In columns of squadrons, the Eighth Cuirassiers leading, the Ninth following, the lancers last of all, General Michel led his brigade through the stubble of the wood to the steeper slopes beyond it. From shadow they passed to the glare of the fuller day. Whatever quaking hearts the white tunics covered, no sign there was of hesitation or of delay. The troopers were to charge those Prussians and to send them back across the river. Prayer, death, the morrow, Lefort himself had no thought for any of them. He seemed to pass through some door to a mighty amphitheater beyond. The thunder of battle crashed in his ears. His horse stumbled over the terrible ground, leaped the trenches, snorted with the delight of it-yet never faltered. Hills and valleys, crested helmets or golden trappings, houses aflame, rivers glistening in the sun's rays—he saw them all as things far off. The very danger was a delight inexplicable. Down and yet down into the very pit of death. Onward—over the living and the dead.

As the slopes became steeper, so the ferocity of that death ride was the greater. Men and horses fell together

in blinding clouds of dust. Troopers hung limp from their stirrups; blood gushed from their mouths and ears. Or stiff figures, with swords upraised, sat rigidly in their saddles where death had chained them sardonically. The trail they left was a trail of mangled beasts and men—a trail of glittering cuirasses and battered helmets and bloody shapes. The living knew nothing of it. They swept on in a delirium of slaughter. "For France," they said. Yet France was far from their thoughts. Life—for that their hunger was.

Out into the sunny fields, over the ripened crops, into the mazes of the vineyards, downward always toward the shimmering river and the valley's heart. The Prussians heard their cheers and answered them with rifles at their shoulders and bayonets fixed. Coiled as black snakes behind every sheltering furrow or outstanding ridge, they were there to prove that the glorious cavalry of France was invincible no more. It mattered not that lances cleaved the hearts of some; that swords struck upturned faces; that screams of pain and rage followed the horses' path. The rifle would avenge their comrades. The mighty human cataract pouring about them did not envelope or dismay them. Even the coward forgot his cowardice and struck a blow for his very life. The lowliest trooper among them remembered the general's word, "I must do my duty." Behind them lay the fatherland. The cities of France were beyond the hills—the goal of victory and of duty vindicated.

Into the death pit Lefort rode, sword in hand, a cry that was almost incoherent upon his lips. He saw the shimmer of the light, the burning houses, the black figures in the grass; but of his own acts he carried no memory. Once he remembered asking himself what Beatrix was doing at that moment; but all thought of her was far from him when, at length, the woods were passed and the great shock of encounter fired his very heart with all the

impulse of deed and of desire. To slay! He had no other wish but that. To slash the life from the upturned faces, to hack and cut, to strike a good blow for France, to avenge the dead upon the hills. Bayonets glistened at his very breast, the smoke of the rifles enveloped him, the acrid taste of gunpowder was in his mouth always. He knew not what power enabled him to ignore these things. A madness of the death ride possessed him. The thunder of his horse's hoofs was as a melody recurring again and again or singing in his ears defiantly. He was aware that half his men lay dead on the slopes behind him; he understood that General Michel's great attack had failed, and that the chosen cavalry of France had been annihilated that day. But still he rode on. There was neither wish nor thought to regain the shelter of his own camp. The Prussians lay before him. His way lay there to the guns upon the heights. Fatigue intolerable could not tighten his hand upon the reins. He had no longer the power to lift his sword.

When the sun set, a regiment of Prussian hussars, riding through the hills of Baden, found him alone upon the road, far from Wörth and the battle there. He sat with haggard face and dizzy head and tears upon his cheeks beside the horse which never more would hear his voice or stretch its neck at his caress.

"Messieurs," he said to them pitifully, "if you could save my horse—"

The troopers nodded their heads significantly. One of them, with a good heart, put a flask of brandy to his lips.

"Come," he said, "you will catch cold here, monsieur, and your horse is dead."

## XIV.

NIGHT fell upon the field of Wörth, upon the bloody scenes and the upturned faces of the dead, and all the horrid sights of woe and desolation.

Through the dark places of the hills the French were flying to Saverne; or even southward to the city of Strasburg itself. In the valley, where at dawn the whole glory of the day had shone, the wounded cried for succor and for death. Burning villages, beacon fires, the lanterns of the human vultures, gave light for the hour. A mighty host crossed the mountains, cavalrymen on foot, infantry upon horses, peasants mad with fear—the pursuing uhlans everywhere.

Beatrix heard the murmur of retreat: she did not quail before it. All her friends were fleeing from the doomed city: but she remained. Down there by the river where the dead had fallen, she searched, lantern in hand, for the body of her lover. Never once did she doubt that he was dead. She had watched the glittering horsemen as they rode from the woods; she had seen them fall as corn before the sickle. There could be no hope that Edmond lived, they told her. Above, on the heights, the home which was dear to her sent tongues of flame to illumine the darkness of the woods wherein her love dream had been given. The Prussians had burned it. She had seen Frenchmen dead in the rooms of her house; she had listened to the fierce shouts of anger and of despair when the Prussians came up through the woods and drove their enemies before them. The stress of battle had closed about her with a mighty roar, as of some stupendous storm raging in the hills. Hidden in a dark place, the trembling Guillaumette at her side, she had waited and had watched for help and for the tidings. But old Jules Picard, who had ridden down towards Wörth at sunset, returned no more. The day had willed the death even of this bent

"They will not harm old Jules Picard, madame," he had said. "I shall go to Morsbronn and bring the news. Those fellows do not shoot there any longer. Monsieur will come back with

old man, she thought.

me. He is down there somewhere, be sure of it. In one hour, in two, we will return together. Ma foi, there is little life in this old body. Why should the Prussians want what is left? There will be dead enough to count by and by. Run to the woods, my child, and wait for me. It will not be long."

He went away as though his were the lightest errand in the world; but he did not deceive himself, and he said that Edmond Lefort must lie with those others, the cuirassiers, who never more would see the sun or hear a comrade's voice. His real mission was to go up to the great château on the hill, the home of the Count of Durckheim, and to ask if any shelter were possible there for the girl wife Lefort had intrusted to his keeping. Well he knew what the roads to Strasburg or to Saverne would be like that night. The maddened, despair driven, flying hosts, the rolling wagons, the plunging horses, the throngs of fugitives become as devils what hope for any woman abroad on such a journey. Far better that she should wait in her own woods. The storm would blow over tomorrow. All report said that the Germans knew how to treat the women of France.

In the shadow of the woods Beatrix watched the advancing Prussians as they drove the French from the thickets and came upward, ever upward, toward her home. She saw them in the sacred rooms of her own house; she was a witness of the last fierce onslaught, when the Turcos fell in heaps before the arbor she had loved, and the flames burst from those very windows which had shown her the white villages and the havens of silence. Some terrible judgment of God seemed to have fallen upon her. It was as though a sea of fire surged about her, lapping her with molten ripple, tossing in upon its terrible waves the bloody victims of war and passion. Even in her ears a voice said: "He is dead, Edmond is dead." She did not complain; she did not move from her watching place. She thought surely that she must die in the woods; that her eyes must be forever closed to the terror of those sights and sounds; that in death she would hear her lover's voice again.

At sunset the wave of battle was broken; the thunder of the human surf beat upon the distant villages, upon the remoter passes of the Vosges. There were Prussians everywhere; but such of the soldiers of France as remained were mute and heartbroken prisoners. Lights began to shine on the slopes now; she heard strange voices singing the "Wacht am Rhein," or the hymn which Luther wrote. German troopers went by at the gallop; but there were Prussians no longer at the chalet. The silence helped her to recollection. She crept from her hiding place, holding Guillaumette's hand, and the greater truth of the night began to be known to her.

"Oh, my God!" she said, "where shall we find a friend tonight, Guillaumette?"

Guillaumette, afraid no longer since the storm of battle had passed, began to play the better part.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "if monsieur had sent a man to us and not a bundle of bones upon a silly horse. What is the good of an old rat like that when the Prussians come—ma foi, it would have been different if Gaspard were here. Do not cry for the house, madame. We shall build another when the spring comes—and monsieur will be back again. He will come tonight. I should not wonder—ah, chère madame, if there were not tears in your eyes!"

She clasped her hands; her own tears fell for the house which was but ashes, for the gardens where the roses had bloomed; for all that had made their home.

"Oh, the animals—to destroy our roses, madame, to burn our house! As if it were our word which made the war. But monsieur will come back. Oh, God send him back to us this very night!"

They stood together, brave women

looking for the first time upon the face of war; and all the pity of war was in their hearts. A flicker of flame still played about the ruins of their house: the odor of burning wood and cloth was intolerable. In the left wing, where her boudoir had been, Beatrix could see the pictures shriveled in their frames; the open piano, black and scarred; even burned paper upon the writing table. Elsewhere all had fallen. The garden was a muddy swamp. The horses were gone from the stables. Old Jacob had fled to Niederbronn at the dawn of the day. They stood alone and all the dreadful omen of the night was about them.

"We shall sleep in the woods, madame—tomorrow monsieur will come! Ah, if he should come tomorrow, and the news should be good, and we should go to Strasburg with him! Who could harm us in Strasburg, where the great guns roar, and the great forts rise up, and the soldiers are everywhere. Sainte Vierge—what a dream to dream! No Germans, no cannon, no hunger—are you not very hungry, dear madame?"

Beatrix answered as one who speaks in sleep.

"I am not hungry, Guillaumette," she said. "Monsieur will not come tonight. He is in Wörth. We shall go and meet him. You will get a lantern and come with me. None will harm us. Are you afraid, Guillaumette?"

"Afraid? I, madame? Afraid of the vilains Prussiens? As if one could be afraid! But we shall not go tonight. We are hungry and we will beg our supper somewhere. Ah, madame, the pity of it—our beautiful house—our home."

Beatrix did not heed her. Her eyes were dry. Her lips burned as the lips of one in a fever. A fixed idea was in her mind. She would find Edmond. She would seek him down there where the dead slept in the heart of the vine-yards. He might be lying wounded and waiting for her, she thought. She could

imagine his upturned face, his vigil of suffering, the kisses with which she would nurse him back to life again. A woman's deepest sympathy, the sympathy of love, quickened her resolution. She was angry in her impatience.

"Why do we wait, Guillaumette? Why do we stand here when monsieur is expecting us? We cannot save the house now. There are lanterns in the stable—oh, my God, if we should be too late!"

She drew her cloak close about her head and went quickly towards the ruins of the house. Guillaumette, watching her for a moment, dried up her tears. After all, there were men down there at Wörth, and some one would give them supper.

"I will find the lantern, madame—do not dirty your beautiful shoes. There are Prussians down yonder—the animals. And you are brave, madame—oh, so brave! If those others had been like you!"

She babbled on, taking a lantern from the shelf of the tottering stables and groping for matches there. In its way, the dreadful day had been welcome to her as the changing event of an unchanging life. She had a terrible fear of the woods, and she held her mistress' hand when they began to go down toward the village, and the darkness of the thickets closed about their path. What sights that forest cloaked! A cry escaped her lips when the lantern showed her a Bavarian trooper sitting with his back against a tree, but quite dead in spite of the ghastly laugh about his lips. The bodies were everywhere. She saw in fancy the spirits of the dead hovering above the place of battle. The moan of a wounded chasseur, who crawled upon his hands and knees towards them, was a wail as of some evil thing hidden in the brake. She had no pity for the man. She craved for light—the lights of a city, the voices of men.

Beatrix passed through the woods unconscious of their secrets. She went

on with eves half closed and lips compressed. Edmond was waiting for her in the vineyards where the dead lay. She did not see the terrible figures of the brake, the dving, or those that followed, ghoul-like, the path of the dead. Once, indeed, a man with bloody hands and the eyes of a hawk sprang up from the path before her and disappeared into the undergrowth, believing that men and not women came to watch him. The face of the man made her heart stand still. She stepped back as one who had seen a figure from the very pit of hell. Guillaumette had fallen upon her knees to sob an hysterical prayer.

"Sainte Vierge—what sights! Oh, God help us, madame. Did you see the man? Did you see his face? There was blood upon it. I cannot go on. You will not leave me alone here—Jesus

help me—I cannot go."

Beatrix took her hand and dragged her up.

"Come," she said; "monsieur is waiting for us in the vineyards. Who will harm two women? Do you not hear the soldiers, Guillaumette?"

A strange sound, the echo of guttural voices, raised in merriment, came to them from the copse below. Menwere singing a weird song of victory; lights danced between the trees; cheering was heard, and the excited exclamations of the masqueraders. It would be the Prussians rejoicing by some bivouac fire, Beatrix thought. They would respect her errand. Even the trembling Guillaumette took heart when she knew that there were soldiers there.

"The vilains Prussiens—hark to them," she cried, forgetting her tears in a moment; "they have the voices of pigs, madame. And they will give us supper, perhaps. Ah, if there should be supper there——"

She stumbled on, and at the turn of the road they beheld the bivouac and the watch fire burning brightly. A regiment of uhlans made merry there; and never did troopers wear a uniform so strange. For these were the hussars

who had broken open the baggage of the great MacMahon himself-strange baggage for a man and for those who followed the man. Dainty corsets were there, and hose of silk, and gowns which famous costumiers had made, and little white shoes of satin and bows of many hues, and even bonnets with gay feathers in them. The uhlans, half drunk with the excitement of victory, greeted the treasures hilariously. Some of them had put on the cap of "madame"; some wore rustling skirts spangled with fine embroidery; some capered in the hats which had been the glory of the Bois. Ribald shouts greeted their pantomime. Officers looked on and spoke no word of rebuke. Bottles were raised to the absent owners. A very saturnalia heralded the night of victory.

Guillaumette was all for seeking help of the Germans. They were merry fellows, as their antics showed. She had seen no such spectacle since the marionettes were at Wörth a year ago.

"Oh, the fine gowns, the silver and the gold, madame! They will not harm us. The brutes—to dance such things in the mud. Are you not going to speak to them to ask about monsieur? Look at the splendid fellow in the yellow silk. He would be a Würtemberger! All the Würtembergers are animals. Shall I go and ask him, madame?"

Beatrix ran on appalled. This carnival of ribaldry seemed as some picture from the nether world. That men should sing and dance with the dying and the dead for their audience was an infamy passing belief. Henceforth she avoided the beacon fires as she would have avoided the lamps of hell itself. The forest became a place of terror. She scarcely breathed until she had left it, and stood in the fields with the lamps of Wörth twinkling below and the heaven of stars looking down upon the faces of those who cried to heaven for sleep and death.

"We shall find monsieur now, Guillaumette," she said simply; "he will be waiting for us. Afterwards we will come to these poor people. If one only had the power to help them, the balm which would give them sleep! Is it not strange that we can walk here at all? Yesterday, when the dead man was in our stables, we dare not pass the door. Tonight, the dead are everywhere! There is no pity left in the world. Even the children are forgotten."

She spoke as one uttering thoughts which no other shared; but Guillaumette admitted none of her philosophy.

"The Virgin be praised that I have no children this night!" she exclaimed. "And do not think that we shall find monsieur here. He has gone to Strasburg with the others. Ask monsieur the curé, and he will tell you so. There would be shelter for you in the house of the curé, madame. They do not eat the priests, those animals—and we are

hungry, oh, so hungry!"

They stood above the highroad to Strasburg at the moment and could see the patrols upon it, the glistening bayonets and the unresting uhlans. Lights were moving in all the neighboring villages. Watch fires flamed upon the hills; the bugles blared incessantly. Everywhere the German cordon of possession was being drawn tight. Beatrix, in spite of herself, found her awe of this mighty, invincible host rapidly becoming a subtle fascination. Pity for France was there; but it gave place to an overmastering realization of victory unrelenting; to a surpassing sympathy for the dying who heard no word of grace, for the wounded whose wounds were still unbound-for those alone and friendless in the terrible night. army, the glorious army of yesterday it was a rabble now, fleeing through the mountains impotently. That which amounted almost to contempt for its impotence was among her thoughts. It had left the bones of France to the enemy—it had left those children of France dying there in the darkness of the hills. For her it was a glorious army no more. Edmond alone remained to her. She saw that she would not eat nor sleep until she held his hand again.

"Guillaumette," she said, "go to the curé and tell him that I am here. If he will help me——"

"But you will be alone, madame."

" I shall be with monsieur."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Va là—we shall breakfast tomorrow, and I can wait. Let us go on, madame."

She knew that her mistress' hallucinations were the outcome of that dreadful day; nor did she quarrel with them. There could be nothing worse than the sights the woods cloaked. The dead around her—she would not look upon their faces. The wounded—she put her fingers in her ears that she might not hear their cries! And they were drawing near to the houses of her own people now. The physical craving dominated her. She was hungry, and all else was secondary to that.

It was nearly midnight now, but those who buried the dead were still at work in the vineyards of the river. Beatrix saw their lanterns as clusters of stars upon the hillside. The pity in her heart was ever growing. A wounded horse came up and thrust its hot nose into her hand. She laid her cheek upon its face, and her tears fell fast. Fatigue had begun to master her. She had not eaten for many hours. No real belief that she would find her husband drove her on; only a pursuing idea, the idea that she must go out into the world, wandering, until she heard his voice again. Nor could she pick her way any longer. From field to field and road to road she went with heavy steps and a great pain at her heart, and pity—that unceasing pity—always prevailing above her own grief and sorrow for herself.

And so she came at last to the watch fires of a Prussian regiment of dragoons, and men, hearing a woman's voice, sprang up and greeted her with a ribald welcome, and strong arms dragged her to the light. But the first coherent word spoken was the word of a friend; and, looking up timidly, she beheld Brandon North, the Englishman.

## XV.

HE had recognized her voice at once, and he came forward and took her hand and drew her towards the blazing fire, which illumined her face as a lamp whereby her story should be read.

"Good God, it is Beatrix!" he exclaimed, forgetting that the right thus to call her had passed to another. She answered him with a responding word of her surprise.

"You here at Wörth, Brandon? Then, you have seen Edmond!"

He released her hand and turned from the fire.

"No," he said quietly; "and of course it is a surprise to you. I served my time with the Hessian dragoons before I came to Strasburg. None of you knew that, and I did not wish it to be known. A man must have some employment besides telling people that his wine is good. But you are cold and ill. Come to my cottage. The others are there—and we will get a glass of wine. Some of them will have news of the lancers. I was very sorry to see them hurt your house, but war is war, and people must suffer. Have you any friends in Wörth, Beatrix?"

He tried to assume a certain nonchalance, as though he were discussing the common things of the day. She was not deceived by it; nor had the surprise of seeing him there, a fine figure in the dark green tunic, yet passed.

"You forget," she said simply. "I cannot go with you now. And Edmond is waiting for me. He should be in Wörth, or perhaps at Gunstett across the river. I waited until sunset, and when he did not come back Guillaumette and I ran down. They have burned our house, Brandon. All the things that he loved are destroyed. It is very hard that we should suffer now. And we were so happy there."

She spoke with no design, hiding nothing of her love. There were tears in her eyes when she thought of the little house now a heap of ashes. He saw the tears and they seemed to fall upon his heart.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed—and was half ashamed that she heard the words

"Brandon," she said very seriously,
"I must find Edmond—I must go
now."

"That would be foolishness, Beatrix. Wörth is no place for a woman tonight. I wonder that you came so far without insult. We must find some shelter for you when you start again. I will send a trooper now at once to see if they have any lists. It is wonderful the way our people do things. We shall know at dawn exactly what the lancers did, and that will mean news of your husband. Meanwhile, if you won't come to the cottage, you must warm your hands at this fire and I will get a glass of wine. Believe me I am very sorry. If there is anything to be done you have only to ask me. There is no reason that I can see why our friendship should be broken. You do not believe all the things said about us, I am sure. We have our duty to do-to men and to women. And we are not the scoundrels your people make us out to be."

She smiled up at him, with the look of one who had been his friend for many years.

"As if it were necessary to tell me all this—you!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Then, we will take it for granted," he exclaimed, and added: "Come, here is a cloak. It will make a little soldier of you. I will send the man for the news at once, and you must drink a glass of wine. These nights fall cold and the damp makes them worse. If we had known in Strasburg how we should meet again—"

He stopped abruptly when he saw the shadow steal over her face. He had begun to forget, he thought, that she was another man's wife. Yet every act, every word, of his was full of a strong man's pity for her—the little helpless girl out there amid that saturnalia of death and of defeat. She, on her part, did not ask herself why she remained with him. No fear of his friendship drove her from the camp. She did not know that he would have laid down his life for her, that he loved her as few men loved women. It was an odd meeting. that was all; a lucky meeting. And how Edmond would laugh to see her sitting there with a Prussian cloak about her shoulders, and Prussians offering her wine, and Guillaumette drinking the troopers' beer and joining in a crescendo of laughter, high pitched and

News of the lancers came in an hour. She read in Brandon's face the truth of it, and started up from the seat of logs they had found her with beating heart and a face that was very wan and white.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "he is dead."

"Not so, Beatrix—he is unharmed——"

"At Wörth?"

"No; they will send him to Mainz."

"He is a prisoner, then?"

He did not answer her. She stood gazing into the fire as one who sees pictures there. Guillaumette was still amusing the troopers.

## XVI.

THEY found a haven of refuge for her in the house of the curé of Morsbronn, and she slept there until the sun was shining upon Wörth again. It was odd to wake in that little white bedroom, to find herself wrapped about with the cloak of a Hessian dragoon, and to hear the voices of men busy in the rooms below, and those other sounds of squadrons marching and of guns rolling by on their way to Strasburg and the west. She could not, for a little

while, recall the means by which she had come to the house; neither was there any clear memory of yesterday nor of its events.

When she looked from the window, out upon the highroad, she could see a red cross flying from the pillar of the garden gates, and everywhere, on the heights above and in the valley below, the spiked helmets glistened in the sunshine. Those indomitable Prussians were the masters of Wörth, then. The glorious army of yesterday, that army which was to defend the homes of France—it was an army no more.

A sense of her utter helplessness took possession of her anew. She remembered, one by one, the circumstances she had forgotten. They had burned her house. Edmond was a prisoner. Brandon North had brought her to the priest's cottage and would come again at dawn to put her on the road to Strasburg. She must return to her friends, he had said. Wörth was no longer a fit place for her.

He came at eight o'clock, and waited for her in the garden of the cottage. She could hardly believe even yet that this great fellow in the dark green uniform was the same Brandon who had been her English friend in Strasburg. A new dignity was the soldier's gift to him. The invincible might of Germany, the victory of the Saxon, were so many sops to his own ambition. He spoke to her almost as a brother, and for the first time she had a certain awe of him.

"I'm sorry to be troublesome," he said, when he saw her at the window of the room. "We march in half an hour, and if you can be ready, an Englishman here, who is driving to Hagenau, will take you in his cart. Do you think you can manage it?"

"You still believe that I ought to go?"

"Well—it's for you to say. If you want to stop at Wörth an hour longer than you can help, I shall be surprised. That's all!"

She nodded her head, and began to

make a hurried toilet. Upon going down stairs, she found the priest standing before the door of his sitting room and barring it to her. A forgotten candle guttered in a stick upon a table; there were bloody bandages and a tumbler of water beside it. Low moaning sounds came from the apartment; and even there, in the hall, a dark crimson stain dved the boards. She knew then that some of the wounded men were in the house; and while she stood they carried in a dying cuirassier, and she could look for an instant into that charnel house where the living sat with the dead, and the aftermath of war was being reaped.

"This way, madame, this way," the old man cried imploringly. "Those poor fellows—we can help them only with our prayers. They have been coming here all night. Ah, that we should see such sights, that God should permit men to do these things!"

He took her by the hand and led her through the kitchen of the house. There were German officers there, a merry party hardened to the scenes about, and careless in their talk of victory. The men bowed to her as she passed, for they understood that she was the English friend of the "Herr Major." In the garden she found Brandon waiting by his horse. The thought came to her that it was good to have such a friend in such a place. There was no question of the "might be" where the Prussians stood.

"Oh," she said, shuddering still with horror of the house, "how good it is to breathe again! Have you been waiting long, Brandon?"

"I was up here at six, but they told me that you were asleep. You must be tired enough after vesterday, and you'll have a long day. I didn't want to wake you, but it was necessary, if you are to come with us. Of course you will come. There's not a house in Wörth fit for a dog just now. We can make a road if you'll go in Watts' cart. He's an eccentric old fellow, attached to one of the New York papers—though he's an Englishman for all that. I told him that you were an Englishwoman and had friends in Strasburg, and he's only too pleased to help. I dare say he'll drive you right into the town. Don't mind his bluntness. He's a regular old Bohemian and not a sham one made in an ale house. It will be best for you to stay there with Mme. Hélène, or to go down into Switzerland, as you please; but if you take my advice, Beatrix, you won't stop a day longer in the Kleber Platz than you can help. You see for yourself what's going to happen. And Strasburg won't be a pleasant place when Von Werder calls there."

He spoke to her with a certain intimacy of friendship, as if they two stood apart from this quarrel of nations, and had, a common interest elsewhere of their nationality and their circumstances. She heard him in that spirit; but her own future was no concern to her. In Strasburg, among her friends, at Mme. Hélène's house—all would be well there.

(To be continued.)

## TO JULIA.

If all your smiles were gold, my dear,
If all your smiles were gold,
I'd have, within this very year,
A store of wealth untold.

But since your smiles are smiles, my dear, And but a maiden's art, They'll surely bankrupt me, I fear, Of all I have—my heart.

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

#### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS WON SO REMARKABLE
A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE FIFTH
INSTALMENT SKETCHES THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST INDIES DURING
MAY AND JUNE—THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA, THE SEARCH
FOR CERVERA'S FLEET, AND THE EVENTS THAT
MADE SANTIAGO THE GREAT BATTLE
GROUND OF THE WAR.

THE course of events in the chief theater of war during the months of May and June may be thus briefly summed up:

I—Plans for the immediate invasion of Cuba, which were abandoned or postponed; the blockade, meanwhile, being maintained and extended.

2—The coming of Cervera's fleet, and the movements of the squadrons under Sampson and Schley to intercept it.

3—The "bottling" of Cervera at Santiago, which thereupon became the center of naval and military operations, and the scene of the chief sea fight and the only land battle of the war.

SAMPSON'S PLAN FOR ATTACKING HA-VANA.

As Havana was the one great seat of Spanish power in the West Indies, it was natural that the first plan of attack should look toward the Cuban capital. Admiral Sampson was anxious to begin the war by striking direct at it with the full power of his squadron, and at least three of his leading officers—Captains Evans of the Iowa, Taylor of the Indiana, and Chadwick of the New York—strongly supported him. The matter had been fully discussed be-

fore hostilities began. On April 6 Secretary Long instructed him:

The department does not wish the vessels of your squadron to be exposed to the fire of the batteries at Havana, Santiago,\* or other strongly fortified ports in Cuba unless the more formidable Spanish vessels should take refuge in those harbors. Even in this case the department would suggest that a rigid blockade and the employment of our torpedo boats would accomplish the desired object.

On April 9 Sampson replied with a long letter in which he pleaded hard for permission to carry out his aggressive policy. He described the shore batteries at Havana, all of which face seaward, with little protection for their gunners, and explained his plan of attack:

These batteries are well calculated to keep off a fleet from seaward which approaches within a moderate distance of a few thousand yards. I do not think they are well placed to resist an attack from the westward and close inshore, where the batteries will be exposed to a flank fire, or to the fire of our big ships at short range, where the secondary batteries would have full effect.

Even under these circumstances, the ships must have such a heavy fire that the men in the batteries would be overwhelmed by its

<sup>\*</sup>The strength of the batteries at Santiago was greatly overestimated at this time.

volume. Before the Puritan and Amphitrite arrived I was not entirely sanguine of the success of the attack. Since their arrival yesterday I have little doubt of its success.\*

Having silenced the western batteries, it would be quite practicable to shell the city, which I would do only after warning given

twenty four hours in advance.

I see the force of your reasoning that we would have no troops to occupy the city if it did surrender, yet, Mr. Secretary, it will be very unfortunate, besides a great loss of time, if we must delay until the rainy season is over. Probably a close blockade would terminate the trouble before October.

## THE ARMY'S UNREADINESS.

In spite of Sampson's plea, it was decided to defer the blow till an army could be organized to follow it up, and the first mobilization of troops was made with this object in view. But when the War Department, a few days before hostilities began, ordered the regulars to the Gulf ports (April 15), it does not seem to have been realized how ill prepared our forces were for an active campaign, and how tremendous the task before the commissary, quartermaster, medical, and other bureaus. The camp at Chickamauga was formed to give time for the work of equipment; and from this point men were moved as rapidly as possible to Tampa, where in the early days of May an army corps, commanded by General William R. Shafter—a brigadier in the regular army,† appointed a major general of volunteers—was organized for the invasion. On May 2 it was decided, at a White House conference—in which General Miles and Admiral Sicard took part, as well as the President and Secretaries Alger and Long-to move forty or fifty thousand men to some point near Havana, and attack or beto move his command, under protection of navy, and seize and hold Mariel, or most important point on north coast of Cuba and where territory is ample to land and deploy army.

Mariel is twenty six miles from Havana, and is the nearest harbor west of the city. General Wade, in command at Tampa, was to send reinforcements as fast as they could be brought from Chickamauga and other points. He was directed to "have troops fully equipped; send abundance of ammunition, and ship with them food for men and animals for sixty days, to be followed by four months' supplies."

It was vastly easier to issue these instructions than to execute them. There was a great deficiency of ammunition and of supplies and equipments of all sorts, and on the 10th orders came from Washington to defer sailing until May 16. Meanwhile, to get the army in motion, twelve thousand men were to be transported from Tampa to Key West, as a half way station on the route to Cuba. This also was speedily found to be impracticable, as there was no adequate supply of water on the island, and nothing had been done to provide it.

Finally the idea of attacking Havana with a large army was given up, and Shafter was ordered to take five thousand men for a "reconnaissance in force." The plan was to effect a landing on the south coast, in Santiago or Puerto Principe province, and open up communications with Gomez; but this, too, fell through. Besides the difficulty of equipping an adequate force, the wet season was beginning in Cuba, with its terrible menace to the health of unacclimated invaders; the fortifications of Havana had been greatly strengthened; there was risk in sending transports to sea while there existed the possibility of an attack by Cervera's fleet; and

siege the capital on the land side. On May 9 Shafter was instructed by Secretary Alger

<sup>\*</sup>After the expedition to San Juan Admiral Sampson's opinion of the monitors was less favorable. In a report dated May 20 he described them as "very inefficient."

<sup>†</sup> The general officers of the regular army, just before the war, were Major Generals Miles (commanding the army), Merritt, and Brooke; Brigadier Generals Greely (chief signal officer), Breckinridge (inspector general), Flagler (chief of ordnance), Sternberg (surgeon general), Otis, Lieber (judge advocate general), Stanton (paymaster general), Coppinger, Wilson (chief of engineers), Shafter, Graham, Wade, Merriam, Ludington (quartermaster general), Corbin (adjutant general), and Eagan (commissary general).

when the blockade of Santiago ended this latter danger, the whole plan of campaign was changed.

#### LEGALIZED FILIBUSTERING.

What may be called legalized filibustering expeditions were a feature of these early days of the war, when the assistance of the Cuban insurgents was valued more highly than it came to be upon closer acquaintance. Official relations with them were first opened by Lieutenant A. S. Rowan, of the military information bureau. Charged with messages to General Calixto Garcia. the exact nature of which has not been disclosed. Lieutenant Rowan was ordered to Jamaica early in April, to await the inevitable outbreak of war. When it came, he crossed to the south coast of Cuba in a fishing smack, in company with agents of the insurgent junta in Jamaica, and landed between Santiago and Cape Cruz, on April 25. On May I, after an arduous journey through mountains and forests, he met Garcia at the town of Bayamo, which had just been evacuated by its Spanish garrison and occupied by the insurgents. He delivered his despatches, rode on across the province of Santiago, which he found to be a desolated wilderness, to the north coast, and on the 5th sailed from the harbor of Manati, with five companions, in an open rowboat, which was so small that its occupants were forced to sit upright with their provisions between their knees. They were picked up by a Bahama sponging steamer, and on May II Lieutenant Rowan's adventurous journey ended at Key West, whence he hurried to Washington to

The first expedition with arms and supplies for the insurgents had left Key West a few days before, under the command of Colonel R. H. Hall, of the Fourth Infantry. Its purpose was accomplished, and the honor of being the first American officer to set foot on Cuban soil during the war was claimed

for one of its members, Lieutenant W. M. Crofton of the First Infantry; but Lieutenant Rowan would seem to possess a prior title to this particular distinction.

### THE GUSSIE FIASCO.

Another expedition, which left Key West May II on the transport Gussie, with a cargo of arms and ammunition. and a hundred men of the First Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Dorst, was less successful. At Puerto Cabanas (about forty miles west of Havana), where she attempted to make a landing, she found herself confronted by a strong force of Spaniards. Even with the assistance of the gunboats Wasp and Manning, the enemy could not be dislodged, and the Gussie had to withdraw. Much of the blame for her failure was charged to the newspapers, which had openly advertised the starting of the expedition two days before it sailed; and as a result, the military censorship of press despatches became more strict.\*

No news was published of an expedition which started from Tampa a week later. For this eight hundred Cubans had been recruited—an ill equipped, undisciplined regiment; so undisciplined that on the night of embarkation nearly half of them straggled down to the pier too late for their steamer, the Florida, which took the

\*The chief signal officer, Brigadier General A. W. Greely, speaks of this "most responsible as well as most delicate duty" in his annual report: "The great daily journals of the country not only held up the hands of the chief signal officer, but also refrained at critical times from publishing information detrimental to the public interests. All messages to the West Indies were carefully supervised. Through the signal corps censorship a rich harvest of information was gained from the telegrams of newspaper correspondents, blockade runners, personal despatches, etc.

"While hundreds of improper messages were quietly deposited in the wastebasket, others were allowed to pass freely as leading up to other and more valuable information."

as leading up to other and more valuable information. The War and Navy Departments, of course, were from the first very sparing of information for the press, and on April 29 Secretary Alger issued an order absolutely forbidding his subordinates to answer any questions from reporters. The New York Sun said on May 1: "The system inaugurated yesterday is more stringent than a press censorship. A query in regard to the most inconsequential matter connected with the routine work of the department was treated in the same way as a query in reference to the next important strategic move; a refusal to answer was given in all cases. The department believes that some recent publications have caused embarrassment to the plans of the government in its campaign against Spain."

rest to the harbor of Banes, on the north coast of the province of Santiago.

There were a few other similar expeditions, but their movements were kept so quiet that their history cannot now be written fully; and indeed it would scarcely be worth while to write it, as they had little or no effect upon the course of the war. What was probably the last went from Key West on the transports Florida and Fanita, June 25, with two hundred Cubans, and fifty colored troopers of the Tenth Cavalry, escorted by the auxiliary cruiser Peoria. After an unsuccessful attempt to land near Trinidad, and another at Tunas, a little further east-where the Cubans were repulsed with some loss by a Spanish detachment—the men were put ashore at Palo Alto, in Puerto Principe province, and joined Maximo Gomez, who, according to the story told by a volunteer member of the expedition, gave them a somewhat chilly reception, declaring that he needed arms and supplies, not recruits. During July they took part in some minor engagements with the Cuban general's nephew, Miguel Gomez, who horrified his American allies by shooting prisoners and looting a captured town (Arroyo Blanco). At the close of the war, after suffering much hardship, they made their way to the north coast.

#### THE EARLY DAYS OF THE BLOCKADE.

During May and June the blockade of the Cuban coast was gradually extended and made more thorough, as the blockading fleet grew in numbers. It had been begun, in April, with twenty two ships; on July I ninety eight vessels under Admiral Sampson's command were surrounding the island, and blockade running, of which there was a good deal in the early weeks of the war, was practically ended. watch the two thousand miles of Cuba's coast line-which, as Sampson said, was "a line greater in extent than that patrolled by nearly six hundred ships during the Civil War, and one in many respects offering greater difficulties "— was a tedious and exhausting service for the American ships and sailors, without many exciting incidents.

Sampson's bombardment of the Matanzas batteries (April 27), already chronicled, was followed by a series of small brushes with the enemy, the first occurring two days later off Cienfuegos. At this point, owing to its distance from a coaling base (it is six hundred miles from Key West by way of Cape San Antonio), and to Sampson's lack of ships, it was impossible, in the early weeks of the war, to maintain a strict Llockade. The first American ships to appear there were the cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville, and the converted vacht Eagle, on April 29. Sampson had detached this little squadron, whose senior officer was Commander McCalla, of the Marblehead, with orders to intercept two Spanish transports which had been reported as bound for Cienfuegos. Unfortunately the Marblehead and the Eagle ran aground, losing twelve hours; and McCalla was too late to catch the intended prizes. He was off the port, and had captured the coasting steamer Argonauta, when the torpedo boat Gallicia and two other small armed vessels came out and fired on the Eagle, seconded by batteries on shore. The American ships replied in kind, and drove the Spaniards off, disabling the Gallicia, which limped back into port with a shot through her boilers. Immediately after the brief engagement McCalla was obliged to withdraw, as his coal was running low.

On the same day the New York fired upon forts and a company of cavalry at Puerto Cabanas, the scene of the Gussie's repulse. On May 2 the gunboat Wilmington and the torpedo boat Ericsson had some target practice of the same sort. On the 6th and 7th the torpedo boats Dupont and Winslow and the yacht Hornet fired upon the shore batteries near Matanzas, where the Spanish engineers had resumed work since

Sampson's visit. On the 7th the gunboat Vicksburg and the revenue cutter Morrill chased a schooner under the Havana fortifications and exchanged shots with them.

## THE FIGHT AT CARDENAS, MAY II.

The most serious engagements of the blockade, and the first in which American lives were lost, were fought on May 11, at Cardenas and Cienfuegos. At the former port—which lies at the head of one of those deep indentations so characteristic of the Cuban coast, with an entrance barred by a chain of keys-were three Spanish gunboats, which constantly showed themselves at the mouth of the harbor, and one day repelled an attack by the torpedo boat Foote. Early on the morning of May 11, when the gunboats Machias and Wilmington, the revenue cutter Hudson, and the torpedo boat Winslow were off the port, Commander Merry of the Machias, the senior officer present, after a consultation with Commander Todd of the Wilmington, ordered an attack, in hope of capturing the daring Spaniards.

The bay of Cardenas is shallow, and the main entrance was believed to be laid with mines operated from a station on Diana Key, one of the obstructing islands. The Machias stayed outside to attack this point, while the three other vessels picked their way into the harbor by another channel through the keys, and moved up the wide bay toward the town. The Winslow, leading the way, was within a mile of the wharves, which were lined with small craft, when a hot fire suddenly opened upon her, apparently coming from a battery at the water's edge, as well as from the Spanish gunboats. She made a spirited reply with her puny armament of three one pounder rapid fire guns, and the Wilmington and Hudson joined in the bombardment, doing serious damage to the enemy's vessels and some to the town, but failing to silence the Spaniards' fire, which was concentrated on the Winslow, and fairly riddled her. One of her engines was struck and injured, her steering gear was shot away, a shell exploded in one of her boilers, another started a fire in her paint room, and another disabled one of her guns; and she was drifting helplessly toward the shore when her commanding officer, Lieutenant, I. B. Bernadou, signaled for help, and the Hudson steamed up to tow her out of her imminent peril. Lieutenant Bernadou had been wounded in the thigh by a splinter, but had stuck to his post, stopping the flow of blood by means of a tourniquet improvised with a towel and an empty shell case.

#### THE DEATH OF ENSIGN BAGLEY.

A line was thrown from the Hudson to the Winslow, but fell short. At the second attempt, as the torpedo boat's crew stood ready to grasp the rope, a shell struck a group of them, instantly killing the second officer, Ensign Bagley, and two seamen, and mortally wounding two others. Ensign Bagley, a very promising young North Carolinian, was the only officer of the navy killed in action during the war. Finally the line was made fast, and the Winslow was taken out of the bay and to Key West.

The skirmish at Cardenas, which was more like a defeat than anything else that our arms encountered during the war, showed that to pit such unprotected vessels as torpedo boats against even mediocre shore batteries may be magnificent but is not war.\* The American

It has been charged, or at least hinted, that in taking the Winslow so close to an enemy whose strength was imperfectly known, Lieutenant Bernadou was guilty of the rashness to which young commanders are naturally prone. The charge is answered, as far as the lieutenant is concerned, by the fact that he was acting throughout under the orders of superior officers.

<sup>\*</sup> Even for the routine work of the blockade these frail craft were ill adapted, and probably they would not have been ordered to this duty but for the urgent need of all the ships that could be mustered into service. They are, of course, designed for a special purpose, armament, protection, and seagoing ability being sacrificed to the power to make a lightning-like dash at the enemy in battle. Of their condition after the four months' campaign Engineer in Chief Melville said in his official report: "Nearly every one has had some accident, and the machinery of some at the close of the war was in a condition that can only be described as horrible."

loss, however-five men killed and three wounded-was small, and the Winslow's injuries, though numerous, were so slight that she was ready for sea again a few hours after reaching Key West. The Spaniards, on the other hand, had suffered considerably. They reported one of their gunboats, the Antonio Lopez, a total wreck, and much damage along the water front of the town. The Machias, moreover, had shelled and demolished the station on Diana Key. A boat's crew, commanded by Ensign A. L. Willard, went ashore on the key and hoisted the Stars and Stripes above the Spanish barracks the first appearance of our flag as an emblem of conquest on Cuban soil.

## CABLE CUTTING AT CIENFUEGOS.

On the same day, soon after sunrise, four boats-the steam and sailing launches of the Marblehead and the Nashville, commanded by Lieutenant Winslow of the latter vessel, a son Captain Winslow of the old Kearsarge—made a daring and partly successful attempt to cut the telegraph cables that connected Cienfuegos with Havana and with Europe. For more than three hours the boats' crews grappled for the submarine wires, going within sixty feet of the beach, in a heavy sea, and working with the utmost coolness under a constant rifle fire from troops on shore. Two lines were brought up and cut, and another small one had been found when the Spanish fire became so heavy that Lieutenant Winslow, who had been shot through the hand, was obliged to order the launches to withdraw from their perilous position. The Marblehead and the Nashville, together with the revenue cutter Windom, though they had not been able to drive the Spaniards from their cover on the beach, had wrecked the cable station; and as the boats had been fired on from the lighthouse at the harbor mouth, it was also demolished. The Eagle, meanwhile, destroyed an outlying lighthouse

(Piedras Key) and lightship (Diego Perez Island), and sent their keepers who had not been paid for months, and in one case had had no food for five days-into Cienfuegos. The American loss in the launches was twelve men wounded, of whom two died.

The severing of the ocean cables landing in Cuba was part of the plan for a complete blockade of the island.\* A specially fitted steamer, the Adria, was commissioned for this difficult and frequently dangerous work, but she proved a failure. Better results were. gained by the St. Louis and the Wompatuck. The big liner and her small consort, a tug bought from the Standard Oil Company, had little equipment for fighting, but Captain Goodrich and Lieutenant Jungen, their commanding officers, on May 18 took them under the batteries at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba and severed the cable running to Jamaica. On the following day they were repulsed in an attempt to cut the French line near its landing at Guantanamo; but on the 20th Captain Goodrich found and broke it off the Haitian coast, and a few days later he reported to the Navy Department his belief that "the island of Cuba is now telegraphically speaking." This same announcement was made more than once, but always prematurely,† for when Santiago fell, it still had its cables to Havana and Madrid. It was fortunate for the American forces. and perhaps for the Spaniards, too, that such was the case, for these wires carried to Cervera the orders that sent his squadron from its stronghold in Santiago harbor to destruction under Sampson's guns, precipitating the fall

†The mistake may have been due to the fact (reported by Admiral Sampson, July 19) that the Spaniards had laid dummy cables, so that it was almost impossible to know when a "live wire" had been cut.

<sup>\*</sup>This step was decided upon only after much hesitation in Washington. Sampson's first orders were to cut no cables, and on April 27 Secretary Long telegraphed: "We are considering the advantage of declaring telegraph cables neutral." Three days later, when it was known that Cervera had sailed from the Cape Verde Islands, Sampson was authorized to destroy the cables on the south coast of Cuba. Of course it was unnecessary to cut those that ran northward to the United States.

of the Cuban city and bringing near the end of the war.

#### THE COMING OF CERVERA.

Meanwhile, in the early days of May, the situation in the West Indies was changed by the appearance of Cervera's fleet as a factor-indeed, as the central factor—in the campaign. Although its strength was small in comparison with the whole American naval force in the Atlantic, the Spanish squadron was powerful enough, with Sampson's ships scattered in Cuban waters, and our long stretch of scantily protected coast before it, to threaten grave danger at almost any point at which it might strike. To insure our command of the sea, and to make feasible the invasion of Cuba. it must be met and vanquished.

Cervera's departure from St. Vincent on April 29 with the four cruisers, Maria Teresa (flagship; Captain Concas), Cristobal Colon (Captain Moreu), Vizcava (Captain Eulate), and Almirante Oquendo (Captain Lagaza), and the three torpedo boat destroyers, Furor (flagship of Captain Villamil, commanding the flotilla; the Furor commanded by Lieutenant Carlier), Pluton (Lieutenant Vazquez), and Terror (Lieutenant de la Rocha), was reported to the Navy Department on the same day. Secretary Long immediately informed Sampson that the Spanish fleet had sailed westward, probably for Cuba, but possibly to strike at the coast of the United States or to intercept the Oregon. equal promptitude he despatched the Harvard and St. Louis, which were at New York, waiting for orders, to cruise off Martinique and Guadeloupe to watch for the Spaniards and cable the earliest news of their movements. Two days later (May 1) another of the American liners, the Yale, was sent out to circle about Porto Rico. It was not thought likely that Cervera would make direct for Cuba without calling at some of the intervening islands, either for coal, for communication with Madrid,

or for news of the military situation; and it was fully expected that one of these speedy scouts would be able to give ample warning of his approach.

Behind this first line of the American naval defenses was Sampson's fleet. which was now called upon to present a double front to the enemy. To meet the emergency it was divided into two bodies. With the most powerful fighting ships the admiral faced westward to face Cervera, leaving Commodore Watson\* to maintain the blockade with a squadron consisting mainly of auxiliaries and "mosquito" craft. A thousand miles to the north, at Hampton Roads, the central point of our eastern coast, was Schley, with the flying squadron, ready to sally forth against the Spaniards if they should make any attempt to strike at our seaports.

## SAMPSON'S EXPEDITION TO SAN JUAN.

It was calculated that Cervera would reach West Indian waters about May 8 —a reckoning that proved to be based upon an overestimate of his squadron's speed. During the first three days of the month Sampson was at Key West with his flagship, the New York, and his two battleships, the Iowa and Indiana, taking on coal and supplies and making preparations for the expected fight. In the early morning of the 4th the three great warships slipped out singly, to rendezvous a few hours later at Juruco Cove, a dozen miles east of Havana. The small cruiser Detroit also met them here, and the four vessels steamed eastward toward San Juan, Porto Rico, which both Sampson and the Navy Department regarded as the admiral's probable meeting place with the Spaniards. On their way, off Car-

<sup>\*</sup>To relieve Admiral Sampson of part of his tremendous burden of work and responsibility, Commodore J. Crittenden Watson, who had been serving as governor of the United States Naval Home, was appointed (May 6) to command the blockading squadron, under the admiral's orders. His "broad pennant" was hoisted successively on the Cincinnati, the Dolphin, and other vessels. At the same time Commodore George C. Remey was sent from the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) navy yard to take charge of the station at Key West, the great naval base of the war. Later (June 21) his command was extended to include "all vessels within signaling distance"—being still, of course, subordinate to Sampson.

denas, they picked up the monitors Terror and Amphitrite, the small cruiser Montgomery, the torpedo boat Porter, the tug Wompatuck, and the collier Niagara. It was a heavily armed but not a swiftly moving squadron. It could, of course, go no faster than its slowest vessels, and the monitors were credited. at their best pace, with only ten knots an hour. Every one of Cervera's vessels was rated at fully twice that speed. That a slow fleet should set out in search of a swift one was an anomaly which the Navy Department would doubtless have avoided had it been possible. Had we possessed only two or three more battleships or good armored cruisers, it would not have been necessary to undertake an offensive movement with vessels designed, as the monitors were, for coast defense.

As a matter of fact, Sampson could not make anything like ten knots an hour, even by taking the monitors in tow of the New York and the Iowa. He had expected to reach San Juan in five days' steaming; it took him more than seven. On his way he sent the Montgomery in to Cape Haitien, on the north coast of Haiti, where it found a despatch from Secretary Long:

Do not risk so crippling your vessels against fortifications as to prevent from soon afterward successfully fighting the Spanish fleet, composed of Pelayo, Carlos V,\* Vizcaya, Oquendo, Colon, Teresa, and four torpedo boat destroyers, if they should appear on this side.

Sampson replied with a request that the American liners should be ordered to meet him at St. Thomas. "Lacking the services of these vessels," he told the Navy Department, "I will have to return to the west immediately. I shall await answer to this request at Cape Haitien, and if granted I will proceed to San Juan, probably destroying fortifications, establishing a temporary base at Culebra Island, to the east of Porto

Rico, as entrance to San Juan is obstructed." \*

Secretary Long replied that the scouts had been ordered to St. Thomas. to await Sampson's instructions, and on May II the squadron left Cape Haitien, moving slowly eastward, and sighting the lights of San Juan at three o'clock the next morning. At half past three breakfast was served; at four "all hands" was sounded for the final clearing for action. All this time the ships were slowly moving in toward the sleeping city. "One who was there," said a correspondent who was with the fleet, "knows how the tiger feels as it creeps up on its prev."

#### THE CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO.

The harbor of San Juan is a wide bay sheltered from the Atlantic by a long, narrow island, which at its eastern end approaches the mainland of Porto Rico so closely that it is practically a peninsula. The city, a place of about thirty thousand people, lies at the western end of the island, facing towards the bay, and partly screened from the ocean by ridge of high ground that rises abruptly along the beach some sixty feet above high tide. On the westernmost point of the ridge, directly overlooking the harbor entrance, stands the Morro Castle, an extensive but antiquated stone fortress. The other gatepost of the harbor is Cabras Island, and just inside of this is Fort Canuelo, a small work built on a sand bar.

Admiral Sampson had carefully formulated his plan of attack, and had sent detailed instructions, in writing, to each of his captains on the previous day. His five armorclads advanced in column, led by the Iowa, the most powerful vessel in the fleet, to which the admiral, in expectation of heavy fighting, had temporarily transferred his flag. The Indiana, the New York, the

<sup>\*</sup>The whereabouts of the Spanish battleships Pelayo and Emperador Carlos V was not positively known at this date. It was several times reported that they had sailed or were about to sail for American waters.

<sup>\*</sup>Admiral Sampson had been notified by Secretary Long (April 29) of a report that the Spaniards had sunk hulks loaded with stones at the entrance of San Juan harbor.

Amphitrite, and the Terror followed in order. In advance of all, a thousand vards ahead of the Iowa, the Detroit sounded her way across the harbor mouth and under the Morro, with orders to signal when she found the water shoaling to ten fathoms. Five hundred vards to starboard of the column, the little Wompatuck steamed inshore, off Cabras Islands, to anchor a boat at the ten fathom mark—this to serve as a "turning stake" for the steersmen of the fighting ships when shore marks might be hidden by smoke. The Montgomery, bringing up the rear of the squadron, was instructed to take her station east of the harbor entrance and silence Fort Canuelo if its guns were fired. Both the small cruisers, and the Porter—which had come up close alongside of the Iowa, screened by the big battleship—were to watch for any of Cervera's vessels that might sally out of the bay. If one of the Spanish torpedo boat destroyers should make a dash at our ironclads, the Detroit and the Montgomery were to sink it or drive it back; if a cruiser should come out, the Porter was to rush in and torpedo it at the imminent risk, of course, of her own destruction.

#### THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

At sixteen minutes past five, when the Iowa was about a mile and a quarter from the Morro, now clearly visible in the dawning light, with the Detroit half way between the flagship and the shore, the first shot of the action was fired from a six inch gun in the battleship's bows, and her whole starboard battery immediately followed it up. She was now opposite the mouth of the bay, and the officers on her deck-all the American officers scorned the protection of the conning towers—could see, to their great disappointment, that Cervera's squadron was not inside. No Spanish flags were in sight in the harbor or on the fortifications, and the garrison was apparently taken wholly by surprise. Eight minutes passed before there was any reply to the attack; then the old muzzle loading guns in the Morro opened fire, seconded by the more formidable weapons—six inch Krupp guns—in some newly built batteries further east on the shore bluff.

In the absence of Cervera's fleet, Sampson's expedition had failed of its main purpose, but he did not countermand his orders for an attack upon the San Juan batteries. To use the words of his report to the Navy Department, he had determined "to develop their position and strength, and then, without waiting to reduce the city or subject it to a regular bombardment—which would require due notice—turn to the west," toward Cuba or Key West.

At a speed of four knots an hour, the five armorclads steamed in front of the Morro, each ship pouring in her full fire as she passed. Then, led by the Iowa, the column turned seaward and out of range. From the flagship's opening shot to the last discharged by the Terror, the first round of the engagement had lasted nearly an hour. The enemy had not suffered severely; although the breeze was very light, there was a long rolling swell that made Sampson's vessels, especially the monitors, poor gun platforms, and the American gunners scarcely got the proper distance and elevation in their brief turn in the firing line. The Spaniards' marksmanship was very much worse still, and not a ship had been touched, though the three small vessels in particular had been subject to a heavy fire at such close range that the admiral was alarmed for their safetyespecially for that of the Detroit, which kept her place in front of the Morro. After the first round he ordered them out to sea, where they remained to the end of the battle, in company with the Wompatuck, the collier Niagara, and two newspaper tugs. These last had accompanied the fleet from Key West -uninvited and not wholly welcome

companions, whose presence was a novel feature in naval warfare.

THE SECOND AND THIRD ROUNDS.

Circling around at four or five miles' distance from shore, the armorclads passed a second and then a third time

iards scored only three hits in the three hours' artillery duel. Two shells struck the Iowa, one doing no damage, the other, which exploded on the battleship's deck as she withdrew after the second round, wounding three men; a third reached the New York at nearly



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

before the fortifications, which Sampson found to be much stronger than he had expected. In these rounds, using the heavy guns only—their gunners had complained that the smoke from the rapid fire batteries made it difficult to aim—the American fire was much more accurate, while the enemy's shooting improved little. The Span-

three miles' range, as the action ended, destroying a boat, and killing one and wounding four of a gun crew.

The five American armorclads fired, in all, 894 shells, and the execution they did was much greater. The stone walls of the Morro were riddled, and during the latter part of the battle the old fortress was veiled in a cloud of dust



JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1897, by William Taylor, Hingham.

from its shattered masonry, as well as smoke from its own guns; yet these were served to the last, their fire diminishing under the hail of shot, but never being silenced. As the fleet withdrew they sent shells after it almost as long as it was in sight. Many of the American projectiles wasted themselves on the sea wall below the Morro, which was built with embrasures that made it look like part of the fort. Many others passed over the batteries into the town, where they did great damage. This bombardment of non combatants, without the "due notice" of which Sampson had spoken, must be set down as one of the shocking but inevitable incidents of war. It cannot be termed purely an accident, for the Terror deliberately fired some of her ten inch shells over the bluff, "hoping," Captain Ludlow said in his official report, "to strike any vessel in the inner harbor "—which would scarcely seem to have been necessary, when it was known that Cervera's ships were not there; and missiles fired in this somewhat random fashion were as likely to fall in the city as in the port.

At a quarter to eight o'clock Sampson signaled "Form column, course northwest," and the fleet slowly steamed away from land, reluctantly ceasing its fire as it drew out of range. Its last shot came from the after turret of the rearguard ship, the Terror, at 8.15; and the action was over, though the Spanish gunners continued to waste their ammunition for a quarter of an hour.

#### THE RESULT OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

Viewed as the sole achievement of a two weeks' cruise by a fairly powerful fleet, the bombardment of San Juan was a disappointment. Had Cervera's squadron been there, the case would have been entirely different; and Sampson, of course, was no whit blamable for his failure to encounter the Spaniards where both the admiral and the strategists at Washington had expected to find them. In itself, though the maneuvers of the attacking fleet were well planned and efficiently executed, the action was resultless and indecisive. It gave the captain general of Porto Rico, Macias, an opportunity to issue one of the usual Spanish bulletins, optimistic beyond the verge of mendacity, declaring that his redoubtable gunners had repulsed the Yankee ships.

Sampson could no doubt have forced the surrender of the Porto Rican capital —not, perhaps, without loss to his fleet; Juan. If I cannot obtain information of the Spanish squadron by Yale at St. Thomas, I will leave tomorrow for blockade, Cuba.

This despatch was cabled to Washington from St. Thomas by the Yale, which fell in with Sampson's fleet as it left San Juan. She had been on her cruising station off Porto Rico since May  $6_{\times}$  and had several times reconnoitered San Juan harbor, where she had observed two small gunboats and a transport.

There was no news of Cervera at the Danish island, and Sampson moved westward. On the 14th he was off Puerto Plata, in Santo Domingo, when a newspaper despatch boat brought him the unexpected report that Cervera,



"PILOT TOWN," ON SMITH KEY, JUST INSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

but there was no adequate military advantage to be gained by doing so. He could hold the place only by keeping his fleet there, leaving Havana open to entry by a force as strong as Cervera's. As it was, he had not fulfilled his announced intention of destroying the fortifications. His ships, though practically unscathed by the enemy's fire, had suffered many slight injuries from the concussion of their own heavy guns; the Indiana's engines were out of order; the monitors had proved themselves a drag upon the squadron's movements: he would soon be in need of coal; and with no clue to Cervera's whereabouts it was useless, as well as scarcely practicable, to prolong the cruise. That afternoon he informed Secretary Long:

Have received no information of Spanish armed vessels. The Spanish fleet is not here. The United States fleet in great need of repairs; was seven days from Havana to San

instead of making for American waters, had taken his squadron back to Spain, and was in the harbor of Cadiz. The admiral immediately sent the Porter speeding into Puerto Plata, with despatches requesting that if this latest intelligence were confirmed, the Navy Department should send a collier to San Juan, and that Commodore Remey, at Key West, should order the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius to the same rendezvous. With the Spanish fleet out of the West Indies, he had resolved to return to the Porto Rican capital, to complete his work there and capture the place. But Secretary Long's reply informed him that the elusive squadron had at length been sighted, and ordered him to "proceed with all possible despatch to Key West."

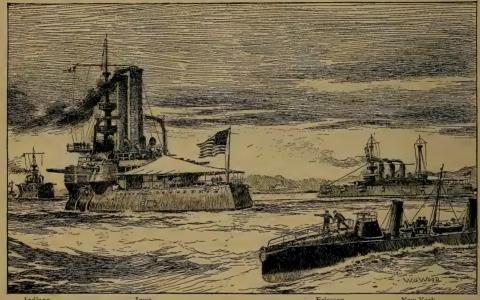
CERVERA TRUSTS TO LUCK FOR COAL.

The instructions with which Cervera left St. Vincent have not been pub-

lished, but they probably directed him to take his squadron to Havana, calling at San Juan de Porto Rico or some other intermediate port. Besides the poor condition of some of his ships, he was heavily handicapped, in setting forth to face an enemy whose strength was greatly superior to his own, by the fact that no adequate provision had been made for furnishing him with coal. No supply ships accompanied his fleet. The torpedo boat destroyers, with their small coal capacity, were dependent

colliers did get to San Juan, whence one, the Restormel, was sent on to Curaçao, and thence to Santiago de Cuba, where it was captured (May 25) by the St. Paul, almost within gunshot of the harbor in which the Spanish fleet lay.

Crossing the Atlantic the three torpedo boat destroyers were taken in tow by the Teresa, Oquendo, and Colon, the Vizcaya having all she could do to propel herself. Very slow progress was made, the best day's run recorded in the Colon's log, which has been pub-



Indiana. 10wa, Encisson. New York.

SHIPS OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S SQUADRON ON THE BLOCKADE OFF THE ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO

HARBOR.

Drawn by W. G. Wood.

upon the cruisers. A British steamer which cleared for the Cape Verde islands from Norfolk, Virginia, on April 15, with three thousand tons of coal, may have been intended for his use, but she was stopped by the United States government as she left port. About the time of his start from St. Vincent a quantity of coal was purchased in England and shipped to the West Indies on three British ocean tramps, in the somewhat vague hope that it would escape the American blockaders and reach Cervera. These

lished by the United States Navy Department, being 218 knots. On the evening of May 10, nearly twelve days from St. Vincent, the squadron was approaching the lesser Antilles, and that night the ships were cleared for action and the men stood at their guns. No American vessels were sighted, however. On the afternoon of the 11th Martinique was reached, and the Furor went into the port of Fort de France, in order, no doubt, to communicate with Madrid and collect any information that might be useful. The cruisers

lay in the offing till she rejoined them, when Cervera shaped his course for Curaçao—either in obedience to orders from Madrid, or for the reason that he had not coal enough to take him to Havana, and that the Dutch island, lying south of the direct route to Cuba, offered a safe and convenient stopping place. He probably heard, at Martinique, of Sampson's eastward cruise, news of which would come from Cape Haitien.

On leaving Martinique the Terror was sent back to Fort de France, apparently owing to an accident to her boilers.\* She was repaired there, and subsequently made her way to San Juan, where we shall hear of her again.

CERVERA ENTERS THE "BOTTLE."

At Willemstadt, the port of Curação, which he reached on the morning of May 14, Cervera requested permission to coal his ships. The Dutch officials insisted upon a strict observance of the rules of neutrality, which allow a belligerent only so much fuel as is necessary to carry him to the nearest port on his route; and they would permit only two of the cruisers to enter the harbor. The Teresa and the Vizcava went in, the rest of the squadron waiting outside. On the night of the 15th the fleet was again in motion, steering northwest, toward Cuba. It made slower progress than ever, the condition of the Vizcaya's engines necessitating a stop for repairs; and Cervera found it impossible to reach Havana with the coal he had. On the morning of the 18th the flagship signaled: "Admiral intends making port of Santiago de Cuba;" and soon after sunrise on the 19th the Teresa led the way into the harbor about which the war was to center for the next two eventful months. At night, in crossing the Caribbean, the gun crews had again stood at their stations in readiness for an encounter, but again no enemy had been sighted.

THE FIRST REPORT OF CERVERA.

Meanwhile the movements of the Spanish admiral, simple as they were,



GENERAL LINARES, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FORCES AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Drawn from a photograph.

had caused an extraordinary amount of perplexity to the American strategists. There were all sorts of rumors and coniectures, to which the newspapers gave wide circulation, but there was a singular absence of authentic news. The first American vessel to report Cervera's squadron was the Harvard, which put in at St. Pierre, Martinique, on May 11, and learned that the Furor had called that day at Fort de France, a dozen miles away. Captain Cotton, the Harvard's commander, was informed by the governor of Martinique that he could not leave port until twenty four hours after the Spanish vessel's depar-

<sup>\*</sup> The Colon's log, as published by the Navy Department, states that she coaled the Terror at Curaçao on May 15, but apparently the name "Terror" must be a misprint or mistake for "Furor." All the other evidence seems to be that the Terror did not go beyond Martinique. For instance, Lieutenant Muller, who as second in command of the port of Santiago had abundant opportunity of ascertaining the facts he recorded from the officers of Cervera's squadron, states that she was left behind at Martinique. Captain Cotton of the Harvard reported her to be lying disabled at Fort de France on May 14.

ture. On the following morning he was warned by some American sympathizers—who were a small minority in the little French colony—that the Spaniards were lying off St. Pierre in readiness to catch him, and that his departure would be signaled to them from the hills. "That we were expected to go to sea last night," he says in a report dated May 13, "was evidenced by the lively signaling going on on shore; and that the Spanish squadron was so distributed as to give us the least possible chance of escape I have no doubt." It appears that the captain or his informants had an over active imagination, as Cervera, at the time, was under way for Curação.

To guard against his supposed peril, Captain Cotton applied for permission to remain seven days at St. Pierre, to make "necessary repairs to boilers and engines"-another exhibition of imaginative powers. The request was granted, but on the morning of the 15th a despatch from Washington informed him that the Spaniards had reached Curação, and ordered him to follow and endeavor to overtake them —whereupon he notified the governor that his repairs, "not having required as long a time as was anticipated, were completed," and that he proposed to sail the next day. Before he got off, however, orders came from Sampson to cruise in the Mona Passage, between Haiti and Porto Rico.

THE FLYING SQUADRON MOVES SOUTH.

Cervera being reported from the southeastern end of the Caribbean, making it clear that his destination was Cuba and not the United States coast, Secretary Long at once ordered Schley's flying squadron from Hampton Roads to Charleston (May 13) and thence, on May 15, to Key West. The cruiser Minneapolis and the liner St. Paul, also lying at Hampton Roads, were hurried southward, and on the 15th, when the American consul at Curaçao had sent word of Cervera's

arrival, these two swift scouts were ordered to follow the Spanish fleet, which was now supposed, on the strength of a report from London, to be bound for the Gulf of Venezuela, to take coal from colliers that might meet it there. Similar instructions were sent to the Harvard, as has been stated.

Before these latter orders could be carried out, Sampson, on his way back from San Juan, had issued another set. The admiral's plan was to patrol the passages by which Cervera might make his way northward through the island chain of the Antilles. He assigned the Yale and the St. Paul to the waters between Jamaica, Cuba, and Haiti; the Harvard to the Mona Passage; and the St. Louis to cruise south of Porto Rico to St. Thomas. The conflict of orders naturally caused some confusion, and suggested allusions to Dewey's good fortune in being ten thousand miles from Washington, at the end of a severed cable; but such criticism was superfluous. It was entirely proper that the Navy Department should direct the movements of vessels which, as frequently happened, were in touch with it but not with the admiral. That it had entire confidence in Sampson was shown by such despatches as that sent to Captain Cotton at Martinique, on May 16, authorizing him to obey the admiral's orders rather than the department's, if conflicting instructions had been received.

SCHLEY GOES TO CIENFUEGOS.

The consul at Curaçao reported the Spanish fleet on May 14, and Secretary Long ordered him to protest against its being allowed to coal. On the 16th, apparently from a European agent, the secretary was informed that it carried munitions essential to the defense of Havana, and had imperative orders to reach either the Cuban capital or some harbor connected with it by railroad. Cienfuegos was the port best fulfilling this condition, and it was thought so probable that Cervera would make for

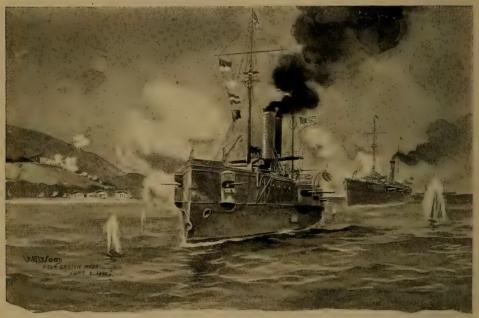


THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA BY THE AMPRICAN FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL SAMPSON, JUNE 6, 1898.

it that as soon as Schley was ready to leave Key West he was instructed to go there at once.

On his way back from San Juan Sampson left his squadron off the north coast of Cuba and hurried on to Key West, where he found Schley on his arrival (May 18). On the morning of the 19th—at the very hour when Cervera was entering Santiago—Schley started for Cienfuegos with the cruiser Brooklyn (flagship), the battleships Massa-

sible, the port, like that of Santiago, being a deep bay screened from the sea by fortified heights; and no attempt was made at communication with the insurgents, or at such a feat of scouting as was afterwards accomplished, at Santiago, by Lieutenant Blue. Accordingly, a blockade was established off the harbor mouth. The Scorpion had been detached to cruise eastward, but on the 22d and 23d the squadron was joined by the battleship Iowa, the gun-



THE OPENING OF GUANTANAMO BAY BY THE MARBLEHEAD AND YANKEE, JUNE 7.

Drawn by W. G. Wood.

chusetts and Texas, and the yacht Scorpion. Nearing his destination on the afternoon of the 21st, the commodore heard guns which he took for a salute fired in welcome to the Spanish fleet; and on the next morning, standing in close to reconnoiter, he saw so much smoke rising from the harbor that he was confirmed in his belief that he had trapped the enemy—a belief which, it is said, was not shared by many of his officers.\* To verify it by observation from the ships was impos-

boat Castine, the torpedo boat Dupont, and the collier Merrimac.

#### THE FIRST NEWS FROM SANTIAGO.

A few hours after Schley left Key West, it was learned at Washington that Cervera had that morning (May 19) arrived at Santiago. The news came through Colonel James Allen of the signal corps, who received it from an agent in Havana; and the prompt reporting of this most crucial piece of intelligence in the entire campaign is a feat for which the signal service deserves full credit. The information

<sup>\*</sup>So reported by Lieutenant Hood, the commanding officer of the Hawk.

transmitted was not entirely correct. The first despatch stated: "Five\* Spanish vessels arrived at Santiago de Cuba;" the second, received on the 20th: "Pelayo and four cruisers in Santiago. No destroyers or torpedo boats arrived there;" but these were errors of detail only.

On the assurance of General Greely, the chief signal officer, that his information from Santiago was trustworthy, it was at once credited at Washington and recognized as the key to the whole situation. It was less easy for Sampson and Schley-especially, as it proved, the latter—to accept it. On the 20th, in reply to a despatch from Secretary Long, "strongly advising" him to order Schley to Santiago immediately, Sampson telegraphed from Key West that he was in favor of the commodore remaining at Cienfuegos for the present, but had instructed him to communicate with the Minneapolis and the Harvard, which were ordered to reconnoiter Santiago. These instructions went to Schley in duplicate by the Iowa and the Dupont, reached him on the 22d, and were at once carried out, the Scorpion being detached to inquire for news from the scouting ships. Meanwhile there had been more correspondence between Key West and Washington, and early in the morning of the 21st Sampson, now fully accepting the signal service news, sent the following despatch to Schley, by the Marblehead:

Spanish squadron probably at Santiago de Cuba, four ships and three torpedo destroyers. If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba, and if the enemy is there blockade him in port.

The admiral was so anxious to insure the prompt delivery of these instructions that a few hours later he sent a duplicate of them by the Hawk, adding as an indorsement:

It is thought the inclosed instructions will reach you by two o'clock A. M., May 23. This will enable you to leave before daylight (regarded very important) so that your direction may not be noticed, and be at Santiago A. M., May 24.

This second despatch\* was sent by the Hawk, whose commander, Lieutenant Hood, was specially and emphatically urged to get it into Schley's hands at the earliest possible moment. He reached Cienfuegos on the morning of the 23d, having passed the Marblehead, which came up early the next day in company with the yachts Vixen and Eagle; and was sent back to Sampson with letters in which the commodore gave it as his opinion that

it would seem to be extremely unwise to chase up a probability at Santiago de Cuba reported via Havana, no doubt as a ruse. I shall therefore remain off this port with this squadron.

I think I have them here almost to a certainty.

## SCHLEY MOVES TO SANTIAGO.

In the afternoon of the 24th, in answer to signals displayed on shore, Commander McCalla of the Marblehead landed and communicated with some Cuban insurgents. He gave them needed ammunition, and clothing, probably no less needed, and learned from them that the Spanish fleet was not in the harbor. His report at last convinced the commodore that he was blockading the wrong port, and at sunset he started his squadron eastward, leaving the Castine to watch Cienfuegos, and sending the Dupont to Key West to report his movements.

The voyage was a stormy one, and the Eagle was so slow in the rough sea that Schley ordered her to Port Antonio, Jamaica, and pushed on with the

<sup>\*</sup>This was the truth, but not quite the whole truth. Cervera had only five ships actually with him when he reached Santiago. The Furor had dropped behind, and arrived three hours later than the rest of the squadron.

<sup>\*</sup>Later in the day Sampson telegraphed to Washington: "Schley has been ordered to Santiago de Cuba." It will be seen, however, that the order, though it made the admiral's wishes tolerably plain, was only a conditional one, and left the commodore at liberty to prefer his own judgment.

rest of his fleet, which now consisted of the Brooklyn, the Massachusetts, the Iowa, the Texas, the Marblehead, the Vixen, and the Merrimac. Arriving off Santiago on the afternoon of May 26, he found there the Minneapolis, the St. Paul, and the Yale. They had seen no Spanish men of war, though the St. Paul's capture of the collier Restormel. on the previous day, indicated that Cervera was inside the harbor. however, seems to have doubted this, or rather to have disbelieved it; for without attempting to institute a blockade, as Sampson had ordered, or even to ascertain whether the Spaniards were there or not, he signaled to his squadron the unexpected order that it should make for Key West, going by the southern side of Cuba.

Schley's reason for his withdrawal, as explained in his official report, was that some of his ships were short of coalthe Merrimac contained about four thousand tons, but it was almost impossible to transfer it to the warships in the rough sea-and that he believed he could still block any attempt of Cervera's to reach Havana through the Yucatan Channel, while Sampson was on guard on the other side of Cuba. The explanation seems only a partial one. His position was no doubt difficult, but nothing short of an imperative necessity should have led him to abandon it. He has been criticised for wasting three days at Cienfuegos; but this able and gallant officer made a much graver error of judgment, and one that might have had the most serious consequences, in failing to strain every nerve to hold his station off Santiago.

## SCHLEY'S WITHDRAWAL AND RETURN.

Schley's westward start was delayed by an accident to the Merrimac, which disabled her machinery. The Yale was ordered to take the collier in tow, but this proved a difficult operation, the towline breaking again and again; and the squadron had moved only a few miles when the Harvard overtook it, on the morning of the 27th. She brought from the Mole St. Nicolas, Haiti, an urgent despatch from Secretary Long, informing Schley that all reports indicated that Cervera was at Santiago, and begging him to secure positive information-which, the secretary suggested, could be done by communicating with the insurgents, or by sending a scout to one of the hills overlooking the harbor. Still the commodore did not change his mind. He signaled his captains: "Can you fetch into the port of Key West with coal remaining?" and replied to Washington, by the Harvard:

Cannot remain off Santiago present state squadron coal account. . . . Much to be regretted, cannot obey orders of the department. Have striven earnestly; forced to proceed for coal to Key West by way of Yucatan Passage. Cannot ascertain anything respecting enemy positive.

During the 27th, however, the sea moderated, and it was found possible for the Texas and the Marblehead to take fuel from the Merrimac, the squadron lying that night about forty miles west of Santiago. On the 28th the Vixen also coaled, and at one o'clock in the afternoon Schley signaled an order to return to the harbor mouth. Arriving there at dusk, the Vixen and the Marblehead were sent in close to watch the entrance, the other ships lying about ten miles out. Next morning they circled in nearer, and saw the Colon and the Vizcaya lying in the channel. There could be no further question as to Cervera's whereaboutsthough it was not until June 3 that all his six vessels were positively known to be with him—and the St. Paul was sent off to take the news to Sampson.

The admiral had left Key West on May 21, and gathered, off Havaña, a squadron that included the New York, the Indiana, the monitors Puritan and Miantonomoh, the cruisers New Orleans, Detroit, and Montgomery, and several gunboats and torpedo boats—besides the monitor Amphitrite, the

cruiser Cincinnati, and the dynamite gunboat Vesuvius, which joined him on the 25th. He cruised slowly backward and forward in the Nicholas Channel,\* expecting to meet Cervera, who, according to Sampson's calculations, was likely to leave Santiago before Schley could intercept him, and to make for Havana by the north coast of Cuba. At the same time, as it was possible that the Spaniards might go south of the island, and through the Yucatan Channel, he was prepared to fall back at short notice and cover Havana from the west as well as from the east. No lights were shown at night, and three different "orders of battle" had been given to the commander of each ship, to be used according to the circumstances of the expected encounter. Despatches passed frequently between the admiral and Washington, but it was less easy to keep in touch with Schley-whose command, hitherto rated as an independent one, by an order dated May 24 was directly subordinated to Sampson's instructions. The change was little more than a nominal one, and was no mark of censure to Schley. At Hampton Roads the flying squadron was a distinct naval force serving a special purpose; in the West Indies it was an integral part of the admiral's fleet.

SAMPSON MOVES TO SANTIAGO.

On May 26 Sampson despatched the Vesuvius to Schley with another message, assuring him that Cervera was at Santiago; and next day, when the Wasp brought the commodore's letter of May 23, the same courier was sent back with an urgent order that he should "proceed with all possible despatch to Santiago to blockade the port."† Later that day the admiral heard from Washington that Schley had informed the Navy Department that he was about to start from Cien-

\*This is the passage between the Cuban keys, off Cardenas and Sagua, and Salt Key Bank. It is the narrowest part of the wide channel along the north coast of Cuba.

† Schley had already started when this reached Cienfuegos.

fuegos, but could not blockade the Spaniards for lack of coal.

It is easy to understand that with the situation in so critical and uncertain a state, it was a time of great anxiety for Sampson. This last news decided him to cut loose from Havana, and go with his own ships to the central point of the campaign—the spot where the enemy's naval power lay. To do so, he must first return to Key West for coal: but he sent on the New Orleans and the collier Sterling direct to Santiago, with a message to Schley instructing him "to remain on the blockade at all hazards," and adding an order that the collier should be sunk in the mouth of the harbor so as to close the entrance.

From Key West Sampson telegraphed to Washington that "the failure of Schley to continue blockade must be remedied at once if possible," and on the evening of the 20th he was at sea again, taking with him the battleship Oregon, the yacht Mayflower, and the torpedo boat Porter. To the former, fresh from her great voyage around Cape Horn, he signaled: "Can you make thirteen knots an hour?" "Fourteen if necessary," replied the Oregon, and the squadron speeded off. On the 30th it met the St. Paul, with the news that Schley had seen Cervera's ships. This same welcome intelligence had reached Washington the day before, shortly after Secretary Long, in his extreme anxiety about the situation at Santiago, had sent Schley the following despatch in triplicate, addressing it to each of the three nearest cable stations-Port Antonio and Kingston, in Jamaica, and the Mole St. Nicholas, in Haiti:

It is your duty to ascertain immediately if the Spanish fleet is in Santiago, and report. Would be discreditable to the navy if that fact were not ascertained immediately. military and naval movements depend upon that point.

The New York and her consorts arrived off Santiago on the morning of Tune 1, and found Schley's squadron which had exchanged a few long range shots with the enemy the day beforecruising in column west of the harbor entrance. The commodore had not carried out his instructions regarding the Sterling, which had joined him on May 30: and Sampson decided to use the other collier, the Merrimac, which was a larger ship and more likely to block the channel. He had discussed the maneuver, on the way from Key West, with Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson,\* and the young officer had shown so enthusiastic an interest in it that at his urgent request the admiral intrusted him with its execution, though this involved the removal of the captain of the Merrimac, Commander J. M. Miller, from his ship.

## THE MERRIMAC MANEUVER.

As worked out by Lieutenant Hobson, the plan was to steam into the channel just before daylight, and at the narrowest point—which is only a short distance from the entrance, a little more than a hundred yards from the nose of the Morro-to swing the big collier round, drop anchors at stern and bow, and sink her by opening her sea valves and exploding torpedoes along her sides. He needed six assistants-two in the engine and boiler rooms, one at each anchor, one at the wheel, and one to help with the torpedoes. The men on deck were to lie on their faces at their stations, with a cord tied to their wrists, with which Hobson, on the bridge, was to signal the moment for action. Then the anchors, lashed over the side, were to be cut loose, and the men were to jump overboard and swim

to a lifeboat towing behind. As the ship swung athwart the channel—she was 333 feet long, and the charts showed a point at which the deep water was only about 350 feet wide—the lieutenant was to fire the torpedoes, which were connected with the bridge by electric cables, and then follow his men overboard. The details were carefully arranged, even to the specification that the crew's uniform was to consist of one suit of woolen underwear, two pairs of socks, a life preserver, and a revolver belt, with revolver and cartridges.

## HOBSON'S BRAVE CREW.

To take an unarmed vessel close under the enemy's batteries and sink her there, trusting for escape to luck and a lifeboat, was an undertaking of such manifest peril that to man the Merrimac a signal was made for volunteers. In the American navy "the danger's self is lure alone," and hundreds of officers and men at once proffered their services. The six selected were Daniel Montague, chief master at arms of the New York; Gunner's Mate Charette, of the New York; and Boatswain Mullen. Coxswain Deignan, Machinist Phillips, and Water Tender Kelly, all of the Merrimac.

It took so long to get the collier ready that it was after four o'clock in the morning of June 2 when Sampson, who had gone on board to say farewell to her brave crew, left her, and she started for the harbor mouth. As she steamed in it grew so light that the admiral sent the Porter speeding after her to order her back, thinking it wiser to postpone-the attempt till the following night.

The day (June 2) passed uneventfully, and at night the Merrimac was ready for a second attempt. A few changes had been made in her equipment. To minimize the chance of failure in the apparatus for igniting the torpedoes, it was arranged that each should be fired with a separate battery. As this neces-

<sup>\*</sup> It has been popularly supposed that Lieutenant Hobson originated the Merrimac adventure, but such was not the case. He has himself recorded the fact that Admiral Sampson first discussed the subject with him on May 20, the day on which the New York left Key West. The admiral's despatch to Commodore Schley, dated May 27, when he ordered the Sterling to Santiago, contains an accurate outline of the maneuver: "I believe it would be perfectly practicable to steam this vessel into position and drop all her anchors, allow her to swing across the channel, then sink her either by opening the valves or whatever means may be best in his [Schley's] judgment." It is said that the idea was first suggested to Sampson by Commander Converse of the Montgomery.

sitated the services of another pair of hands, Coxswain Clausen, of the New York, was added to the ship's company;\* and as one of the original six, Mullen, was exhausted by the mental and physical strain, Coxswain Murphy, of the Iowa, took his place. A lifeboat and a catamaran were slung over the side of the vessel, and Cadet Joseph W. Powell, of the New York, was ordered to follow her to the harbor mouth with the flagship's steam launch, and wait there on the chance of picking up her crew should they succeed in escaping.

Mr. Crank, the assistant engineer of the Merrimac, took the ship to the starting point of her run, and left her, very reluctantly, at the last moment, being taken off by Cadet Powell's launch. It was about half past three o'clock, with the moon shining brightly above the western horizon. Lieutenant Hobson steered straight for the Morro, and was within five hundred yards of the point when the first shot came from a picket boat that lay under the west bank of the channel. It was a plucky challenge, for the Spaniards in the little craft could hardly have guessed that the big vessel that came driving right up to them was unarmed. In a few minutes there was a heavy fire on both sides, while the Merrimac passed in, her engines stopped, but her own momentum and a strong tide carrying her on.

## THE FAILURE OF THE MANEUVER.

As she reached the spot that had been picked out, on the chart, as the place to sink her, the sea valves were thrown open, and Hobson gave the order to explode the torpedoes. Only two of them could be discharged: the others had had their wires or batteries broken by the enemy's fire. The ship was not sinking fast enough, nor could she be swung fairly across the channel; her steering gear was shot away, and her stern anchor had been prematurely cut loose by a shell. The tide swept her steadily in. A tremendous fire came from the batteries and troops on shore: eight\* electric mines were fired in the channel; torpedoes were discharged by two Spanish vessels—the Pluton and the cruiser Reina Mercedes: and finally the Merrimac went down between Churruca Point and Smith Key, where she lay with her masts and smokestack out of the water, obstructing but by no means blocking the fairway.

Her lifeboat had disappeared, but the catamaran floated, and all the crew reached it and clung to it. Boats came out to the wreck with lanterns, but they were not discovered; and Hobson ordered silence, fearing that even an offer to surrender might be answered with bullets, and expecting that at daylight a responsible officer would come out to reconnoiter. The catamaran was fastened to the sunken hulk by a rope; and with only their heads above water, and their teeth chattering with cold, the refugees had held their position for an hour, when, just after sunrise, a steam launch came down the harbor. As it passed, thirty yards away, Lieutenant Hobson hailed, inquiring if any Spanish officer was aboard, and saying that an American officer wished to surrender himself and seamen as prisoners of war. A Spaniard, who proved to be Admiral Cervera himself, stepped forward and helped Hobson to board the launch; and the lieutenant and his men, who were very courteously treated by their captors, were taken to the Reina Mercedes and thence to the Morro.

It is easy to say, after the event, that it would have been almost a miracle had the Merrimac maneuver proved successful. To block a channel has never, even under the most favorable circumstances, proved an easy operation. In the Civil War, for instance, it was again and again attempted unsuc-

<sup>\*</sup>The newspaper story of the Merrimac represented Clausen as a stowaway—a picturesque bit of fiction. †The Merrimac was a five thousand ton ship, the largest

of the Navy Department's fleet of colliers. She had about 2,300 tons of coal in her hold when she sank.

<sup>\*</sup>So Lieutenant Hobson asserts. Lieutenant Muller, who gives the Spanish side of the story, says that only three mines

cessfully—notably at Charleston, in December, 1861. The work there was done by an officer who knew the harbor well, having spent four years, shortly before the war, in improving it; there was no hindrance from the enemy; no less than sixteen ships, loaded with stone, were carefully towed into position and scuttled; and yet the channel remained navigable.

The sinking of the Merrimac was the most picturesque exploit of personal courage performed during the war, and as such it has brought its reward to the brave men who undertook it. At the same time, it is no detraction of their achievement to say that our soldiers and sailors performed hundreds of deeds that were less showy but no less truly heroic. Many of these, no doubt, will never be chronicled; others are to be found in the formal records of the official reports. Among the many instances that might be given, here is one that occurred off Santiago just four days earlier:

Assistant Engineer J. P. Morton of the Vixen officially reports the conduct of P. Johnson and G. Mahonev, two of the Vixen's firemen, on the night of May 28, 1898, when "the lower front manhole gasket of boiler A blew out, sending out a large stream of boiling water and steam into the fireroom, driving the men from the fireroom and lowering the water in the boiler below the gauge glass. Upon calling for volunteers to haul the fires the two men above mentioned responded, went below, and with the scalding water blowing into their faces, and subject to the most intense heat, succeeded in hauling the fires and thereby saving the boiler from injury and the ship from great damage."

And Lieutenant Sharp, commanding officer of the Vixen, in forwarding the report adds: "Assistant Engineer Morton says nothing of his own conduct; when the gasket, having been refitted, again blew out, he, with Johnson, hauled the fires a second time."

(To be continued.)

## JACK'S LETTER-JUNE, 1898.

WHEN over Sampson's gallant fleet Went down the yellow sun, The sailor found a quiet nook Beside a dusky gun, And while the lifeblood of the day Ebbed crimson on the foam, He read again with misty eyes A letter from his home. "The bush you loved," the pages said, "Is full of roses red; The stable has an empty stall, For old Brown Bess is dead. And ever to your vacant chair Our tearful glances roam, While Rover listens for your step-Oh, Jack, dear Jack, come home!" For half a million loving hearts Were down with Sampson's fleet, Where rolling decks and armored sides Gleamed hazy through the heat; And every hour a message flew, White winged, across the foam, The burden of a lonely soul-"Oh, Jack, dear Jack, come home!"

## SOME METROPOLITAN BLUFFS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE PRETENDERS WHO ABOUND AND FLOURISH IN NEW YORK, AND THE MORE OR LESS INGENIOUS

DEVICES BY WHICH THEY ACHIEVE UNEARNED SUCCESS IN VARIOUS SOCIAL

AND INTELLECTUAL FIELDS.

NOTHING but the poverty of our language can excuse the use of slang in the title of this article. I have employed the word "bluff" simply because I know of no other term that will convey the meaning which I intend in this brief essay on a most important

phase of metropolitan life.

By a bluff I mean a pretense designed to take the place of merit, to atone for inefficiency, or to cast a halo over mediocrity. The gold plate on the bar of spurious metal that the city sharper sells to the farmer as genuine is the very beau ideal of a metropolitan bluff. If the brick were of solid gold, it would not be necessary to plate it; nor does a genuine man find it necessary to assume any sort of pretense—or, to quote from the vernacular of the day, to "throw a bluff" of any description.

New York has long been a veritable paradise for bluffers of every sort. I know of no corner of the earth in which can be found such a number and variety of bluffs, or a population more easily deceived by them. Some of these bluffs are ingenious and elaborate enough to command a certain degree of respect, while others are so simple as to awaken only a pity and contempt for those who are imposed on by them.

Mr. Edgar Saltus, who has been for years a close student of metropolitan morals and manners, once told me that he regarded what he called the "tandem bluff" as one of the very best of its species. He further explained his meaning by showing me how a man

could easily win a reputation for wealth and establish his credit firmly in the principal New York hotels and shops by simply driving a pair of horses tandem up and down Fifth Avenue and through Central Park. He can drive a pair to the pole, year in and year out. without attracting any attention, but the very moment he puts one of those horses in front of the other, his acquaintances go about crying, "That man Jones is making a pile of money in Wall Street, they tell me; I saw him driving a tandem up the Avenue this afternoon in great style. No, it wasn't that pair of trotters he used to drive to his sidebar buggy; it's a tandem hitched to a high English dogcart, and he had a stunning looking girl beside him, with a bunch of violets in her belt that must have cost twenty dollars."

If Jones has no horses of his own, he can easily hire a tandem at a livery stable for two or three hours for a sum that is not worth speaking of when we consider its enormous effect on his credit. I will venture to say that no New York tailor would dare to refuse credit to a man who drove up to his shop with a tandem and groom, and came in to be measured for two suits of clothes and an overcoat.

The tandem is not the only bluff that is open to the young man who stands on the threshold of life and wishes to make a great appearance on a small outlay. To the man who has no money at all to spend in this way, I would recommend a luxuriant growth of whiskers as a means of producing a

greater impression on less outlay than any other bluff that I am familiar with. There is no doubt of the fact that to the average person in this country abundant hirsute appendages are a symbol of erudition and poise of character. When a newspaper artist draws an imaginative picture of a death bed. he invariably portrays the attendant physician as a man with a long beard. who stands with a watch in one hand and the patient's wrist in the other. The watch is not without its due effect, of course, but then the watch costs money, while the whiskers, which are the most impressive feature in the picture, cost nothing.

Whiskers lead directly to fame for another reason. The rising public man whose face is thus adorned finds his picture in the paper fully twice as often as does his smooth faced contemporary, because it is much easier to draw a whiskered face and catch its likeness than to reproduce a close

shaven physiognomy. The "wine opening bluff" ranks high as a means of making a great impression at a comparatively small expense. The bluffer strolls into some popular Broadway café, at a busy moment in the afternoon, and invites the acquaintances whom he finds there to join him in a bottle of "extra dry." While the waiter is uncorking the bottles which should be consumed at a table and not at the bar, the bluffer must not forget to step over to the ticker and examine the tape. Should he do this before ordering the champagne, no one would pay the slightest attention to him; but the mere calling for a bottle brings him at once into the great white light of popular interest, and from that moment until the juice of the French—or Ohio—grape ceases to sparkle and bubble in the glasses, his every act is closely scrutinized.

These Broadway cafés are patronized largely by gamblers, criminal lawyers, theatrical managers, race track hangers on, and others of the so called "sharp" class. They have achieved a reputation for extreme cunning and shrewdness, and yet a bluffer can, within the brief space of twelve hours, and at an expense of twenty five dollars, judiciously scattered between Twenty Third and Forty Second Streets, gain for himself the reputation of being a millionaire. It is true that the combined expenditures of the Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Gould, and Astor connections for champagne in barrooms does not average forty cents a year; but that fact possesses no significance for those keen students of metropolitan life who study human nature in such temples of fashion and culture. Nor do they know that if the bluffers of the town were to change the color of their beverage. most of the champagne merchants would become bankrupt in six months.

The fur trimmed overcoat is another metropolitan bluff which does not require a large outlay. A man in possession of such a garment is always much sought after as a platform ornament at public meetings. The arrival of a citizen in a fur trimmed overcoat shortly after the exercises of the evening have begun invariably inspires the multitude with confidence, and causes all the reporters to ask his name and place it in the "among those present "list. A single season devoted to public life on platforms, and in a fur trimmed overcoat, is generally sufficient to convert the most obscure and humble character into a "prominent citizen" of undisputed standing, who is sure to have his face recognized and his name printed whenever there are any reporters present.

The golf stick—formerly the tennis racket—bluff is another form of pretense that can be recommended in the highest terms. In employing this bluff it is only necessary to carry some implement of sport, like a polo bridle, a hunting crop, or two or three golf sticks through the main thoroughfares of the town. Whenever I see this bluff doing duty I am forcibly reminded of

the Sunday morning toilet of Mr. Tittleback Titmouse, in the first chapter of "Ten Thousand a Year." It will be remembered that that young counter jumper had the effrontery to put on a pair of spurs before setting out for his morning walk in the park, although he had never been on the back of a horse in the whole course of his life.

When a man has carried any of these articles up and down Broadway or Fifth Avenue two or three times, the rumor goes abroad that he is "right in with the swell hunting set in Westchester County"—which is indeed an enviable distinction.

A simple and comparatively inexpensive bluff is that of always wearing evening dress after six o'clock. In the case of the man of good taste and leisure who dresses for dinner as a matter of habit, this is not a bluff; but it is quite another affair when a man who has no friends and is not invited out to dinner once a year gravely attires himself every night in evening clothes and prowls about the lobbies of fashionable hotels and restaurants for the purpose of making people think that he has been somewhere.

The successful employment of this most simple and common of all metropolitan bluffs generally leads to the society bluff, which is fully as simple and almost as easily worked. Nothing is easier of acquisition in New York than an acquaintance with some of the people who are to be found buzzing about the outer edge of society. A young man who is known to wear evening clothes every night of his life is held in high repute by these hangers on, and soon comes to be looked upon as a decidedly presentable person for evening receptions—and for the afternoon teas also, provided he has a frock Acceptance of a few invitations to affairs of this sort eventually secures the publication of his name in the society column, thus gaining for him the enviable distinction of being a member of the Four Hundred.

He can, of course, carry his bluff still further, and penetrate into more exclusive circles of metropolitan society, but the results will scarcely repay him for his trouble and the indignities that he may be called upon to endure. The hangers on will serve his purpose even better than the most desirable people in the city, because their names are sure to be printed more frequently in the social chronicles of the day, and they are, therefore, known to a wider circle of "society page" readers than are the well bred people who shun such notoriety.

The financial bluff is an admirable one for a great many reasons, not the least of which is that it can be used. especially when backed up by a pair of imposing whiskers, with simply dazzling effect and without the slightest outlay of capital. It is very simple. It is only necessary to take an occasional brisk walk through Wall Street and around the block on which the Stock Exchange stands, pausing now and then on the curbstone to discuss the market with chance acquaintances. This must be backed up by a little work in the evenings and on Sundays, when the bluffer chats glibly and confidently about the prospects of Western Union, or the amount of his transactions in the Vanderbilt stocks. It is considered vulgar, while working a bluff of this sort, to allude to any sum less than a quarter of a million dollars, and all conversation based on these lines must be carried on with a countenance of owlish solemnity. By thus hanging around the financial center of the town, the bluffer will at last rank, in the eyes of his acquaintances, with those kings of finance who cling to the curbstone outside the Stock Exchange door until their feet turn into prehensile claws, and who probably have less money in their pockets than any other bluffers in this city.

Another inexpensive mode of creating a financial illusion is what is known as the "house hunting bluff." This

is also simple, and consists of paying visits to unoccupied mansions and searching anxiously among all the real estate dealers for a twenty five foot house suitable for entertaining, and situated on some quiet, well paved side street, not too far up town, and not more than a block from the Avenue. A skilful and practised bluffer will frequently devote an hour or two a day for several weeks to this form of bluff, and it never fails to create an impression.

The "swell hotel bluff" is worthy of mention, because it is one out of about a thousand bluffs that could be devised by a child of eight, and yet it carries a most absurd weight in the city of New York. Every fashionable hotel contains a few very small and very uncomfortable rooms, which can be rented for a price which is moderate when compared with that charged for a comfortable and luxurious apartment under the same roof, but which is decidedly large in comparison with what is paid for infinitely better accommodation elsewhere. These rooms are always occupied, for there are plenty of men who will endure any discomfort for the sake of being able to claim some fashionable hotel as a residence. Some of these men will actually do their own washing in their rooms, and fry over the gas jet the sausages which they have smuggled up stairs under their coats. It is a pitiful bluff, this, and one which I cannot conscientiously recommend to any one of artistic tastes and methods; nevertheless, it is one that makes a great impression on weak minded people.

Of literary and artistic bluffs there are plenty, but nearly all of them cost money, for a man cannot pose very long as a book collector or buyer of pictures without making some sort of a show. The contemptible bluff of evolving from the depths of an ignorant mind worthless chatter about French painters and English writers does not even deserve mention here, and as a rule excites only pity and derision.

In thinking over the different bluffers that I have known I distinctly recall two, each one of whom was a master in his own peculiar line. One of these men was a portrait maker and a fairly good one; the other was a sort of chevalier d'industrie, who lived as best he could. With the first named bluffing was simply a means to an end. but the other was a bluffer, not alone for the livelihood it afforded him, but simply because of his love for it as an art. For this reason he was the superior artist of the two, and found in the practice of his profession the excitement and keenest enjoyment of his life. The painter made money, and in the course of time married a wealthy girl and returned to private life, but not until bluffing had become such a fixed habit that he is still as much addicted to it as he was in the days when it was his one mainstay. The other artist enjoyed life hugely, bluffing his way from one pleasant pasture to another, and finally died in the full possession of his powers, but without enough money in his pockets to bury him.

I have called my friend the painter a master in his own line, and he certainly was; but his line was a simple and primitive one, and it was only by following it persistently, sincerely, and shamelessly that he succeeded in winning distinction. I believe that he lived under the eaves of a large Fifth Avenue hotel, and washed his own pocket handkerchiefs in the hand basin. I know that it was impossible to enter that hotel between the hours of six and seven without seeing him scuttling about with a look of importance on his face and a broadcloth coat upon his back, or seated in the café or lobby in earnest conversation. He took everything seriously, especially his own work, and for this reason a great many people took the same view.

I don't know how he contrived to do it, but he was always in evidence. If he attended a theater party, he was sure to place himself in the most con-

spicuous corner of the box. If he attended a reception, he could be found talking learnedly to the most beautiful, the cleverest, or the most distinguished woman in the room. His bluffs were so simple and childlike that most men saw through them easily, but he made a deep impression on a great many women, who gave him orders for portraits at large prices. His bluffing not only established him in his profession -or what he called his art-but also won for him a wealthy and credulous wife, who to this very day retains that rare and agreeable blend of qualities, and still believes implicitly in him.

But the poor soldier of fortune achieved nothing but a transitory fame on upper Broadway, although it must be admitted that his life yielded him a great deal of fun. He still lives in the kindly remembrance of scores of men upon whom he levied tribute, more or less willing, but who nevertheless appreciated the humorous phases of his scheme of existence, and admired the peculiar and erratic genius that enabled him to keep afloat so many years.

A profound believer in what he called "a good front," this merry spirit placed the highest possible value on a frock coat, a shiny silk hat, and an engraved visiting card, with the words press correspondent" in the lower left hand corner. He frequently declared that without these accessories he would find it impossible to make more than a bare living. With an outfit of this sort he would frequent cafés and hotels, where he easily made acquaintances, whom he entertained with an agreeable flood of reminiscence, for he was a shrewd fellow of wide experience, and possessed of no mean gifts of speech. All his acquaintances and friends were expected to contribute in one way or other to his support, and very few escaped. Some became embittered against him, but there were a great many more who felt that the charms of his companionship more than repaid them for what it cost.

A man of boundless resources, no misfortune could faze him, and no trap could hold him. One evening he was walking up Fifth Avenue without a dollar in his pocket, but secure in the possession of his engraved cards, his new silk hat, and his long tailed frock coat, the work of one of the very best tailors in town. The sight of Delmonico's restaurant reminded him of the fact that he needed a dinner, and then he remembered that there was to be a public banquet there that very night, at which some of the richest and most influential men of the city were to be present. Without a moment's hesitation he entered the door and made his way to the parlor in which the guests were rapidly assembling. Having placed his hat, coat, and silk umbrella in the cloak room, he sought out with unerring eye a guest who felt himself outclassed in that distinguished company, and said to him:

"May I trouble you to give me the names of some of the best known of these gentlemen, together with your own? Our artist will be here in a few moments to make the sketches, but if you can send me one of your photographs tomorrow I will take pains to have it right in the center, and have it look like you, too. I suppose you know that I am from *Harper's Weekly*, and that we are going to have a big double page of this, with a long article."

The prospect of having his picture published in Harper's Weekly took the outclassed citizen off his feet. eagerly gave all the information he could, and, when the summons for dinner came, permitted the agreeable young writer, who had been taking copious notes in the mean time, to take him by the arm and march with him to the banquet table. Once seated at the board, this artistic bluffer abandoned himself completely to the joys of the occasion. He ate heartily, drank deep of whatever was placed before him, and secured a large number of expensive cigars. At a late hour he was led from

the table, and cast into outer darkness, and went howling up Fifth Avenue, the

happiest man in town.

But the crowning achievement in the career of this gifted bluffer relates to the presentation of a silver testimonial to the late Mr. Gladstone at his home, Hawarden Castle. A number of well known Americans, who had been instrumental in securing subscriptions for the gift, went down from London to present it to the veteran statesman. The bluffer, who always contrived to keep himself on the very crest of the wave of popular interest, attached himself to the party, unbidden—for he was well known to all of them. At the close of the presentation ceremonies Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and three or four of the most distinguished members of the company assembled in a group to be photographed. The bluffer stationed himself behind an adjacent tree, and waited till the photographer put his head under the black cloth, when he darted out and planted himself, in all the glory of his high hat and frock coat, directly behind the English premier. The result was that he became one of the most dignified figures in a remarkably fine photograph, his likeness, as well as those of Mr. Gladstone and other genuine celebrities, being unmistakable.

When he returned to America he carried with him a score or more of these pictures, and they became thereafter his principal ammunition in the game of bluff that he played to the very

end of his days.



#### IN CHURCH.

I NEVER mark the pastor's pose,
His ministerial air;
I never even note the clothes
The congregation wear;
Repeat the text I could not do,
I'm deaf to every plea,
When Prudence occupies the pew
Across the aisle from me.

She sits a sweet divinity
Of goodness and of grace;
Then, is it strange naught else I see
Of hope save in her face?
A hope earth earthy 'tis, 'tis true,
Yet saving grace I see,
When Prudence occupies the pew
Across the aisle from me.

Perhaps the pastor's fervent speech
To his flock giveth food,
The theme seems quite beyond my reach,
Though well with love imbued.
That part I grasp, and take as true,
For mine's the mood, you see,
When Prudence occupies the pew
Across the aisle from me.



#### THE ANGLE OF VISION.

THERE was a block at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty Third Street. Miss Temple leaned back in her victoria and stared resentfully at the surrounding vehicles, then at the little clump of people waiting to get across. The same persistent questions buzzed through her head: What did they all want, and why did they want it? How did they feel towards her, in her furs and cushions? Did they resent her, or hadn't they time to think of her at all? What was it all for, and why did she bother to bother about them? She moved irritably in her

"Why? Why not? What is the good of it all?" she thought impatiently. "Oh, I'm sick of little things, and I can't find any

big ones!"

The crowd pushed forward a little. A girl in a dingy jacket and weather beaten hat stood close to the wheel, gravely studying the elaborate turnout. As Miss Temple turned her head, their eyes met, and she saw something of her own wonder repeated, without the impatience. They eved each other with grave curiosity.
"How does it feel?" asked the girl

abruptly.

Miss Temple lifted the corner of the rug.

"Try and see," she said.

The girl hesitated. Then, as the carriage started slowly forward, she put her foot on the broad step and took the place offered her. Her black serge sleeve, over large and drooping heavily, lay without shrinking an inch from its furred and satin lined neighbor. Her stained walking hat made a strange contrast with the coil of shimmering velvet beside it, but there was no consciousness of this on either of their faces.

The carriage felt its way across Broadway and fell into line on the crowded asphalt of Fifth Avenue, which shone blackly like sluggish water under the lights of early evening. Both stared silently at the crowd for several blocks. Then Miss Temple turned.

"Well?" she said. She did not smile. Her interest was purely impersonal and scientific.

"Why, I can't tell. I never saw people from-from just this high before," said the girl slowly. "You know what I mean. How would you say it?"

"It's a new angle of vision," suggested Miss Temple. The girl repeated the phrase to herself vaguely, but as though she liked the sound. "Do you like it? Do you want it?" Miss Temple went on. "Does it seem unfair to you that I should have it and

you not?"

"It did once. Oh, I wanted and wanted, and cared, and scrimped to get flowers on my hat, and cried because I hadn't any pink ribbons. But now-I don't know. Falling in love and marrying and bearing children and dying; that's about all there is to it. It don't matter much how you do them. You're lucky if you don't have to skip half of them."

Miss Temple pulled her fur collar closer around her ears and said nothing. The girl stared up at a great mass of stone, pricked from sky to earth with lights, and redolent of money and luxury, then down at her

soiled and mended gloves.

"Somehow, when a big thing has happened to you-something that hurt-it seems to knock out all the little things," she said. "Once I'd have had a fit over this ride. I'd have been half crazy longing for the girls to see me, and yet sort of ashamed to have them, and I'd have laid awake all night afterwards planning how I'd tell it. And I'd have been afraid to speak, for fear you wouldn't like what I said."

"And now—is it because you're older?" "Yes-and because I've got my knock, I suppose. It was such a hard one, I don't see how anything could ever hurt much again. Queer-it set me wondering all the time about other folks, how they felt and if they'd got hurt yet. I didn't so much care-I just wanted to know. Before that, I never thought about anybody but myself. And him, of course. I guess it takes a good knock to set you wondering."

Miss Temple's eyes were fixed on the smooth black asphalt flowing under the car-

riage wheels.

"Yes, perhaps it does," she said.

"It makes you see folks from a-what was it?"

"A new angle of vision?"

"Yes, that was it. It isn't till you've wanted a thing just awful and couldn't get it that you begin to think whether others have got what they want. And then sometimes it pesters you."

Miss Temple lifted her head impatiently. "What can one do? Is there no way to stop wondering and fussing? I'm so deadly

tired," she exclaimed.

"You can't bring dead things to life," said the girl slowly, "but you can-I'm going to be married before so very long. He's a carpenter, a real nice, steady feller, andyou're lucky if you don't have to skip half

the things you want."

Miss Temple gave her a wondering glance, then leaned back with her eyes closed. She looked pale and worn in the electric light. Neither spoke till the carriage drew up at a beautiful stone house. A girl with a large white box was just going up the steps. Miss Temple turned to her companion.

"That is my wedding gown," she said quietly. Their eyes met squarely, then the girl laid her coarsely gloved hand on the

fur sleeve.

"I-I hope he's a nice feller," she said

earnestly.

"Yes, very nice, and kind, and lovable," said Miss Temple slowly. "And as you said, one is lucky if-I hadn't thought of that before. It-rests me. Will you come

"No," said the girl, getting out. "I guess I'll go home-my own way. Joe will be expecting me. I hope he's a nice feller.'

"I think so," said Miss Temple. "And-I like your angle of vision better than mine. Thank you. Good night."

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

### THAT STUPID GUSTAVE.

GUSTAVE was stupid; that was what the matter was with him, and in Gretchen's eyes that was his only fault-a very serious fault, however, and one she could hardly forgive. She had loved him so many years, and had been looked upon as his sweetheart for a very long time by all the village; but Gustave did not ask her to marry him.

Gustave was a decent, hard working young fellow, who, almost perfect in every other particular in his sweetheart's eyes, could not get it into his stupid head that she really loved him. Year after year, ever since they were little children together, he had yearned for her; but fearing that the most important question of all might meet with her refusal, and that such a refusal might tear her from him altogether, he had long ago decided to let well enough alone.

Gretchen loved Gustave, and many a sign she had given him of the condition of her heart. Gretchen understood the signs. All the village understood them. More's the

pity, Gustave didn't.

So things ran on until one day Gretchen awoke to the belief that her fate lay sealed. All the young men she had known were married. All but the one she loved, and he-

"So," cried Gretchen that day, "I am young. I am pretty. Now, I will forget all about Gustave, and in St. Louis, Magda says, there are lots of nice young men. So to St. Louis it is, and right away!"

Without giving herself time to repent her decision, Gretchen went at once to the steamship office and bought a ticket for the new world.

Magda was her sister. She lived in St. Louis, in America. She was going to her. All these things Gretchen told her friends in the village, and she tried to look as if she liked nothing better than the idea of going to the new country; but as a matter of fact, she didn't. The more she thought of it the less she liked the idea, and when at last, after supper, she sat down on her trunk in her room, she began to think and to cry, and the more she thought the more she cried.

Pretty soon she heard a familiar voice out

in the street.

"Gustave!" she cried, and all her tears dried up. Here was the man who had driven her to all this. He loved her, she knew. Well, she would make him suffer.
"That I will," she exclaimed, and so she

went out to meet him.

"What's this I hear?" he asked. "I am going away," she replied.

"When?"

"In a few days."

"Where?"

"To my sister in St. Louis."

Gustave looked deep into her eyes, and his lips trembled. Gretchen felt that he was about to ask her not to go, to stay at home and marry him. But he didn't. He simply swallowed the lump in his throat and held out his hand.

"Good by, Gretchen," he said, and was

gone.

Gustave was not at the station to say farewell, nor did he send her any message. She made up her mind that he had forgotten her

already, and was miserable.

"At least," she said to herself, "he might have shown a little sorrow after all these years, but he hasn't. I hope Magda's friends will be kinder, and yet-oh, Gustave, none of them can be as good as you are, or as dear to me! "

So with rather tender recollections of her old sweetheart she went on board the steamship, and was far out at sea before the seasickness was over and she was able to go on deck.

Gustave was not the very first person she saw, but he was the second or third.

He came up to her with the same stupid, good natured smile and took her hand, just as if they were at home in the quiet streets of Königsberg. Indeed, at first Gretchen had almost to pinch herself to make sure that she had not dreamed all the misery she had passed through in the last few days.

"So," said Gustave, just as if he had left her only an hour or so before, "you have

been ill?"

Gretchen's first impulse was to take Gustave by the collar and shake him. Then she thought she would be angry with him. Finally she decided that she was curious.

"How did you get here?" she asked.

"Hans, my brother, is in America. thought I would go to him, and that you would be lonely traveling by yourself, so I came along.'

Now, as a matter of fact, Königsberg had been beautiful to Gustave simply because there Gretchen lived. Without her he had refused to think of his future in the village. No sooner had she told him that she intended to go away than he made up his mind to go with her. He hadn't told her of his plans for the same reason that he hadn't told her of his love.

"Well," cried Gretchen, "you are a---"

But she could think of no word in all the German language that would express exactly what she thought of him. Gustave nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, with a burst of confidence and enthusiasm; "I know I am."

Gretchen shrugged her shoulders and looked very hard at him. His lips trembled. She thought he was about to tell her of his love. He didn't. He simply asked:

"Can I get you some soup?"

Day in and day out after that Gustave was always by her side. There was nothing she could think of that he didn't do for her, until, of course, the other passengers noticed his devotion, and made remarks when Gretchen and Gustave were out of the way.

But when the eagle eye of the strictly moral inspector of immigrants fell upon Gretchen and Gustave as they stood on the deck, very lover-like, and much wrapped up in each other, he asked a few questions.

"Oh, ho," said this strictly moral inspector to himself; and when the passengers were landed at Ellis Island Gretchen and Gustave learned that they were detained.

After all the other passengers had gone, they were taken before a very pompous looking little man, who gave them a fierce examination through his gold rimmed spectacles. Then he asked who they were, and they told him.

"Now," he said, "don't you know it is

very improper for you to travel together?"
"No," they cried together; they had ' they cried together; they had

never thought of such a thing.

"Very strange," said the little man, in English, and then he called the inspector and a woman and whispered with them.

The woman took Gretchen inside and

asked her:

"Do you love him?" "Yes," she replied.

The inspector asked Gustave:

"Do you love her?"

"Yes," he replied.

The woman and the inspector reported to the man in charge, and he, looking at Gretchen and Gustave over his spectacles, cried out in righteous indignation:

"Well," he cried, "if you love each other,

why don't you get married?"

"So!" exclaimed Gustave, clooking as if he had been shot at and narrowly missed. Then he turned to Gretchen.

"Will you?" he whispered.

".Yes," said Gretchen, "I have waited for ten years."

"So?" whispered Gustave, and before them all he kissed her as if he were afraid she would fade away into the empty air.

Then they found a minister, and Gustave and Gretchen were married, and they went out to St. Louis, and, for all that I know, lived happily together ever afterwards.

Warren McVeigh.

#### IN THE DESERT.

"WELL, it's water anyhow," said the tall man. "We ought to be thankful for that."

"Thankful for nothing!" growled the short man, who had once been stout as well as short. "There isn't more than a quart, and it ain't fit to drink. You're the greatest fellow to get sunshine out of cucumbers! We're goners, I tell you. I've felt it in my bones ever since we lost the trail three days ago-or was it four?"

The tall man smiled as cheerfully as his haggard cheeks and sunken eyes would allow. "I've read about men being lost for a month and then turning up all right," he said hopefully.

"You never read nothing about men that didn't turn up, did you?" said the other con-

temptuously.

It certainly required a great deal of optimism to extract any hope from the outlook: a waste of sand and rocks in the Arizona desert. The two men were the sole living things in a great bowl. Fifty miles to the west were mountains, barren and rocky; to every other point of the compass stretched the sandy plain, without a landmark save an occasional boulder or small sand dune. Above, the August sun shone down dazzling and scorching; at their feet was a brackish pool containing perhaps a bucketful of water. And that was all.

"You don't know anything but books, Jim," continued his companion, shading his face with his wide hat. "In books there'd be an antelope wandering around here just to give us a meal, or we'd find a spring gushing out of a rock, or some such miracle. But this is real, Jim, and there ain't nothing of the sort; and, what's more, there ain't

going to be. This comes of looking for gold instead of working at a trade like sensible

"We ain't to be blamed for trying to better our condition, Al," the tall man replied, moistening his lips with the precious alkali water. "Suppose we had found the mineor suppose we find it yet?"

"Fiddlesticks! There you go again."

"Well, why not? Of course we expected

"Not like this-at least, I didn't, or I wouldn't have come. We might as well died at the last water hole. What are you smiling at?" he wound up fiercely.

"Just thinking," said Jim, turning away his face. "We're in a fix, I allow, but while

there's life there's hope."

"That's rubbish," retorted Al savagely. The tall man pulled a crushed and soiled wallet out of his pocket.

"Know what I've got here, Al?" he

" No. Money, perhaps. It's worth a heap here!"

"No, not money; a picture."

He took from the wallet the photograph of a girl, young and smiling and passably good looking.

"That's Lucy Adams," he explained, holding the card off at arm's length as if to

get a better look.

The short man glanced at it indifferently.

"Your girl?"

"Yes; the dearest girl in all the worldto me. She's waiting for me down East, and when I strike it rich I'm going back to her."

"Well, of all the fools!" The short man looked wrathfully at his companion, then suddenly changed his tone. "Poor girl!"

he muttered.

"Do you know, Al," went on the tall man, laying the picture on the ground and bending over it, "when she gave me this I gave her mine, and she promised that every day she'd look at it and "-there was a catch in his voice—" pray for me."

It was nearly a minute before the other spoke; then he said, half wonderingly:

"Is that what makes you think we'll pull out of this scrape?"

"Yes," answered Jim confidently.

There was another pause, and then the

short man said scornfully:

"If I'd known you were such a chump I'd never took you for a partner. Why, man alive, if prayers would save a man there wouldn't be ten people a year die in the United States. Didn't you ever read of a shipwreck, and don't you know that every mother's son was praying for his miserable life? How many men have been killed in battle, and wasn't their mothers and wives

and sisters and sweethearts praying every day and night for their safe home coming? And yet--"

"Yes, I know," said Jim serenely;

"But your Lucy is different, isn't she? The good Lord don't pay any attention to the millions of other women, but when Lucy -you've got conceit, you have!"

Jim looked at his companion. "That's no

way to talk, Al." he said.

"Why ain't it? What's the use of bolstering yourself up with humbug? What's the sense of believing that all the laws of nature are going to be set aside for a carpenter named Jim Barrow? Here's a clerk named Alfred Wilkes that's going to die on an Arizona desert, and the carpenter is going to be saved because he has a girl in Vermont. What's the sense in that?"

"I believe you'll be saved, too," returned Jim, with his eyes on the photograph.

"That's kind of you, but it don't help matters. There's just one chance for us, and that is the arrival of a wagon train or a party of Indians. We'll die if we stay here, and we ain't got strength to travel to the mountains. There ain't a man, white, black, or red, coming this way at this time of year."

"Suppose," Jim said gently—" suppose we pray for ourselves?"

"No, I won't," replied Al stubbornly. "I'm going to lie here by this water hole until the water is all gone, and then-

It was hard to tell which looked the most miserable, the man sitting up or the man lying down; only the man lying down cursed loud and bitterly, while the man sitting up prayed softly and looked at the picture.

When the cruel sun set at last, the men built a fire of sage brush and scorched some bacon. They ate languidly, and then drank

of the alkali water.

A desert cools rapidly when the sun is withdrawn, and within an hour they were shivering over the little fire until they finally fell into a troubled sleep.

Then again the sun came up and it was another day.

A train of wagons came along with the usual accompaniment of cracking whips and noisy teamsters, and riding in a straggling procession were some spectacled men with instruments for surveying.

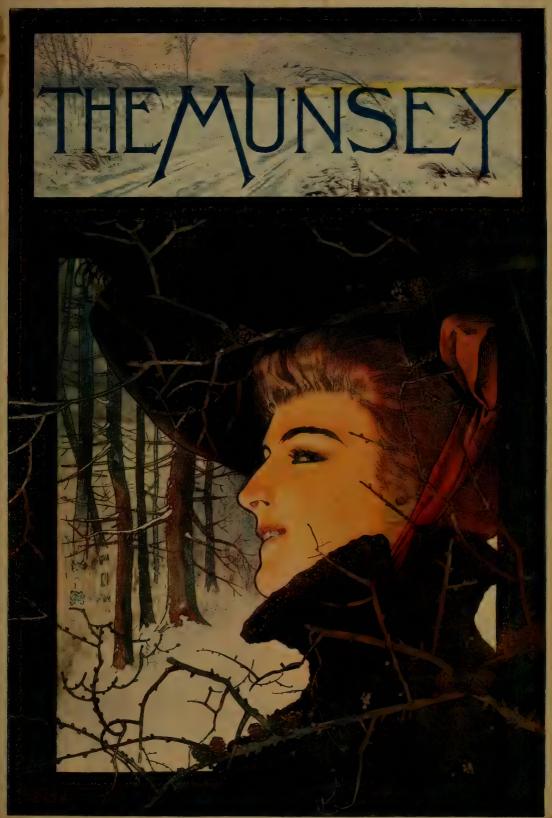
"Shall we pitch the camp here, professor?" asked the boss teamster.

"As well here as anywhere," was the weary reply. "How far are we from the mountains, Dan?"

"'Nother day to the foothills."

"Will the water last?"

"It's got to "-grimly-" even if we have to put up with a spoonful apiece."



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# THE SANTIAGO BATTLEFIELD AS IT IS TODAY.

#### BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT SANTIAGO THAT HAVE BEEN MADE HISTORIC BY THE VALOR AND THE SUFFERINGS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS—THE MEDIEVAL CUBAN CITY WITH ITS

TRAGEDIES OF THE PAST AND ITS HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

A BROWN man, lithe, sturdy, and clad only in a pair of thin cotton overalls, was slashing away at a jungle of wire grass confronting him. The morning sun beat down with intense heat, throwing reflections from the bright blade of the machete in his hand. Overhead the sky was blue with that tinge of azure found only in the latitude of the West Indies. The deadly heat of the day curled the edge of the palm leaves, and shriveled up the tender

shoots of young vegetation, but unheeding, the Cuban swept his machete from side to side, eating his way into the heart of the rank growth.

Suddenly he stopped and peered in consternation at an objectlying huddled in a tangle of weeds. It was the skeleton of a man, the bones bleached to a grayish hue, and some of them disarranged as if some vulture or animal had waxed impatient at the feast. A short distance from the skull was a stained campaign



EL POZO, AND PART OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF SANTIAGO. ON THE MORNING OF JULY 1, 1898, GRIMES' BATTERY WAS POSTED ON THE RISING GROUND FROM WHICH THIS VIEW WAS TAKEN.

hat with rusted cross swords pinned to the front. Over the swords was a fragment of the figure 1. Pieces of tattered brown khaki cloth were scattered about, and near one of the feet was a battered canteen.

The Cuban gave a shout, and presently another man, evidently a farm la-

little further on where the trail divides, I think—that we had the first battle. Madre de Dios! It rained bullets that hour. The Americanos fought like tigers, and they laughed and joked as if it was a fiesta. Ur-r-r! In a few minutes the grass and the weeds and some of the bushes were flat as if beaten



BRIGADIER GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, WITH A PARTY OF AMERICANS FROM SANTIAGO, AT THE BROOK WHERE GENERAL WOOD HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS AT LAS GUASIMAS IN JUNE, 1898.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

borer, came pushing and cutting his way through the jungle. He too paused aghast, but only for a moment; then he laughed grimly, and pointing downward, said:

"It is an Americano, Juan. He was a soldier in the great fight. There were many of them, and they dropped all around here like agave leaves in a strong wind. I remember that day very well. It was just five months ago, and I had been in the Cuban army almost a year. It was just about here—no, a

down with the machete. And there were bodies and blood and guns and fine clothing scattered all about. *Por Dios*, that was only the other day—less than half a year—and now look at it."

He gave a swing of his machete at the snarled, tangled mass of vegetation, shoulder high in places, which walled them in, and then, after another careless glance at the poor grinning skull, went back to his work in another part of that Cuban wilderness which had sprung up with tropical swiftness over



THE FIRST CLASS SPANISH CRUISER MARIA TERESA LYING IN GUANTANAMO BAY, ON THE DAY BEFORE SHE STARTED FOR THE UNITED STATES-TO BE WRECKED Drawn by L. A. Shafer from a photograph by E. C. Rost. ON HER WAY NORTH.



THE COURT OF CLAIMS BUILDING, ON THE CALLE SAN PEDRO ALTO, SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

mountains are as peaceful and pastoral to the eye as a bit of Staffordshire. But to the man who lived through the campaign of 1898, the very rocks and trees and creeks are eloquent.

On Sunday, while on a visit to El Caney, I happened into the stone church which had served the Spaniards as a fort on that memorable day, the 1st of July, when Lawton's brave troops sent a hail of death upon the town from the surrounding heights. weather stained old building bore many marks of the conflict, but native hands had patched up the doors, and there was evidence of new tiling here and there in the roof. I saw several women in black, leading little children, disappear inside, and I followed just as a bell tolled drearily overhead.

The interior was scantily furnished and not over clean, and the altar showed signs of

the ground so recently trodden and neglect; but there was a priest presharrowed and blood bathed by the ent, and a number of natives, and

American hosts from the north.

The casual visitor to Santiago and the surrounding country, if a stranger, will find little to indicate that he is on the site of one of the fiercest and most decisive fights in history. In the city itself he will see nothing save an occasional scarred wall or a jagged hole in a tiled roof; and the little valleys and foliage crowned hills between the bay and the higher range of



THE MARKET, ONE OF THE BUSIEST SPOTS IN SANTIAGO.  $From\ a\ photograph\ by\ E.\ C.\ Rost.$ 

in the aisle. midway from the door, resting upon a wooden carrier, was a coffin. As I watched, the padre produced a small book and prepared to read. The light was dim, and he stepped over to where a bright shaft of sunlight shot diagonally across the church from a broken edged hole in the wall close to the ceiling. Then he resumed his service in a sonorous voice. Presently a Cuban, evidently one of the better class,

slipped over to where I stood. and asked respectfully:

"You are an American, señor?"

I nodded, and he continued, with a jerk of his right ·thumb toward the coffin:

"Jesus Montero there was in the great battle, señor. He was a scout with your General Chaffee, and he was wounded by a Mauser bullet from the blockhouse on the hill. He died last night."

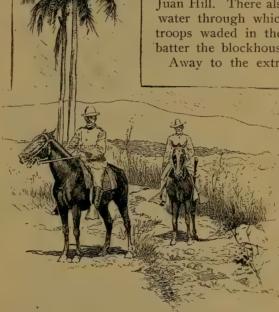
I looked from the coffin containing the body of the Cuban scout to the bible in the priest's hands, and then at the hole in the wall through which came the ray of sunlight. That hole had been made by a shell from Capron's battery. It was a peculiar coincidence.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

From the edge of the parade ground in front of the Spanish barracks, now occupied by the Fifth United States Infantry, one can see a stretch of country which represents the whole battlefield of the Santiago campaign, except the scene of the Rough Riders' fight at Guasimas. It is a huge basin with a ridge of mountains forming one rim, and the heights upon which the city of Santiago is built, the other. To the right are several rises and depressions extending to a tropical jungle in the extreme distance. In that mass of green foliage which, from the point of obser-

vation, seems like the billows of a troubled sea, are El Pozo and San Juan Hill. There also is the pond of water through which some of the troops waded in their eagerness to batter the blockhouse on San Juan. Away to the extreme left of the

basin are several hills among which nestles what was a warm bit of territory on the first day of Julythe village of El Caney: Here and there amid the long stretches of green are yellow streaks. In some spots these streaks take on the appeara n c e of a railway embankment



BRIGADIER GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, MILITARY GOV-ERNOR OF SANTIAGO, AND HIS ORDERLY, PRIVATE BYRNES.

Drawn from a photograph by E. C. Rost, taken on San Juan Hill.

or the level dyke of a Holland farm. They represent the trenches — the trenches dug by Spanish hands and taken by American arms.

One can take a carriage in Santiago, or preferably a horse, as Santiago roads and streets are still crude in places, and, in the course of an hour, reach a locality as eloquent of bravery and daring and suffering as the Bloody Angle. After leaving the city, the road winds and dips through a tangled maze of vegetation that forms two solid walls of green



THE SAN A FESTIVAL HELD IN THE PLAZA OF SANTIAGO, ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1898, TO CELEBRATE THE DELIVERANCE OF CUBA FROM SPANISH RULN.

CARLOS CLUB HAS ALWAYS BEEN, AND IS STILL, THE CENTER OF THE CUBAN PARTY IN SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.



THE TOWN OF GUANTANAMO. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE SPANISH BARRACKS USED AS QUARTERS FOR THE THIRD UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS (IMMUNES), COMMANDED BY COLONEL RAY.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

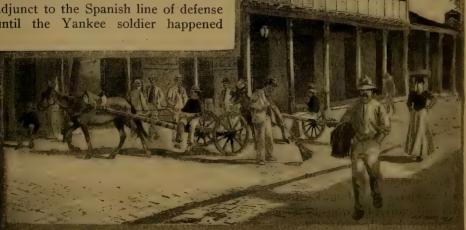
and red. Just beyond the last cluster of houses a branch leads off the main road, and in the angle is a framework of wood which was once a Spanish blockhouse. The boarding and most of the uprights have been torn away for firewood, and it stands outlined against the cloudless sky, a gaunt and grim reminder of the passing of Spain.

The road to San Juan Hill has great holes in it, holes made by the artillery and army wagons of the American forces, and there are many pitfalls which require wariness and skill to avoid. At times fragments of barbed wire are encountered half buried in the mud. Barbed wire formed a valuable adjunct to the Spanish line of defense until the Yankee soldier happened

along with his nippers. Now it is chiefly used in six inch lengths as a convenient memento for visitors from the north.

#### THE SURRENDER TREE.

After riding almost a mile from town, an open field is seen on the right. This slopes down to a shallow ravine, and at the beginning of the slope is a mag-



CALLE MARINO, A CHARACTERISTIC SANTIAGO STREET, SHOWING THE PECULIARLY CONSTRUCTED CARTS USED BY THE NATIVES.



DISINTERRING AN AMERICAN SOLDIER'S BODY.

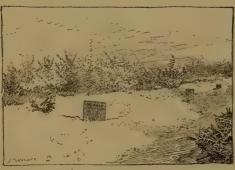
branches of this tree. The latter was of another race and wore a stained and fraved military uniform. A sword was tendered and refused, a few words were exchanged; then the great tree passed into history as the one under which the representative of an ancient monarchy signed and sealed a surrender which meant that his country yielded up its

nificent tree with great spreading branches. It stands almost alone in the field. There are other trees, but they are mere dwarfs compared with this monarch of the forest. The shade it casts at noonday would afford comfort to a regiment of soldiers.

One day, seven months ago, a man with a sallow, worn face, and a look of bitter humiliation, confronted another man under the



"IT'S FOLEOW ME-FOLLOW ME HOME."



SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN THE TRENCHES.

brightest colonial gem to a new republic. As yet the sole visible proof of its recently acquired glory is a number of scars and marks about the lower trunk where iconoclastic relic seekers have chopped away the wood.

Almost in the shadow of the Surrender Tree, as it is now called, are a dozen mounds of earth, each with a plain wooden board at the



THE WRECK OF THE REINA MERCEDES, SUNK BY THE SPANIARDS IN THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO HARBOR ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 4, 1898, IN AN ATTEMPT TO BLOCK THE CHANNEL AGAINST SAMPSON'S FLEET.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

head. The board nearest the tree bears this inscription:

395 UNKNOWN U. S. SOLDIER.

Merely a number to signify that underneath rests one who died for his country, and that he was not a Spaniard, nor a Cuban, but an American soldier. There is many a home in the United States that saw father or brother, son or husband, go forth to the war, never to return, and that possesses no record to show where the missing one lies. Poor "395" represents one—but which?

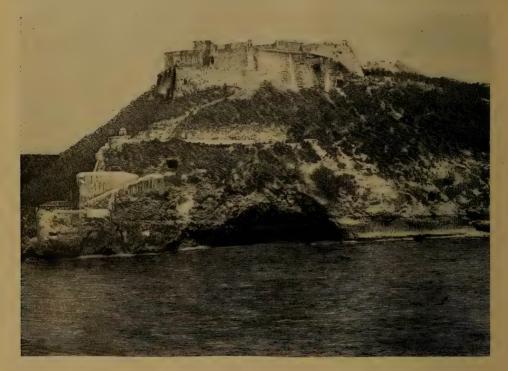
A mile beyond the Surrender Tree the road takes an upward slant to a crest from which one looks ahead down a cut like the sunken road that figures in stories of the field of Waterloo. A

rough trail leads off to the right along the ridge, and it is after taking this trail that you get your first glimpse at close range of the famous trenches. You stumble upon them unexpectedly. The dense rank growth of vegetation "sprung up in a night" has covered them with a mantle of green, leaving to the view only a scratch in the earth and a ridge of sodden dirt. In a peaceful New England valley they would represent commonplace ditches; but down here, where the royal palms nod their tufted heads, and the cacti grow in wild abundance, they have a different meaning.

Each one of those trenches held men battling fiercely for their lives; and men wounded, and men dead. They were mowed with bullets and bursting shells; and they now contain such strange objects as broken shot, abandoned soldiers' kits, and even human bones. Carefully placed along the edge of each trench are coarse bags of earth heaped three and four deep. The bagging has rotted in the tropical dews and sun, and is rapidly disappearing. Yards of it go north by every steamer; and in due time many a crazy quilt in American homes will have as the central piece of honor an inch or two of bagging from the Santiago battlefield.

It is all that is left of the San Juan blockhouse.

There is nothing to indicate that it is the spot where seventy five men under two officers crawled and tugged and struggled upward in the face of a hail of bullets, and, as their officers fell near the top of the ridge, battered upon the



MORRO CASTLE AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE BUFFETINGS IT RECEIVED FROM THE GUNS OF SAMPSON'S FLEET.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost, taken in November last.

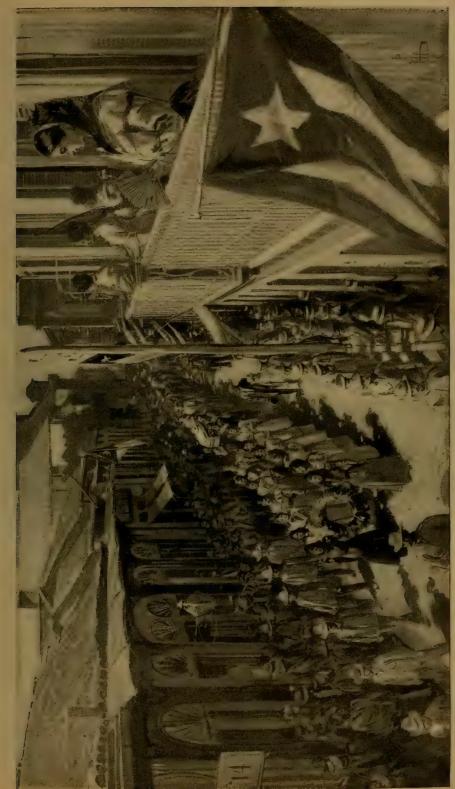
Some of the pieces may bear stains of red which is not rust.

#### THE SAN JUAN OF TODAY.

The ridge just mentioned is the crest of San Juan Hill, the hill that was stormed and captured by the gallant "thin blue line" of American soldiers on the 2d of July. A short distance from the main road is a crumbling heap of ruins level with the ground. There is an excavation that once was a cellar, and several lines of adobe and stone foundations. Scattered about in unsightly piles are great quantities of red tiling and twisted wooden supporters.

outer walls of the blockhouse with their naked hands, so eager were they to get at the enemy, then in amazed flight. The spot and the surroundings are peaceful enough for an Acadian drama. There is little of war in the heap of ruins. Struggling grass and weeds of many brilliant colors are creeping up between the broken tiling, and here and there green lizards scurry across the crumbling adobe walls. The stillness of summer is upon the scene.

From the site of the San Juan block-house one can see a great part of the battlefield. Directly below is the slope up which the Rough Riders and several



A CUBAN FUNERAL PROCESSION IN SANTIAGO-THE OBSEQUIES OF CAPTAIN PREVAL, ONE OF GENERAL GARCIA'S OFFICERS.

regiments of regulars made their famous charge. The slope is fairly gentle, and the undergrowth does not offer much of an obstacle, but even a layman can see that the summit should be almost impregnable. How even a corporal's guard gained the top of the ridge in the face of such a terrific fire is one of the mysteries of war.

Spanish trenches. In the whole battle-field there is no spot more exposed.

In riding along the ridge of San Juan hill one comes upon little squares of ground thickly strewn with empty provision cans and other odds and ends generally found in the vicinity of military camps. Rude frameworks of "shacks" constructed of bamboo can



THE OLD CHURCH AT EL CANEY, WHICH WAS DAMAGED BY AMERICAN SHELLS DURING THE BATTLE OF JULY I, 1898, AND AFTERWARDS SHELTERED WOUNDED MEN AND REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

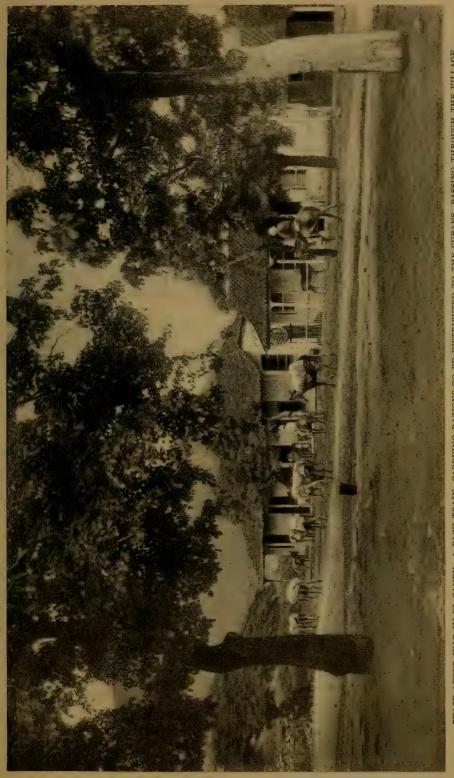
Down in the little valley between what are known as the first and the second of the San Juan hills is a small body of water not much larger than an ordinary pond. It is deep in places, and the bottom is soft, but in the wild charge from the first hill the line of American soldiers swept through it as if it were only a purling brook. One man met his death there from drowning, and many from the enemy's bullets. On the left of the pond is a road, and a stretch of open ground. It was on the latter that the Seventy First New York first faced the withering fire of the

be seen, and not far from the first line of trenches is a rather elaborate structure of brushwood strengthened here and there with flattened meat tins. Over the aperture representing the door is a legend scrawled with the charred end of a stick. It says:

#### SAN JUAN HOTEL.

(NO) MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
EMPTY BEER BOTTLES ON TAP.

During the many weary days of waiting after the surrender of Santiago the soldiers, Othello-like, found their oc-



PEACE AFTER WAR IN EL CANEY-A PACK TRAIN, CARRYING RATIONS TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO THE CUBANS, PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE. From a photograph by E. C. Rost.



THE PLAZA OR CENTRAL SQUARE OF SANTIAGO—ON THE RIGHT, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE GOVERNMENT PALACE; ON THE LEFT, IS THE VENUS CAFÉ, THE LEADING HOTEL AND RESTAURANT IN THE CITY.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

cupation gone and time hanging heavy on their hands. They were driven to novel expedients for amusement, and traces can still be found of rude broken bats, home made balls, and roughly fashioned quoits. I encountered cards, too, and pieces of tin which had probably served as poker chips.

#### THE AMERICAN DEAD.

Beyond San Juan road, in the direction of El Caney, the Spanish trenches are numerous. They have not outlived their usefulness, for they form the burying ground of the American hospitals in Santiago. After the battle it was found convenient to utilize the shallow trenches as graves for the dead soldiers, both Spanish and American. There were no coffins, the bodies being wrapped in squares of canvas made of shelter tents. They were then placed in the trenches and covered over with loose earth, with a head board of rough

wood, bearing a number and in some cases a name, stuck at one end.

There are scores of such graves scattered over the battlefield, besides scores of empty ones. Disinterring has been going on since the 1st of September, and it is seldom that a government transport returns from Santiago to the United States without including in its cargo list one or more bodies. As there is no regular cemetery, aside from the Catholic, in or near Santiago, it has been found necessary to give a temporary resting place in the trenches to Americans who die in that part of Cuba.

#### A NEW ERA FOR SANTIAGO.

The Santiago battlefield, as represented by the country between Siboney and the city, is much as it was last July. In the city itself there have been many changes. The result of the battle and the siege has been to the lasting good

of the people. Under the wonderful administrative work of Major General Leonard Wood, the military governor, the ancient capital has been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and made habitable for the first time in almost four centuries. The military barracks, formerly a pest hole, are now in splendid shape.

Morro Castle is being set in order, and before many months have passed it will contain modern high power guns in place of the ancient smoothbore relics that laughed at Admiral Sampson's fleet.

Of the mighty squadron that rode proudly at anchor, in Santiago Bay when the famous blockade began, but

one vessel is now visible. It lies careened upon its side just within the entrance. Ships passing in and out clear it by a few yards only, and of all the interesting sights around Santiago that of the wrecked Reina Mercedes is at once the most melancholy and the most fascinating. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of a once formidable modern cruiser lying helpless and deserted at the very door of its former home. The broad deck exposed to view presents a scene of ruin and disaster almost impossible to conceive. Dismantled guns, heaps of débris, shattered hatches, and long lines of broken and twisted railings are all that remains visible of the cruiser. To the



THE "SURRENDER TREE," UNDER WHICH SHAFTER AND TORAL MET TO COMPLETE THE FORMAL SURRENDER OF THE SPANISH FORCES IN SANTIAGO.



A SPANISH SIGNAL TOWER IN SANTIAGO, FROM WHICH IT IS SAID THAT CARRIER PIGEONS WERE SENT TO MANZANILLO WHEN TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WAS CUT OFF.

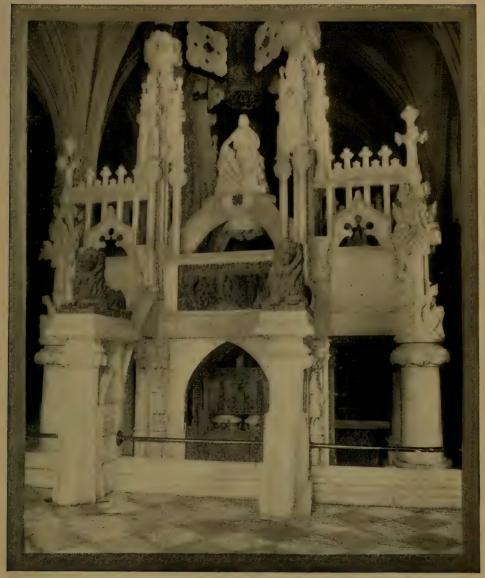
Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph by E. C. Rost.

average spectator it seems an impossible task to raise the hull and make of it an efficient warship, but skilled wreckers are at work, at the time of writing this, and the name of Reina Mercedes may in time be added to the growing list of the American navy.

Perhaps one of the first questions asked by the passengers on board of steamers entering Santiago Bay is, "Where is the Merrimac?" The answer is given in a sweep of the hand toward a spot just beyond the wreck of the Reina Mercedes. There, a short distance off shore and almost directly opposite a quaint old fort that was in its prime when the buccaneers ruled the Spanish main, the broken stump of a

steamer's mast projects above the surface of the water. It is so insignificant and commonplace that it would not attract a second glance if it were not known that there rests a collier that has been converted into a golden argosy of glory by the unparalleled bravery and daring of a handful of Americans. People who visit Santiago and see the narrow, winding channel at the entrance, and the forts that line the shores, and picture to themselves the hell into which Hobson and his men went that memorable night, feel that if the Spanish American war did nothing else it served to engrave upon the rolls of fame one of the bravest deeds in all history.





THE MAUSOLEUM RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE CRYPT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO, TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE BODY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ACTUALLY LIES.

archbishop, Francisco Pio, commanded that the vaults in which lay the three national heroes should be covered deep with earth, to hide their whereabouts from the dreaded enemies. The Dominicans doubtless believed—and, indeed, they were not wholly without reason for believing—that English sailors in those days enjoyed nothing better than profaning the sanctuaries of a hostile faith.

Thus it came about that a synod which assembled in 1683 declared that "the exact place where rest the remains of Columbus has been confided to tradition."

The next chapter in the history of these famous ashes is dated 1783. Then, according to the statement of the captain general of the island, Don Ysidoro Peralta, "while repairing the chancel of



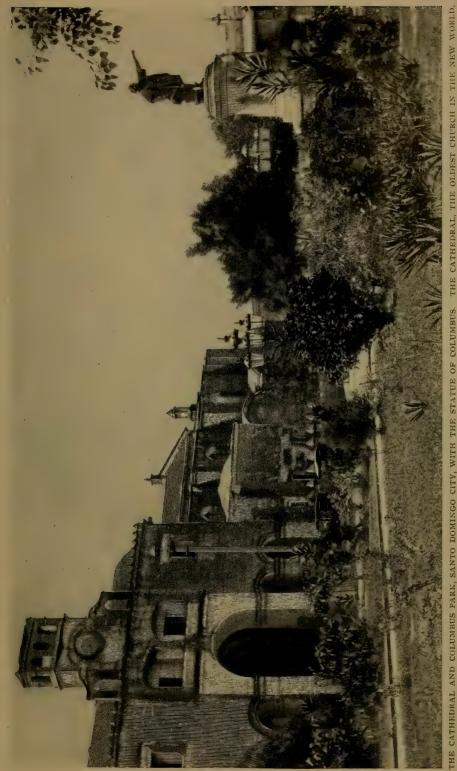
"COLUMBUS RECEIVED BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AT GRANADA, AFTER HIS THIRD VOYAGE"—
RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

the cathedral, a leaden box without any inscription on it was encountered, which was known to contain the remains of Columbus according to a constant and invariable tradition, which said that the remains of Columbus were at the right of the chancel." The correctness of this tradition was demonstrated later by inscriptions found on the coffin of the great admiral.

In 1795, by the treaty of Basel, Spain ceded to France her claim—which had long been nothing more than a nominal one—to sovereignty over the island of Haiti; but she expressly reserved the right to take the bones of Columbus to Havana, and the transfer was made at the end of that year. But in disinterring the admiral's body, the Spanish commissioners found no external mark



"COLUMBUS, ON HIS WAY TO THE SPANISH COURT, INTRUSTING HIS SON DIEGO TO THE PRIESTS OF LA RABIDA"—RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.



WAS BEGUN IN 1512 AND FINISHED IN 1540. THE BODIES OF CHRISTOPHER AND DIEGO COLUMBUS WERE INTERRED THERE IN 1537.



"COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS PROJECT TO THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA"—RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

to show the exact spot where it lay, nor had they any documentary evidence to guide them. Apparently they accepted the statement made by the cathedral authorities, and did little or nothing to ascertain its correctness. They opened a vault at the place pointed out, took from it a leaden box containing human remains, and carried these off to Hava-

na, where they were duly laid in the old cathedral.

The people of Santo Domingo have always asserted that the body taken to Cuba was not that of the discoverer of America but that of his son, Diego Columbus. Their tradition is that the Dominican ecclesiastics, who were naturally very unwilling to lose their vener-



"LAS CASAS PROTECTING THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIANS"—RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

ated relic, purposely misled the Spaniards. Independent investigators who have studied the scanty evidence procurable, agree that it supports their contention. It is said that the official

the Santo Domingo cathedral, the leaden case containing the bones of Luis Columbus was found and identified. Next to it was found the empty grave from which the Spaniards took the



"QUISQUEYA GUARDING THE ASHES OF COLUMBUS"—THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO. QUISQUEYA IS THE INDIAN NAME OF SANTO DOMINGO.

report of Señor Hidalgo, the secretary of the Spanish commission, contains statements which go far toward proving that the coffin exhumed in 1795 was the same as that in which Diego Columbus was buried.

In 1877 new and striking testimony came to light. During some repairs to

body they carried to Havana. Continuing their search, the cathedral authorities found a third vault, larger and more prominently placed than the others; and from it they lifted a casket bearing inscriptions which, as deciphered by the Dominicans, proclaimed it the coffin of Christopher Columbus.



"COLUMBUS LANDING IN AMERICA, OCTOBER 12, 1492"—RELIEF FROM THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM
AT SANTO DOMINGO.

A public declaration was made, in the presence of all the foreign consuls, including the representative of Spain, that the real resting place of the great

admiral's body had been positively identified.

The movement for the building of a worthy mausoleum for the discoverer

of America was undertaken by the Tunta Nacional Columbiana, a committee of leading citizens of the Dominican republic, with the assistance of the government of General Heureaux. Curiously enough, both the architect and the sculptor to whom the execution of the work was intrusted were Spaniards-the former being Fernando Romeu, the latter Pedro Carbonell. It took eighteen months to complete the tomb, of which several illustrations are given herewith. It stands forty five feet high, and is richly decorated with bas reliefs and statues, historical groups and allegorical figures in bronze and marble. The whole structure is placed in an ingeniously and artistically constructed crypt under the old cathedral, and was dedicated, with an impressive ceremony, on the 5th of last December.



THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CENTRAL SPACE OF THE MAUSO-LEUM, CONTAINING WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE BODY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

#### BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE
TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE
SIXTH INSTALMENT TELLS THE STORY OF THOSE EVENTFUL
DAYS OF LAST SUMMER WHEN SHAFTER AND SAMPSON
WERE BELEAGUERING THE SPANISH
STRONGHOLD OF SANTIAGO.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA\* is almost the most ancient European settlement in America. Founded in 1514 by Spanish colonists sent from Santo Domingo by Diego Columbus, it was for a time the capital of Cuba. In 1873 it was the scene of the shooting of the Virginius prisoners. Other notable names in its annals are those of Antommarchi, Napoleon's physician and biographer at St. Helena, who settled here after the emperor's death; of Adelina Patti, who is said to have made her first

public appearance in Santiago, shortly before her recorded début in New York; and of the notorious "Boss" Tweed, who made it his first hiding place after his flight from the United States. But the old city was destined to have more history between May and August of 1898 than it had had in its four centuries of previous existence.

No American war ships appeared off Santiago until May 18, when the St. Louis and the Wompatuck cut the cable to Jamaica. Cervera's squadron ar-



THE FLEET OF TRANSPORTS THAT CARRIED SHAFTER'S ARMY FROM TAMPA TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

<sup>\*</sup>Santiago de Cuba—commonly abbreviated to "Santiago" by Americans, to "Cuba" by its own citizens—is named after the patron saint of old Spain, St. James the elder, whose body is supposed to lie at Santiago de Compostella, near Corunna.



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, COMMANDING THE FIFTH CORPS, THE ARMY THAT CAPTURED SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

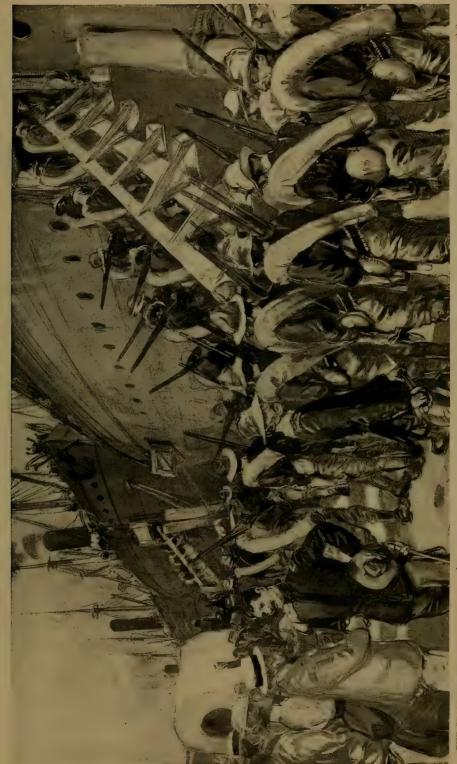
rived on the 19th. During the following week the St. Paul watched the harbor entrance, and her commander, Captain Sigsbee, formerly of the Maine, made sketches of it. On the 26th Schley came up, withdrew at once, and returned on the 28th; but even yet there was no close blockade of the port. The Spaniards had plenty of time to continue their voyage unmolested, had

they been able to fill their empty bunkers.\*

SLOW COALING AT SANTIAGO.

There was coal at Santiago. The

\*For some days after Sampson's arrival, with good luck, they might have escaped with little loss. As late as June 15 the admiral warned his captains that through carelessness in maintaining positions there were times when "the fleet is so scattered that it would be perfectly possible for the enemy to come out of the harbor and meet with very little opposition." Gradually, however, the blockade became more and more perfect, especially at night.



THE STARTING OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S EXPEDITION TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA-AMERICAN TROOPS BOARDING TRANSPORTS AT PORT TAMPA; JUNE 7, 1898. Drawn by William J. Glackens.

navy depot had 2,300 tons of Welsh steam coal, and fuel was requisitioned from the Juragua mines (owned by an American company), and from the little local railway; but there were no proper appliances for getting it aboard. The cruisers could not come up to the coaling piers, which were in such shallow water that only lighters could lie at them, and not more than two boats could be loaded at once. When baskets were ordered for carrying the coal, very few could be found in the city. It was



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

From his latest photograph by W. F. Turner, Boston.



BRIGADIER GENERAL H. W. LAWTON, COMMANDING THE SECOND DIVISION OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

From a photograph by Havens, Jacksonville.

almost equally difficult to supply the fleet with the fresh water it needed.

Work went on day and night, and some of the ships were able to move on the morning of May 25, when the Colon went down to a position inside the harbor mouth. She was just in time to witness the St. Paul's capture of the collier Restormel-a disaster which it would seem that she might have prevented. Lieutenant Müller\* explains that she could not, in his opinion, have reached the scene in time; that she could not spare the fuel that would have been burned in a chase; and that the sea was so rough that she might have grounded in going down the channel. All this would scarcely have prevented

most of the American captains from an effort to reach the enemy. In the afternoon of that day (May

25) the Vizcaya joined the Colon, both ships anchoring where their

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Combates y Capitulacion de Santiago de Cuba," by Lieutenant Jose Müller y Tejeiro, who was second in command of the local naval office during the siege. The United States Navy Department has published a translation of most of this interesting record.

broadsides commanded the channel, but neither vessel, it appears, being sighted by the St. Paul. Coal was still coming out to them in lighters. The Pluton had

reconnoitered outside on the 24th; on the 20th both of the destroyers went out, but attempted no attack, though Schley's squadron was in sight. The first exchange of shots was on the afternoon of May 31, at too long range for damage on either side, though the Spaniards-too easily elated, as usual-believed that they had hit two of the American ships, and the officer who wrote the Colon's log cheerfully recorded that the assailants "retired in disorder." Schley reported to Washington that his reconnaissance "was intended principally to injure or destroy the Colon," which for three days had been lying in plain sight in the harbor entrance. This makes it difficult to understand

why the commodore's order was to engage at a distance of seven thousand yards, and why the firing, which lasted only about ten minutes, was actually done at a still greater range—from eight thousand to eleven thousand yards.\* Next morning Sampson arrived, and, probably in expectation that the enemy, thus reinforced, would make a more persistent attack, the two cruisers withdrew further into the harbor out of sight from the sea.

#### THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

Sampson's first order of blockade, issued June 2, arranged his fleet in two squadrons, the first consisting of the

New York, the Iowa, the Oregon, the New Orleans, the Mayflower, and the Porter, under the admiral's direct command; the second, under Commodore



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB FORD KENT, COMMANDING THE FIRST DIVISION OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

Schley, including the Brooklyn, the Massachusetts, the Texas, the Marblehead, and the Vixen. Both squadrons formed a single line, drawn in a semicircle off the harbor mouth, Sampson's ships on the east and Schley's on the west, the battleships in the center of the line, and the swifter cruisers on the flanks. In the daytime the distance from the Morro was to be six miles; at night the blockaders were to draw in closer.

This simple plan was soon modified, Sampson devoting much care and thought to its elaboration, and finally evolving a remarkably effective formation. In this perfected arrangement the night watch was drawn up in three lines. The first, a mile from the Morro, consisted of three picket boats—steam launches from the men of war: the sec-

<sup>\*</sup> So stated in the detailed reports of Captain Evans of the Iowa and Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, who add that with their gun sights set at these ranges most of their shots fell short. "Do not go in any closer" was signaled to the squadron.

ond, two miles out, of three videttes, chosen from the smaller vessels of the fleet; the third, from three to four miles from shore, of the battleships and cruiscaused no little wonderment at the time—for, as was said by Captain Chadwick of the New York, "we, had the case been reversed, would not have been so

LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE, OF THE SUWANEE, AFTERWARDS COMMANDER OF THE CAPTURED GUNBOAT ALVARADO.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

ers. The novel and ingenious feature of the blockade was the advancing of one battleship to the line of videttes, where it held a searchlight steadily upon the entrance of the harbor, making it impossible for even a small boat to slip out unseen; while one of her sister ships lay close at hand, ready to use her guns in case of fire from the enemy.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE SPANISH DE-FENSES.

Throughout the blockade, with the exception of an occasional rifle shot at the picket boats, the Spaniards never fired upon the American ships at night, though the latter constantly lay within a moderate range. This fact, which

forbearing "-was due in part, perhaps, to that disinclination for the offensive which seems to be a traditional and characteristic trait of the Spanish military genius; but it can be explained more directly by their lack of good guns and shortage of ammunition and projectiles. The Morro battery, just east of the Morro Castle-which latter was armed with ancient bronze cannon -had only four guns as large as sixteen centimeter (six inch) caliber, and these were muzzle loaders. The Socapa battery, on the other side of the entrance, had two good sixteen centimeter Hontoria guns, taken from the cruiser Reina Mercedes. Two similar weapons were

mounted at Punta Gorda, nearly a mile up the harbor. There were other small batteries along the channel, at Estrella Point and along the hillside under the Socapa, but these had no heavy guns.

After his brief and cautious bombardment of May 31, Schley had reported that the Spanish fortifications were "well provided with long range guns of large caliber." Sampson estimated their strength more accurately when he said, in the instructions he issued on the day after his arrival (June 2): "It is not considered that the shore batteries are of sufficient power to do any material injury to battleships." But for the certainty that the channel was mined, it may be taken for granted that



THE MEETING OF SHAFTER, SAMPSON, AND GARCIA AT ASERRADEROS, JUNE 20, 1898—SHAFTER REVIEWING THE RAGGED FOLLOWERS OF THE CUBAN CHIEFFAIN. Drawn by W. O. Wilson,



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. BATES, COMMAND-ING AN INDEPENDENT BRIGADE OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

the admiral would speedily have forced an entrance into the bay, and would have destroyed or captured Cervera's fleet without waiting for the army. No doubt he remembered Farragut's "Damn the torpedoes!" but he also remembered the fate of the Maine—a fate that probably awaited the first ship to enter.

# SOME FALSE ALARMS.

It is noteworthy, too, that the Spaniards never made an attempt at attacking with their torpedo cruisers. In bolder hands these might have proved dangerous weapons, and in the early days of the blockade they caused much anxiety. "The end to be attained justifies the risk of torpedo attack, and that risk must be taken," Sampson said in an order dated June 7. There were several false alarms. The first was on the night of May 29, when the Vixen signaled, "Enemy's torpedo boat sighted," and after some random firing it was discovered that the supposed tor-

pedo boat was a train on the narrow gauge railway that runs along the beach near Fort Aguadores.\* A few nights later the New Orleans gave the alarm, and a stream of shot was hurled at a mysterious dark object, which proved, when the valorous Yankee dashed in to cut off its retreat, to be a floating mass of seaweed. After this, Sampson's perfecting of the blockade, and especially his effective use of searchlights, lessened the danger, and greatly relieved the strain upon his crews.

On the morning of the Merrimac's dramatic suicide (June 3) Cadet Powell's steam launch, though it was observed and fired at, waited off the Morro until hope for the escape of Hobson and his men was abandoned. Their fate was not known to the fleet till the afternoon, when a Spanish tug came out flying a flag of truce, and the Vixen, whom Sampson sent to meet her, found that she carried Cervera's chief of staff, Captain Bustamente, with a message



BRIGADIER GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, COM-MANDING A BRIGADE OF LAWTON'S DIVISION.

From a photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles.

\*Reported by Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, August 5.

announcing that the collier's crew were prisoners. The message, sent in recognition of the dramatic bravery of their exploit, was a fine piece of courtesy on the part of the Spanish admiral.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF JUNE 6.

With the powerful fleet now under his command, Sampson was not content with merely lying off Santiago and waiting for the Spanish ships to come out. His next moves against the enemy were his bombardment of the harbor defenses on June 6, and the attack on Guantanamo Bay on the 7th.

The former was intended to destroy the Spanish batteries, or at least to injure and weaken them enough to make



COLONEL E. P. PEARSON, COMMANDING A BRIGADE OF KENT'S DIVISION.

it safe for the blockading squadron to close in around the entrance of the harbor. The admiral issued an order of

battle on the 5th, and after sunrise the next morning his two divisions formed in a double column, heading inshore. At twenty minutes to eight a tremendous fire was opened with every gun that could be brought to bear, Sampson's ships, on the east, bombarding the Morro and Fort Aguadores, about three miles further east; Schlev's, on the west, devoting their attention to the Socapa.

The hail of projectiles hurled upon the Spanish



COLONEL EVAN MILES, COM-MANDING A BRIGADE OF LAWTON'S DIVISION.



BRIGADIER GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG, COMMAND-. ING A BRIGADE OF WHEELER'S DIVISION.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

batteries during the next three hours was probably the heaviest ever fired from the guns of a fleet, not excepting the British bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Beginning at three miles' distance, the ships worked in until they were within two thousand yards of the forts, where they used their rapid fire weapons as well as their big

rifles, about two thousand shots being fired in all. It was a still, misty morning, with no swell to disconcert the American gunners, though heavy showers occasionally obscured their

In the afternoon Sampson reported to Washington\* that he had silenced the works quickly without

<sup>\*</sup> Until he had a cable station at Playa del Este, on Guantanamo Bay, Sampson's usual method of communicating with Washington, while off Santiago, was by sending a despatch boat—which sometimes, as in the present case, was a newspaper tug—to the Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti. The station at Playa del Este was opened on June 21.

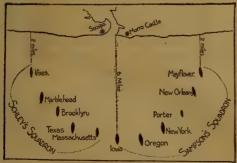


THE LANDING OF SHAFFER'S ARMY IN THE HARBOR OF DAIGUTRI, FIFTLEN MILES EAST OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JUNE 22, 1998. Drawn by William J Glackens.

injury of any kind." "Silenced," in the report of a bombardment, is, of course, a very indefinite word. may merely mean that the gunners have been driven to shelter, to return when the enemy's fire ceases; and such seems to have been the case in this instance. The batteries were frequently hit—they had three men killed and forty wounded, principally in the Morro; but little or no injury was done to the guns. It was a signal proof of the difficulty of firing effectively from shipboard upon fortifications that stand high above the water. Most of the American shells shattered themselves against the rocks of the Morro and the Socapa. Many passed over the heights, and fell inland, or in the waters of the inner bay. Here, indeed, the principal damage was done. Most of the village on Smith Key was destroyed, some of its inhabitants only escaping by standing waist deep in the water. The Reina Mercedes, moored near the key, was struck by thirty five shells, and was twice set on fire; her second officer, Commander Acosta, and five seamen were killed, and twelve wounded.

The reply of the batteries was feeble and ineffective. The six inch guns in the Socapa fired forty seven shots, those at Punta Gorda, which seldom had a ship in line, only seven. None of the vessels was injured, though the Massachusetts was hit once, and another shot went through her flag.

During the bombardment the Suwa-



SAMPSON'S FIRST ORDER OF BLOCKADE OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



SAMPSON'S FINAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE NIGHT BLOCKADE OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

nee entered the mouth of the small harbor of Cabanas, about a mile and a half west of the Socapa, and silenced a battery there. In the afternoon she made a landing further west, at Aserraderos, where for three days she lay landing arms and ammunition for a Cuban force under Colonel Cebreco, a part of General Jesus Rabi's brigade.

### THE EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT BLUE.

This communication with the insurgents led to one of the notable individual exploits of the war. Commander Delehanty of the Suwanee, being ordered by Sampson to get positive assurance of the presence of Cervera's ships in the blockaded harbor,\* and believing, as he afterwards reported, that "reliable information could not be secured through the insurgent forces." assigned the task to his second officer. Lieutenant Victor Blue, who had been ashore, only a few days before, on a mission to the Cubans in Matanzas province. Wearing his uniform and side arms, Lieutenant Blue landed at Aserraderos on the 11th and went inland to the camp of General Rabi, who furnished him with a guide and a mule. and sent him on to an insurgent post nearer Santiago. Here he found three other guides, with whom he made his way through the Spanish lines to a hilltop overlooking the bay, where he could see vessels that were unmistak-

<sup>\*</sup>The information was urgently needed to disprove the report that some of the Spanish ships had escaped, and had been sighted off the north coast of Cuba. See page 911.

ably Cervera's. He was back at Rabi's camp on the evening of the 12th, and reported on the Suwanee next morning, after a daring journey of seventy miles through the enemy's country.

A fortnight later (June 25) the same officer went ashore again, as Sampson desired once more to verify the position of the enemy's squadron. Again he ac-



PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

complished his mission successfully, though his journey was more dangerous than before, the Spaniards having occupied the hills west of Santiago in force, with intrenched lines at several points, in expectation of an attack from that direction by American troops.

# AN AMERICAN BASE IN CUBA.

The operations in Guantanamo Bay, which began on June 7, marked a step of cardinal importance in the naval campaign—the securing of the first American foothold on the Cuban coast. As a station for coaling, cable communication, and refitting, it proved to be of the greatest value to Sampson's ships. The admiral might indeed have found it difficult, or even impossible, to

maintain an effective blockade of Santiago had Key West, nearly a thousand miles away, remained his only available base. Especially would it have been so in case of stormy weather. It was only by the good fortune which seemed to follow our forces throughout the war that our fleet, in waters notorious for their hurricanes, encountered few rough seas and no serious gale.

The seizure of the bay had figured, no doubt, in the war plans discussed at Washington before hostilities began: and when Cervera was shut in at Santiago the American strategists naturally turned their attention to the convenient harbor that lies some thirty five miles further east. On May 28 Secretary Long suggested its capture, both to Sampson-then at Key West-and to Schley; and on the 20th he telegraphed the former that Captain Goodrich, who had reconnoitered the place on his cable cutting expedition (May 19), reported the Spanish position there to be very weak. "The seizure of, immediately, is recommended," the secretary added.

Nor was it necessary to call upon the army to supply a garrison; the navy had at hand a sufficient force of its own. As long ago as April 16—five days before war began-an order was sent to New York to organize a marine battalion immediately. Just six days later the battalion started southward on the transport Panther-647 officers and men, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel R. W. Huntington, and divided into five companies of infantry and one of artillery, with four small rapid fire guns. On April 29 it reached Key West, where it was held in readiness for just such service as was now in prospect at Guantanamo.

# THE FIRST ATTACK ON GUANTANAMO BAY.

The bay of Guantanamo consists of an outer and an inner basin, connected by a narrow channel running through a cluster of islands. When the Marblehead and the Yankee entered the outer basin, on the morning of June 7, they found that the Spanish defenses consisted of the gunboat Sandoval, which, after firing a few shots, retreated into the upper harbor; an old fort on Toro Key, near the town of Caimanera, which was speedily silenced; and a blockhouse, near the cable station at Playa del Este ("Eastern Shore"). which was shelled and demolished. The American ships did not follow the Sandoval, as the entrance of the inner bay was known to be laid with mines, and the outer basin afforded the sheltered anchorage that Sampson needed. Their task done, the Yankee returned to Santiago, while the Marblehead remained to secure possession, which was clinched on the 10th, when the Panther arrived from Key West, by landing the marine battalion.

The marines pitched their camp—which they named Camp McCalla, after the commander of the Marblehead—on the ridge above the cable station, where the demolished blockhouse had stood. The site chosen was not an easy one to defend, being conspicuously set in a clearing on the brow of the ridge, which was commanded by a higher hill a little further inland, while a dense growth of manigua scrub, affording perfect cover, came up within fifty yards of the tents. Apparently no attack was expected; no trenches were dug, and the artillery was not sent ashore.

### THE MARINES' HARD FIGHT.

Under the fire of the ships the Spaniards had withdrawn from the neighborhood, but in the evening of the 12th they returned, and from the safe cover of the bushes opened a galling fire that never ceased for three days and nights. The marines' position was a trying one; they had no shelter and could get no rest; and had the enemy's marksmanship been better they must have suffered severely. Their rapid fire guns were landed on the 12th, but it was difficult to reply effectively to the fire of the Spanish sharpshooters, whose smokeless powder gave little sign of



PLAN OF PART OF GUANTANAMO BAY.

their whereabouts. That night the enemy came in some force up to the edge of the clearing, but did not attempt to rush the camp—perhaps owing to the furious firing of the marines, who, almost exhausted by the strain, observed no fire discipline, and poured away their ammunition in a wild fusillade.

On the next day (June 13) shelter trenches were dug, and some Cubans came into camp with useful reports of the enemy's movements. Acting on their information, Captain George F. Elliott was sent out, on the 14th, with two companies of marines and fifty Cubans, to destroy a well from which the Spaniards had been drawing their water supply. Captain Elliott marched six miles through the scrub, in a heat so intense that twenty three of his men were prostrated, though all of them recovered; and not only did he succeed in choking the well, but he attacked and routed a Spanish force whose numbers were variously reported at from two hundred to five hundred, killing forty or more of them, taking eighteen prisoners, and capturing a heliograph signal apparatus. The prisoners, who belonged to the Sixty Fourth regiment of the line, told their captors that the soldiers at Guantanamo had only rice for rations, and had six months' pay due them.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE FOR TWO SHIPS.

As the Spaniards were bringing reinforcements over the bay from Caimanera, Sampson next day (June 15) detached the Texas and the Suwanee to join the Marblehead in an attack upon the defenses of the inner bay, and —if it could be reached—upon the Sandoval, which had been carrying the troops across. The ships bombarded the fort on Toro Key till there was nothing left to fire at, but did not venture to run over the mines into the inner bay, and the gunboat again escaped. passing through the channel west of Hospital Key, both the Texas and the Marblehead had already risked serious injury or even destruction. Each struck her propeller against a contact mine, which failed to explode only because it was incrusted with a thick growth of barnacles. Gratitude for the vessels' escape may fairly be divided between "divine care," to which the gallant and devout Captain Philip attributed it in his report, and the Spaniards' neglect to maintain a proper inspection of their defenses. A number of these torpedoes, which were of French manufacture, and contained  $46\frac{1}{2}$  kilograms (102 lbs.) of guncotton, were afterwards dragged up in the channel.

Besides destroying the Toro Key fort, the men of war shelled Point Hicacal, from which some infantry had fired on them. The operation was repeated on the 17th, and the point was swept so clear of cover that the Spaniards made no further attempt to hold it.

#### THE LOSS OF THE MARINES.

The whole loss of the marines, during ten days of more or less constant fighting, was six men killed and sixteen wounded, among the former being Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, a New York physician of high professional standing, who had sought service from patriotic

motives. The first three to lose their lives were a sergeant and two privates who went into the bush as a scouting party; and when their bodies were found, it was thought that they had been mutilated by the enemy. It was unfortunate that this shocking allegation—too shocking to be credible in a war with a civilized foe-found its way into the official reports, being forwarded by Commander McCalla to Admiral Sampson, and by him to Washington, where of course it aroused widespread horror and indignation. The charge was afterwards retracted, the apparent mutilation being attributed to the effect of Mauser bullets at short range. The fact, so well established later, that the small caliber projectile fired by the Spanish rifle inflicts a remarkably clean wound, makes it seem more probable that the ghastly work was done by some of those gruesome scavengers of Cuba—the buzzards or the land crabs.

# GENERAL PAREJA'S SITUATION.

The Spanish forces at Guantanamo and Caimanera, numbering some five thousand men under General Felix Pareja, were known to be in great straits for food. The stories told by the marines' prisoners were confirmed by a letter sent by General Pareja to Santiago, and intercepted by the Cubans, who hanged the messenger. It told how on the 7th seven ships—the general's enemies multiplied like Falstaff's men in buckram—had attacked Playa del Este; that his guns were not powerful enough to make any effective defense; and that "the American squadron in possession of the outer bay has taken it as if for a harbor of rest, they having anchored as if in one of their own ports." As to his own situation the general said:

The forces of the brigade here are in good spirits. I continue serving out half rations of everything, and in that way I expect to reach only the end of the month, above all in bread, as I have no flour of any kind, and no way of getting any, on account of there having been no corn for some time. Quinine

for the hospitals the same. Town in need-ful circumstances.

ORGANIZING AN ARMY OF INVASION.

Up to this point the navy, on the American side, had been practically the sole actor on the stage of war. The army missed its chance of an early blow at the enemy, as has already been told,\* by its unreadiness for immediate action; but when the plans for an attack upon Havana were perforce postponed, the organization of an invading force was still pushed as energetically as possible. Besides this immediate task, the powers of the War Department were tremendously taxed by the rapid increase of the volunteer forces, and the necessity for furnishing the recruits with equipments. The full nominal strength of the army mounted within five weeks from less than 30,000 to a little more than 280,000. The first call for 125,000 volunteers was followed by another (May 25) for 75,000 more, and Congress authorized the enlistment of four special forces—ten regiments of volunteer infantry composed of "immunes," or men not liable to yellow fever infection; three regiments of cavalry, one of which was to become famous as the "Rough Riders"; a volunteer signal corps, and an engineer brigade of 3,500

The actual enlisted strength rose very close to the same figure, reaching, in August, a maximum of 58,688 regulars and 216,029 volunteers, or 274,717 in all. Less than one fifth of this great army saw service in the field—a fact which certainly justifies the opinion of the commanding general, whose plans, submitted shortly before the war began, suggested the immediate calling out of 50,000 volunteers, with 40,000 more to be held in reserve and to garrison coast defenses. General Miles, to use his own words, "deemed it of the first importance to well equip such a force, rather than to partly equip a much larger number;" but his views were over-

\*Page 753 of Munsey's Magazine for February.

ruled, not for the only time in the campaign.

THE ARMY BASE AT TAMPA.

At the end of May the War Department began to collect its fleet of transports at Tampa, where about 16,000 troops (the Fifth Corps, commanded by Major General Shafter) were encamped, with as many more within easy reach at Fernandina and Mobile, besides some 40,000 at Chickamauga. On May 24 Sampson was instructed somewhat prematurely—to be prepared to convoy forty troopships, carrying 30,000 men, to Cuba. Three days later the estimate of the force prepared to move suddenly dropped to 10,000, and Secretary Long cabled to Schley, who was supposed to be blockading Santiago, that if Cervera's squadron was in the harbor

immediate movement against it and the town will be made by the navy and division of about 10,000 men of the American troops, which are ready to embark.

A similar despatch was sent to Sampson, then at Key West:

If the Spanish division is proved to be in Santiago de Cuba it is the intention of the department to make descent immediately upon that port with 10,000 men, United States troops. You will be expected to convoy transports, probably 15 or 20, going in person and taking with you the New York and Indiana and the Oregon, and as many smaller vessels with good batteries as can possibly be gathered, to guard against possible attack by Spanish torpedo boat destroyers, etc.

But Sampson could not wait for the unready expedition, and sailed for Santiago on the 29th,\* leaving the Indiana for convoy duty. Two days later a despatch was sent after him, from Washington, telling him that 25,000 men were "now embarking at Tampa." On June 3, however, he was informed that "General Shafter expects to start from Tampa on June 4 with 18,000 or 20,000 men."

<sup>\*</sup> Page 771 of Munsey's Magazine for February.

To these puzzling messages Sampson replied, on the 4th, with a telegram giving information of the Spanish forces at Santiago,\* and continuing:

With superior force and insurgent forces, which are ready, though mostly needing arms, Santiago de Cuba must fall, together with ships in port, which cannot be entered against obstructions and mines.

To his report of the bombardment of June 6, the admiral added (June 7):

If 10,000 men were here, city and fleet would be ours within forty eight hours. Every consideration demands immediate army movement. If delayed, city will be defended more strongly by guns taken from fleet.

Sampson had been criticised for this misleading estimate, as it has been termed, of the task Shafter had to undertake. It may be answered that "10,000 men" was not his own suggestion for the strength of the expedition; it was the figure given him from Washington as far back as May 27. Moreover, the delay that followed strengthened the enemy's position, as he had foretold.

\* This telegram appears in three different forms in the printed reports of the War and Navy Departments. In Sampson's report the estimate of the Spanish force is given thus: "Have received reliable information from Cuban officers the Spanish force in this vicinity of Santiago consists of 7,000 men, intrenched in Juraguacito and Daiquiri; 5,000 men in Santiago de Cuba; in Morro de Cuba, 400 men; at other points in the bay, 100 men, with small rapid fire gun and submarine mines at various points."

other points in the bay, roo men, with small rapid he gunand submarine mines at various points."

In the Bureau of Navigation's report on "Operations in Conjunction with the Army," the figures appear thus: "7,000 men intrenched in Juraguacito and Daiquiri, 5,000 men at Morro de Cuba, 400 men at other points in the bay, 500 men with small Hotchkiss 37 mm, rapid fire guns, and submarine mines at various points."

In the Secretary of War's report they are given as "7,000 men intrenched in Juraquacito and Daiquiri; 5,000 at Morron de Cuba; 4,000 at other points; in bay 500, with small Hotchkiss gun."

It would appear that the wording of an official cipher despatch is not so fixed and unalterable a thing as might be supposed. Perhaps none of these variant versions gives the admiral's estimate exactly as he intended it. It seems improbable that 7,000 men would be located in Juraguacito and Daiquiri, when the Spanish commander was of course unaware that Shafter would land in that quarter, and was preparing, as Lieutenant Blue found, to resist an attack on the other side of Santiago. It may perhaps be conjectured that Sampson meant 7,000 to be his figure for the whole force of the Spaniards. Other reasons for this supposition are, first, that 7,000 was very near their actual strength; second, that it agrees well enough with the admiral's estimate (reported June 11) of about 12,000 regulars and 3,000 militia between Santiago and Guantanamo; and third, that in speaking of the American expedition he uses the terms "superior force" in one despatch, and "10,000 men" in another, as if synonymous—the inference being that he believed the Spaniards to have less than 10,000.

The delay was a disconcerting one to the navy, as vessels for the convoy had been withdrawn from the blockade, and were lying idle at Key West. On the 5th Sampson telegraphed to Washington that it was "very important we should know immediately whether the army expedition has sailed." The Navy Department forwarded the message to the War Department, and suggested "that urgent measures be taken to terminate the present delay."

# A REIGN OF CONFUSION AT TAMPA.

Affairs at Tampa were in a state of almost inextricable confusion. "The capacity of the place had been greatly exceeded," as General Shafter very conservatively phrased it. The port was approached by a single track railroad, which proved unequal to the demands upon it. For miles the line was choked with freight cars, which could not be unloaded with any promptitude. Few had labels showing their contents. and consignments could not be found when wanted. There were instances of provisions spoiling on the railway while soldiers suffered from insufficient rations, and some of the volunteers were actually seen begging for food in the streets. No storage facilities had been provided. The little local post office was overwhelmed with the sudden increase of business, and could not distribute the freight bills.

It was useless to send urgent messages from Washington; the officers in charge of loading the transports toiled day and night, but their best exertions were sorely handicapped by the adverse conditions under which they had to work-conditions due, primarily, to a lack of systematic and intelligent prevision on the part of those responsible for the equipment of the troops. One of the heads of the army staff subsequently testified before the commission that investigated the conduct of the campaign, that when, war being imminent, he suggested the purchase of supplies for his branch of the service, he

was informed that "the policy was to wait"—a policy curiously suggestive of the Spanish motto of "mañana." At the same time, much of the blame may fairly be traced to Congress, with its eagerness for hostilities, and its persistent refusal to provide a military organization adequate to the needs of war.

On May 30 General Miles left Washington to give his personal assistance to the task of embarking the expedition. From Tampa he telegraphed to the War Department (June 5):

This expedition has been delayed through no fault of any one connected with it. It contains the principal part of the army,\* which for intelligence and efficiency is not exceeded by any body of troops on earth. It contains fourteen of the best conditioned regiments of volunteers, the last of which arrived this morning. Yet these have never been under fire. Between 30 and 40 per cent are undrilled, and in one regiment over 300 men had never fired a gun. . . This enterprise is so important that I desire to go with this army corps or to immediately organize another and go with it to join this and capture position number 2.†

The answer to General Miles' request for service was an inquiry how soon he could have an expeditionary force ready for Porto Rico. It is scarcely strange that there should have been some impatience at Washington, as appears in the peremptory order transmitted to Shafter by Secretary Alger on June 7:

The President directs you to sail at once with what force you have ready.

Shafter's reply was: "I will sail tomorrow morning. Steam cannot be gotten up earlier;" and Miles added:

From the commanding general down to the drummer boys, every one is impatient to go, and annoyed at the delay.

# A PHANTOM SPANISH FLEET.

On the 8th nearly 16,000 men were on board the transports, and the fleet was actually under way for Key West, when there came an unexpected and unfortunate interruption.

The converted yacht Eagle, after her

brief service with the Flying Squadron,\* had rejoined the north coast blockade. On the night of June 7 she was cruising in the Nicholas Channel. when she sighted a strange ship, which did not answer her signals. She ran nearer, and made out four vessels, two large and two small, heading eastward in column, with no lights showing except one at the stern of each ship. For more than half an hour she watched them, steaming parallel with their course, and within a mile of them; and as the private night signal had been made twice without bringing a reply-"an omission," says her commander. Lieutenant Southerland, "which would have been almost criminal in a United States man of war"it was concluded that the four vessels were enemies. The Eagle was headed for Key West, and Commodore Remey, in command there, at once informed Washington of the news she brought:

Spanish armored cruiser, Spanish cruiser second class, and Spanish torpedo boat destroyers seen by Eagle near Nicholas Channel, Cuba. Delay convoy.

It scarcely seemed possible that four of Cervera's ships had slipped out and escaped Sampson's vigilant watch, or that another squadron, of whose movements our strategists had no information, had arrived from Spain; and the Eagle's disturbing statement might have been dismissed at once, had it not been confirmed by the Resolute, which came into Key West a few hours later and reported that she had been chased by four strange vessels, near the scene of Lieutenant Southerland's nocturna' adventure. It was manifestly unsafe to send out a fleet of unprotected transports loaded with troops, when hostile war ships were directly in their path, and on receipt of the news from Remey Secretary Alger at once telegraphed to Shafter (June 8):

Wait until you get further orders before you sail. Answer quick.

<sup>\*</sup> That is, the regular army. †Porto Rico.

<sup>\*</sup>Page 769 of Munsey's Magazine for February.

Shafter's answer, sent the same afternoon, was:

Message received. Vessels are in the stream, but will be able to stop them before reaching the Gulf.

The transports were recalled, and the vessels waiting at Key West to convoy them were ordered out to cruise in search of the mysterious Spanish squadron. No trace of it could be found. Sampson, when he heard of it. promptly declared it a myth, and cabled his opinion to Secretary Long. cited another case of false alarm-a double one—that had just come under his notice. The Yankee, returning to Santiago from the Mole St. Nicholas, had reported that on the night of the 9th she passed "a squadron of eight vessels, one of which was a battleship." The "eight vessels" proved to be the Resolute (an Old Dominion liner) and five smaller auxiliaries, one of whichthe Scorpion—had sighted the Yankee and fired upon her, mistaking her for a boat Spanish torpedo destrover. "This," said Sampson, "shows how easily the most experienced may be deceived at night at sea;" and he telegraphed to Washington (June 10):

Have no confidence in the report of Eagle as to nationality or character of the vessels, and consider very unwise to suspend operations on this account. Armored vessel was probably Talbot [a British cruiser] . . . Delay seems to me most unfortunate.

# And again the following day:

The vessels seen by the Eagle were the Armeria, Scorpion, and Supply. They were in just that position at time named.

On the 13th Lieutenant Blue's daring expedition enabled the admiral to report positively that Cervera's six ships were still in Santiago harbor. By this time the transports were once more under orders to sail, and some of them started that afternoon, the rest getting under way on the 14th.

Campaigns are not won by commanders who never make a mistake and by armies whose organization is faultless, for such commanders and such armies do not exist. Warfare—even victorious warfare—with all its outward show of pomp and glory, generally proves on closer acquaintance to be more full of blunders and errors than of brilliant achievements. Shafter's expedition against Santiago was successful—sweepingly successful—not because its management was without blot or blemish, but because it fought with unsurpassed valor against an enemy inferior in numbers and weaker in resources.

THE EQUIPMENT OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

Its embarkation was of a piece with the state of confusion characteristic of the camp at Tampa. The transports. which had been fitted out for the much shorter voyage to Havana, proved unable to accommodate anything like the number of men for which they had been rated.\* The degree of system in the assignment of troops to the different ships may be judged from the statement of Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt that when the depot quartermaster allotted a transport to the Rough Riders, he found that the same vessel had already been allotted to two other regiments; and when she came up to the wharf there was an exciting race to seize her.

The commissary supplies taken with the expedition were ample in quantity, though the quality of some of them has been a subject of controversy. There was plenty of ammunition for the small The medical stores artillery force. were found inadequate. Only three ambulances were embarked; the surgeon general's orders prescribed two for each regiment, but Colonel Jacobs, chief quartermaster of the corps, testified that the commanding general ordered them left behind. Before blaming Shafter for what proved to be a serious omission, it must be remem-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The quartermaster general was not told in advance of the proposed size of Shafter's expedition, or its destination. Had it been done, there would have been a vast difference in the war transportation work."—Statement of Colonel Bell, of the transportation division of the quartermaster general's office, before the War Investigation Commission, December 2, 1898.

bered that his orders to hurry were imperative, and that space on the transports was at a premium. Practically nothing had been done to fit the clothing of the troops for service in the tropics, and the regulars went to Cuba in the uniforms they had perhaps been wearing, two months before, in Dakota or Montana. Some of the regiments carried overcoats as well as blankets.

There are discrepancies in different accounts of the expedition's equipment, due, apparently, to the difficulty of exact knowledge as to what was taken and what left behind, and what, after being carried to Santiago, was sent north again without being unload-Even the number of men who sailed is variously stated. General Shafter's official report puts it at 815 officers and 16,072 men. Miles, who was at Tampa, reported 803 officers and 14,935 men; the figure given by Secretary Alger to the War Investigation Commission was 16,088. The corps consisted of the following commands:

FIRST DIVISION (BRIGADIER GENERAL, KENT).

First Brigade (Brigadier General Hawkins)—Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, and Seventy First New York Volunteers.

Second Brigade (Colonel Pearson)—Second, Tenth, and Twenty First Infantry.

Third Brigade (Colonel Wikoff)—Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty Fourth Infantry.

SECOND DIVISION (BRIGADIER GENERAL LAWTON).

First Brigade (Colonel Van Horn)— Eighth and Twenty Second Infantry, and Second Massachusetts Volunteers.

Second Brigade (Colonel Miles)—Fourth and Twenty Fifth Infantry.

Third Brigade (Brigadier General Chaffee)—Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry.

CAVALRY DIVISION (MAJOR GENERAL WHEELER).

First Brigade (Brigadier General Sumner)—Third, Sixth, and Ninth Cavalry.

Second Brigade (Brigadier General Young)—First and Tenth Cavalry, and First Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders).

The cavalry division sailed without horses, because there was no room for them on the transports, and because it was reported, quite correctly, that mounted troops would be of little use in the rough country around Santiago. The animals were left at Tampa, and only two squadrons (about 500 men) of each regiment went to Cuba. Armed with their cavalry carbines, the 3,000 men of the division fought as infantry throughout the campaign.

There were also four batteries of light artillery, commanded by Major Dillenback; two of heavy artillery, whose guns were not landed in time to be of service; a signal corps detachment, and a battalion of engineers. There was also a Gatling gun detachment of four guns, commanded by Lieutenant Parker, of the Thirteenth Infantry; and the Rough Riders had two rapid fire Colts, presented by members of the regiment, and a dynamite gun.

An entire division of infantry, commanded by Brigadier General Snyder, and consisting of volunteer regiments, was left at Tampa for lack of ships to carry it and time to embark it. To make up for this, a detachment was shipped from Mobile, which included the Third and the Twentieth Infantry, and a squadron of the Second Cavalry, mounted—the only mounted cavalry in the expedition. It formed an independent brigade, under the command of Brigadier General Bates.

Two other general officers accompanied the expedition—Major General Breckinridge, inspector general of the army, and Brigadier General Ludlow, of the engineer department. In the

field, the latter took command of the 'he bombarded them heavily on the first brigade of Lawton's division, replacing Colonel Van Horn, who was seriously injured on the day before the landing at Daiquiri. 'he bombarded them heavily on the 16th. Once more the batteries were "quickly silenced," but the actual damage inflicted again proved slight. The Morro and the Socapa reported three

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS.

On June 14 the transports rendezvoused at Egmont Key, outside of Tampa harbor, where five of the smaller men of war were waiting to escort them southward. Off the Tortugas, on the evening of the 15th, they met the Indiana, whose chief officer, Captain Tavlor, took over the command of the convov from Commander Hunker of the Annapolis. From this point the course was to the southeast, toward Santiago. The transports moved slowly; they had two scows and a water boat to tow, and there was a good deal of straggling. One or two of them had to put in at Great Inagua, in the Bahamas, for Two-the Yucatan, carrying the Rough Riders, and the City of Washington-fell so far behind that the Bancroft and the Wasp were sent back to protect them, and they reached Santiago several hours later than the rest of the fleet. Captain Taylor had been instructed, if possible, to form a fast division and hurry some of the vessels forward, in order to reinforce the marines at Playa del Este, who were reported as being hard pressed; but Shafter did not wish to divide his army, and Taylor found his hands full without reorganizing his unwieldy flotilla.

The transports had all been freight vessels, and their lack of proper ventilation and accommodations caused discomfort among the troops; but the voyage was uneventful, no enemy appearing, and the most serious mishap being the loss of one of the two scows, which was much needed for landing Shafter's artillery.

While waiting for the army, Sampson had been reconnoitering possible landing places near Santiago, and testing the Spanish defenses. To prevent any strengthening of the harbor works

he bombarded them heavily on the 16th. Once more the batteries were "quickly silenced," but the actual damage inflicted again proved slight. The Morro and the Socapa reported three men killed and eighteen wounded, but no guns dismounted, though one of the six inch weapons in the Socapa was temporarily disabled by being buried in débris. On the following day two steam cutters from the New York and the Massachusetts attempted to enter Cabanas Bay, the nearest harbor to the west, but were driven off by a heavy fire from shore.

The Vesuvius, which joined the blockading fleet on the 13th, was having her first test in warfare at this time. Every night she ran in close to the harbor mouth and fired three of her dynamite shells. Their tremendous explosions undoubtedly had a moral effect upon the Spaniards, although—largely owing to the difficulty of aiming them accurately—they did very little actual damage.\*

### GARCIA PROMISES HIS AID.

On June 19 General Calixto Garcia, commander of the insurgent forces in eastern Cuba, reached Rabi's camp near Aserraderos, and came out to the New York to see Sampson. The Cuban leader, though the conference was interrupted by his seasickness, made a favorable impression upon the American admiral, who describes him as a man "of most frank and engaging manners and most soldierly appearance." His arrival was a sequel to the negotiations begun by Lieutenant Rowan in the first days of the war. One of his officers, Colonel Hernandez, who

Of this last shot, fired on the night of June 15, an officer of the Pluton told Mr. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, that its explosion lifted the small vessel out of the water,

throwing every one on board off his feet.

<sup>\*</sup> Lieutenant Müller speaks of "the Vesuvius that gave us so much trouble." He says that "one of her projectiles, which fell on the northern slope of the Socapa, tore up trees right and left for a distance of twenty meters. Another made an excavation not very deep, but very wide; I was told that it would hold twenty horses. Still another dropped in the water, but close to one of the destroyers, which was violently shaken, as also the Mercedes, anchored at a short distance."

had accompanied Rowan to Washington, went back to Cuba with a letter from General Miles (dated June 2) informing Garcia of the proposed movement against Santiago, and suggesting that he could render valuable assistance. Garcia replied—through Sampson, who cabled his message to Washington-that "the roads were bad and Cubans scattered;" but he ordered his lieutenants to concentrate their forces about the three chief Spanish military posts in the province-Holguin (where 10,000 troops were quartered), Manzanillo, and Guantanamo, in order to prevent reinforcements from going to Santiago. He himself mustered some 4,000 men near Aserraderos, and readily promised their aid in return for the arms, clothing, and rations given him from the fleet's stores. He had recently received a cargo of rifles and ammunition from the United States. landed at Banes by the Florida.

On the morning of the 20th the Wompatuck, which Captain Taylor had sent ahead to herald the approach of the army, reached Sampson's fleet, and about noon the transports came in sight. The admiral sent Captain Chadwick, on the Gloucester, to invite Shafter up to the blockading line; and on his arrival Sampson went on board of the general's headquarters ship, the Segurança. In the afternoon the Segurança took both commanders to Aserraderos, where they landed—Garcia not caring for another experience afloat—and conferred with the Cuban leader and Generals Rabi and Castillo. It is scarcely probable, if the campaign were to be fought over again, that the American admiral and major general would begin it by a visit to an insurgent camp, while an American army corps waited off shore.

It was arranged, at Aserraderos, that at sunrise on the 22d a feint of landing should be made at Cabanas, while the real debarkation should be begun at Daiquiri; that a Cuban force under General Castillo should engage the Spanish detachment in the rear, while Rabi supported the attack at Cabanas.

On the 21st Shafter summoned his division and brigade commanders to receive their landing orders, and the Bancroft brought them to the Segurança-a task which, as Commander Clover reported, meant more than twenty miles steaming among the scattered transports. The sea was rough, and the transfer of the officers from vessel to vessel was difficult and even dangerous. It was in boarding the Bancroft that Colonel Van Horn, who was to have led the first brigade ashore in the morning, received the injury which disabled him, and from which he died a few months later.

# THE LANDING AT DAIQUIRI.

Next day (June 22) the plan already outlined was successfully carried out. The fleet bombarded all the Spanish defenses for nearly twenty miles along the coast, from Daiquiri to Cabanas. Off this latter point the Texas was struck by a shell from the Socapa, which killed one man and wounded The landing at Daiguiri was carried out with a good deal of confusion, yet with creditable rapidity. Captain Goodrich, of the St. Louis. who was in command on behalf of the navy, had much to contend with. Half a dozen men of war had shelled the country about the bay, with a fire heavy enough, as the captain said, "to drive out the whole Spanish army in Cuba, had it been there," but the transports could not be induced to go anywhere near the shore. The navy had no control over these marine hirelings, and their captains—moved, perhaps, by a conscientious regard for their owners' interest, or possibly by a tender care for their own personal safety—declined to face any avoidable risk in the service of their country. As a result, the boats—more than fifty of which were furnished by the men of war, to supply the army's deficiency in this respect had to make a voyage of several miles

to carry the troops ashore. One ship, carrying six hundred men who were to have landed in advance of the army, did not put in an appearance till the afternoon, after four steam launches had spent hours in searching for her.

There were two piers in the little bay of Daiguiri. One, a large iron structure owned by an American mining company, and used for loading ships with iron ore, was too high above the water to serve as a landing stage. The troops used the other, a small wooden pier which the Spaniards had unsuccessfully tried to burn. The pack mules and officers' horses were thrown overboard and left to swim ashore-which about fifty of them failed to do. The first soldier landed a few minutes before ten o'clock; at sunset about 6,000 men -Lawton's division and part of Wheeler's-were on Cuban soil. The only loss of human life was that of two infantrymen, drowned from a capsized boat. There was no molestation from the enemy. General Rubin, who had been stationed at Daiguiri with 600 men and two guns, withdrew to Sioney as soon as the bombardment began, losing one killed and seven wounded; and from Siboney he continued his

retreat to a position in front of Sevilla, where he received considerable reinforcements. Here the first fighting of the land campaign was to take place.

# A NEW BASE AT SIBONEY.

On the following day (June 23), while the debarkation at Daiguiri continued. Lawton's and Wheeler's troops pushed westward toward Siboney, which they reached in the afternoon. As there was no opposition from the enemy, Shafter decided to put the rest of his men and material ashore in the bay of Siboney or the Ensenada de los Altares (" bay of the altars"), as the Spaniards called it —thus bringing his base several miles nearer Santiago.\* At the same time he placed the transports under the personal authority of Captain Goodrichan order which enabled that energetic officer to board each vessel as it came up to land its men, and take it close inshore. There was no pier at Siboney, and the soldiers had to go ashore through the surf, but 6,000 more were landed during the day.

(To be continued.)

# THE SWORD OF NINETY EIGHT.

Beside the blade that long has hung
Upon the parlor wall,
Since last from out its sheath it sprung
To answer freedom's call,
Place that with which essayed a son
His sire to emulate;
And to the sword of Sixty One
Add that of Ninety Eight.

One speaks of many a bloody field
Of fratricidal strife;
And of a father forced to yield
For liberty his life.
But while the other not so oft
Has flashed in battle hate,
A son no more shall swing aloft
This sword of Ninety Eight.

The brand of Bunker Hill we hold
In verse and story shrined;
In deeds performed by brave and bold
Manassas' steel we find.
And now, in scales the self same weighed,
But with a later date,
From Santiago comes a blade—
The sword of Ninety Eight.

<sup>\*</sup> In General Shafter's report the distance from Daiquiri to Siboney is stated at eight miles, in General Wheeler's at eleven, in Captain Goodrich's at four—which shows how estimates of distance vary, even when made by minds trained to accuracy. On the map it measures six miles.

# POETIC JUSTICE.

# BY ALICE DUER.

MARY MELROSE'S UNSTABLE VIEWS UPON THE RELATION OF POVERTY AND WEALTH TO MATRIMONIAL EXPEDIENCY, AND THE RETRIBUTION THAT HER INSTABILITY BROUGHT UPON HER.

EVERY one knows how distressing it is to be possessed of a dress, a body, or even a mind too great for one's surroundings; but when it becomes a question of a soul, the situation is almost tragic.

In this position an unkind fate had placed Miss Melrose. Circumstances and her family had arranged a niche for her, as one arranges a basin for a fountain, but this uncontrollable fountain was continually spouting up and overflowing its basin, destroying the flower beds and doing no good. That is the worst feature of these misfit souls, they rarely do good.

Early in life Mary Melrose's good sense and the instinct of self preservation set her to curtailing this disproportionate possession, as *Cinderella's* proud sisters, in the fairy tale, cut off their toes and heels to fit the glass slipper; only Miss Melrose's efforts were crowned with greater success.

At seventeen she had had no fear of the mere physical discomfort of poverty (by poverty is meant, of course, the condition of being poorer than one's playmates); at twenty five she admitted that it was "hampering." At seventeen she had cared very little for the luxuries of life; at twenty five she appreciated that her own strong and beautiful person was well worth her attention. At seventeen she thought it impossible that any good woman should marry a man she did not love; at twenty five she had so far modified this doctrine as to confess that there were some women who would never care much for any one, and that these, therefore, might as well marry a rich man as a poor one.

She had reached this not illogical position when she met Louis Grey. Grey had two attributes which were so dazzlingly conspicuous that no one observed any others: he was very rich and very young—young, not with the mere fleeting youth of years, but a very incarnation of youth. Take that away, and you wiped him out of existence. It was impossible to imagine him growing old.

Of course there were other things to be said about Louis Grey, and people said them. They said he was spoiled, that he did the things he ought not to have done, and not infrequently left undone the things that he ought to have done; they said that he cared for nothing but his own amusement, that he was hard; and some people said he was impertinent; but, after all, they had summed up everything in saying that he was marvelously rich and fabulously young.

It did not occur to Miss Melrose that a boy of this kind could influence her. She had known Grey for some time, but she always regarded him as belonging to a younger generation, for he was exactly her own age. One summer evening, at Newport, he took her in to dinner, and, without any apparent cause, they both found themselves attacked by that pleasant form of irrationality called in nursery parlance a "gale"—one of those bursts of light headedness which leave people better comrades than do years of propinquity.

Their conversation, which was fool-

ish enough to make one shudder, was fortunately quite impossible to record, for neither ever finished a sentence without being interrupted by the other. On the way home, Mary Melrose thought with horror how silly she had been, and doubtless Grey would have done the same if his mind had not been completely occupied with a golf match, a subject far too important to permit any rival in his attention.

He did not forget, however, that he had asked Miss Melrose to drive with him the next afternoon. On her return from her dinner Mary mentioned her plans to her mother, and saw with pain that, before she had got to the end of her sentence, Mrs. Melrose's mind was already at the altar. The humiliating part of it was that Mary knew that her own mind had reached there first. The training of years must tell. From this time Mary's soul and her training entered into a conflict, and it must be admitted that for some time her training had a good deal the best of it.

Grev was continually at the house, at all hours, and at most meals. Melrose was by nature a rather formal person, and she was in the habit of insisting that all her friends, even her possible sons in law, should give her warning of their coming. In limited households, the more favored the guest, the more desirable it is that his coming should be heralded. But Grev swept aside all such rules; not even breakfast was secure from him. He could not, indeed, have said when he was coming, for he never knew himself; and to do him justice, it probably never crossed his mind that any one's domestic arrangements could be so easily deranged.

It was a tradition in the Melrose family that Mr. Melrose could not be spoken to at breakfast, but Grey, totally unconscious, discussed intrepidly and successfully the most dangerous subjects. He had a rather surprising way, too, of appealing to Mrs. Melrose against Mary.

"Don't you think it is ridiculous, Mrs. Melrose?" he said one day, having just entered through the French window at lunch time. "Your daughter would not let me drive her home from that stupid party last night. wanted dreadfully to get away, and I had a dog cart and a groom.'

Mrs. Melrose could not help smiling as she confessed that she was obliged to uphold her daughter's decision.

"What, no? Not really! Well, that is the most absurd thing I ever heard. Don't wait for me, but please can't I have some more of that cold beef? People are so much more sensible out West. I don't believe I am adapted to higher civilization. I think I'd better go back there."

"Might one inquire what is detaining you against your inclination?" asked Mary.

Grey laughed and looked straight into her eyes.

"Nothing of any importance," he said, and Mary was angry at herself for smiling back. She was not accustomed to being called of no importance.

It may be asked what had all this to do with Miss Melrose's soul. Mary asked the question herself, and unfortunately arrived at an entirely wrong answer. She said to herself, "If he likes the froth so much, how much more he will care for the wine itself! If he takes such pleasure in the garden, how much more the palace in the midst will appeal to him." She made use, in short, of various metaphors to the effect that this was all only a prelude, and that the time would come when he would begin to be discontented with such superficial intercourse, when he would demand her thoughts and feelings and struggle to break down the wall with which she had surrounded her deeper nature. "Perhaps then I shall not be so indifferent to him," she thought hopefully.

She made no effort to conceal the fact that he only amused her. She was very honest, and made it perfectly clear that as yet he had not attained even to

her friendship. The strange part of it all was, however, that no one could appear more contented with the present arrangement than Grey. Far from wishing to break down the wall, he did not seem to be conscious that it existed, and as for serious discussions of his own or anybody else's thoughts and feelings, he always slid away from them like an eel.

Things went on like this for about a month. Then a day came when Grey was to have taken Miss Melrose to drive in the afternoon, and they had expected to meet again at a ball in the evening. On neither of these occasions did he appear. Just as Mary was going home from the dance, she learned the The financial clouds explanation. which had been darkening other people's skies for some time, had suddenly gathered themselves together, and swept away one of Grey's two attributes. He and his sister, Mrs. Sterling, had gone to New York.

A week went by. It began to appear that the wreck was more complete than

had been supposed at first.

Why is it that the people who most need the disciplining and taming of misfortune are the very ones whom no one, not even the most hard hearted, can see suffer without a protest? Miss Melrose was not hard hearted, and she now protested so bitterly, her whole soul rebelled so mightily from the idea of Grey's not having everything he wanted, that she at last guessed what she might have suspected before.

"What poetic justice is meted out to us!" she said to herself. "I wanted to marry a rich man for his money, and now I am most humbly anxious to set-

tle down with a poor one."

Thus her soul had it all its own way, and Mary was very glad. She would have been even gladder if in all this time she had ever had a single line from Grey. She felt sure he must need her. She was accustomed to having her friends turn to her in any trouble. She wondered whether false pride were

holding him back. It never crossed her mind that in the very disagreeable present she had slipped into the back of Grey's mind with the other recollec-

tions of an agreeable past.

At the end of the week Mary felt that she could not stand it any longer. If she had been careful to let him see how little of her regard he possessed, she felt that she had no right to cheat him out of what was now his own. If love could do him any good, he must have it, whether he was too proud to ask for it or not.

So one afternoon she went to New York. The journey was a short one. She arrived about four o'clock, and drove straight to his sister's house. Mrs. Sterling was out, the man said. Miss Melrose hesitated, and then asked boldly if she could speak to Mr. Grey for a minute. The man, who was doubtless a particular person, allowed a look of faint surprise to cross his face, but said that he would inquire. Scarcely had he disappeared up stairs to do so, when Grey himself appeared in the back of the hall.

One of the turning points of age is when illness or anxiety or sorrow makes a person look older, instead of younger. This point had not been reached by Grey. Thin and somewhat haggard he did look, but younger than ever.

The tears came into Mary's eyes when she saw him.

"I am so sorry!" she said.

"It's pretty tough luck, isn't it?" said Grey pleasantly. "I'm awfully glad to see you. What good fortune brings you to town? Shopping?"

Shopping! Miss Melrose blinked

her eyes hastily.

"Oh, no!" she said; "I came be-

cause I felt so badly——"

"How awfully nice of you! Nellie will be so sorry not to have seen you. There isn't any use in waiting, because she won't be back until dinner time. Why don't you come back and dine with us? I think it would cheer her up."

"I can't do that. I must go home,"

answered Mary, rather huskily.

"I'm sorry. It is all very hard on Nellie. Of course it does not make much difference to me. I shall always have enough to get on with, and I don't much mind the idea of working for my living. It is a satisfaction to think what an awful lot of fun I got out of my money while I had it, anyhow."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet. I have to go to Chicago tomorrow, and I hope to get something to do there. I shan't stay here anyhow. The East is a poor place

for paupers."

If the dictates of one's soul have led one into a painful position, one should be grateful for the training which pulls one out. Miss Melrose deceived herself no more. She saw that it was not pride that had kept him from writing to her. She saw that she was a possible luxury which he had given up, probably with less regret than his racing stable.

As he opened the door for her, she asked the question that she had been struggling not to ask.

"Shall I see you again before you go?"

"Oh, I hope so," said Grey. "I'll try to run up and say good by to you and Mrs. Melrose some time tomorrow, if I possibly can. If I don't come, you will know it is because I am so dreadfully busy, not because I don't want to."

Needless to say, he did not come. He did not forget his promise, but he forgot to look at his watch until too little time remained to pay his visit and

catch his Chicago train.

As it was, the East—the poor place for paupers—saw him no more. That his business efforts were crowned with some measure of success was shown from the fact that within two years the Chicago newspapers announced his marriage.

From all of which it appears that a more thorough poetic justice was meted out to Miss Melrose than she had

at first supposed.

# THE MAIDEN'S TEST.

(An Eastern Legend.)

A YOUTH who saw a maid surpassing fair, His love at once was eager to declare; Her eyes were black, her hair fell down in curls; "Oh," said he, "queen of all the world of girls, May I not win some favor in your sight? Your love would turn to day the darkest night!"

"But," said so "if you'll look a little space— There stands so sister of superior grace;" If you shou co ...ke your warm appeal to her, No longer would you be my-worshiper."

Then went the youth to see the marvelous maid, But when he saw her felt himself betrayed—An uglier face had never met his view; So in an instant he from her withdrew.

Returning to the one he found so fair, His love again he hastened to declare; But she—an adept in sweet sorceries— Replied with beaming smile and sparkling eyes: "If you had loved me, as you fondly said, Why did you look for some one else instead?"

Joel Benton.



